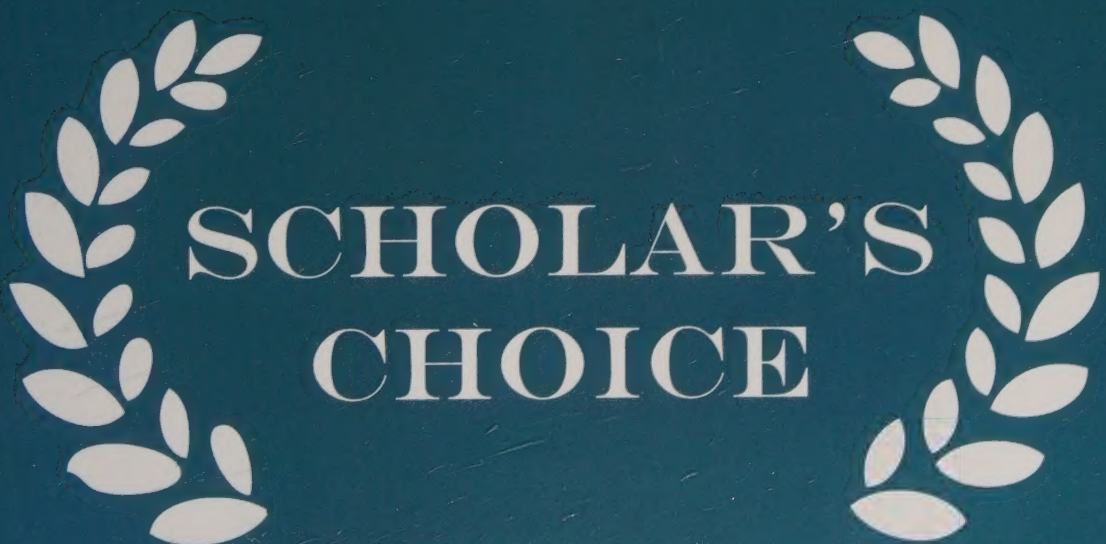
Hesperides: or, The Works Both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Volume I

Robert Herrick



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HESPERIDES

OR THE WORKS BOTH HUMANE AND DIVINE OF ROBERT HERRICK ESQ.

VOL. I.

LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1846

Preface.

OF the Heſperides of Herrick it has been ſaid with truth, that "there is no collection of poetry in our language, which, in ſome reſpects, more nearly reſembles the *Carmina* of Catullus," both in beauties and defects; but our countryman has the advantage of the poet of Verona, that in addition to his feſtive and amatory ſpirit, we are often charmed with pictures of country life and manners, notices of old cuſtoms and popular ſuperſtitions, and with playful incurſions into Fairyland. Indeed, the verſatility of Herrick in catching the ſpirit of Anacreon, of Horace, or the pathos of Tibullus, as the occaſion required, gives a varied charm to his volume which it is to be regretted ſhould ever be diſturbed by pollutions which were the common vice of his age.

Our poet was deſcended in the male line from an ancient and honourable family in Leiceſterſhire, Robert Eyrick, of Haughton, who lived in

the middle of the fifteenth century, being his
mediate anceſtor, many of whoſe deſcendants
mark are recorded in the ample account of
family collected by the diligence of the wor
John Nichols, in his Hiſtory of Leiceſterſh
Thomas Eyrick ſettled in Leiceſter, and beca
a member of the Corporation in 1511. Jo
Eyrick was admitted a freeman of the town
1535, and afterwards held the office of Mayo
of whom Nicholas Heryck, the poet's father, w
the ſecond ſon. Nicholas, it appears, was articl
about the year 1556, to a goldſmith in Cheapſi
in which place and trade he afterwards himſelf ſ
tled, marrying, in 1582, Julian, daughter of W
liam Stone, of Segrave, in Bedfordſhire. T
poet was one of the fruits of this union; he w
born in Cheapſide, and baptized at the church
St. Nicholas Vedaſt, Auguſt 24, 1591. His fath
did not ſurvive his birth much more than a yea
for he died November 9th, 1592, of the injuri
received in a fall from an upper window of h
houſe into the ſtreet, and the circumſtance of h
will having been made but two days before th
event, makes it more than probable that the fa
was not accidental. Though not extremely wealthy
he appears to have been in very good circum
ſtances, if we conſider the difference in the valu
of money at that time. He eſtimated his proper
at 3000*l.* but it realiſed upwards of 5000*l.* Th

poet's mother was then left a widow, and at the time of her huſband's death was enceinte, giving birth to a poſthumous ſon, William, in 1593.*

By his father's will the children were left to the guardianſhip of their uncle, afterwards Sir William Heyrick, of Beaumanor, and there is therefore no reaſon to preſume that the poet's "education as a boy was neglected." His youth appears to have been paſſed in London, and from more than one alluſion to his "beloved Weſtminſter" in the following poems, we may fairly preſume that this venerable ſeminary of education may add him to her liſt of worthies.†

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* He appears to have had two elder brothers, Thomas, who was placed with Mr. Maſſam, a merchant in London, but in 1610 appears to have retired into the country, and to have been afterwards ſettled in a ſmall farm. To him the poem of *A Country Life* is addreſſed. This Thomas, it is believed, was the father of Thomas, who in 1688 reſided at Market Harborough, and grandfather of Thomas, curate of that town, who publiſhed in 1691 a volume of poems; he was of Peter Houſe, Cambridge, and dedicated his poems to Katharine, third wife of Lord Roos, afterwards Duke of Rutland. The principal poem in the volume, *The Submarine Voyage*, is inſcribed to the young Lord Roos.

Another brother, Nicholas, was a Levant merchant, and married Suſanna, daughter of Dr. William Salter.

The verſes "To HIS DYING BROTHER" were addreſſed to this poſthumous child, William.

† In his *Tears to Thamyſis*, he thus expreſſes his regret

So uncertain were the few circumſtances recorded of Herrick's life, that Anthony a Wood lays claim to him as an Oxford worthy, though he could find no entry of his name upon the regiſters. Mr. Nichols has ſhewn that he was entered as a fellow commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1615, and from ſeveral letters to his uncle,† chiefly for pecuniary aſſiſtance in the purchaſe of books, it appears that he remained at St. John's about three years, and then removed to Trinity Hall, with the intention of ſtudying for the law, but where, as he ſays, "by reaſon of the privacie of the houſe, the quantitie of expence will be ſhortened." It does not appear that his legal ſtudies were long perſevered in, as before he quitted the Univerſity he took his degree not in *law* but in *arts*.

He ſubſequently entered into holy orders, and

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at leaving the ſcenes of his youth:

Never again ſhall I with finny oar
Put from or draw unto the faithful ſhore;
And landing here, or ſafely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Weſtminſter;
Or to the golden Cheapſide, where the earth
Of Julian Herrick gave to me my birth.

† Four letters by the poet, which were ſelected from a great number addreſſed to his uncle, moſtly for a remittance of money, have been printed by Mr. Nichols, in his Hiſtory of Leiceſterſhire, and are ſubjoined to this preface.

having obtained the patronage of the Earl of Exeter, it appears that by his recommendation he was preſented by the King to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonſhire, in 1629, which became vacant by the promotion of Dr. Barnaby Potter to the ſee of Carliſle. Here he paſſed the next nineteen years of his life, and Wood tells us, that "he here exerciſed his muſe as well in poetry as in other learning, and became much beloved by the gentry in thoſe parts for his florid and witty diſcourſes."

Whether he had acquired habits which made the tranquil life of a country clergyman irkſome to him, or from whatever cauſe, if we may judge from paſſages in his poems, it would appear that he was not quite reconciled to the dulneſs and obſcurity of his retirement. The river of Deanbourn, near which he reſided, he deſcribes as *rockie* and *rude*, and the inhabitants of its vicinity are characterized as

A people curriſh; churliſh as the ſeas;
And rude, almoſt, as rudeſt ſalvages.

And in another place he ſays:

More diſcontents I never had,
Since I was born, than here;
Where I have been, and ſtill am ſad,
In this dull Devonſhire.

Yet it was during this period of his life that, thrown upon the reſources of his imagination, the beauties of ſurrounding nature ſeem to have awakened in his mind the love of ſong, and, as it has been happily ſaid, "he acquired that love of flowers and of fragrance, which imparted to his verſe the beauty of the one, and the ſweetneſs of the other." He himſelf ſeems to be ſenſible of this, for he adds,

Yet juſtly, too, I muſt confeſs
I ne'er invented ſuch
Ennobled numbers for the preſs
Than where I loath'd ſo much.

The greater part of the poems contained in his Heſperides bear evidence of having been compoſed during his firſt reſidence at Dean Prior many of the moſt beautiful are upon rural ſubjects, and others are addreſſed to natives of Devonſhire, and we may fairly conjecture, that many of the impurities, which ſully the brightneſs of his wreath, were added during his reſidence in London,* in compliance with the taſte and in emu

* Yet we may alſo gather that ſome of them are to be attributed to the period previous to his taking orders, he himſelf ſays:

Before I went
To baniſhment

tion of the faſhion of the wits about town, and, from ſome miſgivings of his own mind, let us hope contrary to its better dictates.

In 1648, he was ejected from his vicarage by the predominant puritan party, to whom it is obvious that his loyal ſpirit muſt have rendered him obnoxious, but it appears that his departure from Dean Prior was accompanied by the regrets of all his flock.

If we may give credit to his own effuſions upon this occaſion, he rather hailed his expulſion as a deliverance than viewed it as a misfortune: he had probably long ſighed for the intercourſe of more congenial ſpirits, and the excitement attendant upon the wit-combats at the Mermaid; and for the converſe of ſuch men as Ben Jonſon, Selden, Charles Cotton, Denham, and others, with whom he appears to have lived in habits of intimacy: and he thus exults in the proſpect of exchanging what he conſidered as his baniſhment for more congenial ſcenes:

From the dull confines of the drooping weſt,
To ſee the day-ſpring from the pregnant eaſt.
Raviſht in ſpirit, I come, nay more, I fly

Into the loathed Weſt,
I could rehearſe
A lyric verſe,
And ſpeak it with the beſt.

To thee bleſt place of my nativity;
London my home is: though by hard fate ſent
Into a long and dreary baniſhment.

With little expectation of being reſtored to his living, and perhaps with no wiſh to return, on his arrival in London, he took up his reſidence in St. Anne's, Weſtminſter, and aſſumed the lay habit. The payment of fifths of the revenues of his vicarage, which was cuſtomary upon ejectment, was ſoon cruelly diſcontinued, and Walker, in his Sufferings of the Clergy, ſtates that he was ſubſiſted by charity. The idea of collecting and publiſhing his poems at this period, therefore, may have originated in an honeſt deſire to contribute to his own neceſſities. It is obvious that a volume by Robert Herrick, *Eſquire*, would be received by thoſe for whom it was intended with more favour than if he had ſtyled himſelf the *Reverend;* and as he wrote for bread, we may charitably hope that it was rather from neceſſity than choice, that, to ſuit it to the depraved taſte of the times, ſome things were now written and introduced, which under other circumſtances his better feelings would have prompted him to omit.

There is a tradition at Dean Prior, that Herrick was the originator of Poor Robin's Almanack, and Nichols remarks, that his poverty during his reſidence in London renders this not impro-

bable; but it appears that this almanack was firſt publiſhed in 1661 or 1662, ſo that if Herrick was the author, it can ſcarcely be attributed to his poverty, as he was then reſtored to his vicarage. That he may have engaged in other literary purſuits during his ſojourn in London is highly probable, but none of the fruits of his labour are upon record. From an entry on the Stationers' Books in 1639 of "His Miſtreſs's Shade by Robert Herrick," it appears that an earlier publication muſt have been intended. The entry, which probably relates to the Heſperides, was made in 1640, under the title of "The ſeveral Poems written by Robert Herrick," but the volume itſelf was not publiſhed before 1648, though the "Noble Numbers" included in it are dated 1647.

Herrick's name is yet known to the older inhabitants of Dean Prior, and Mr. Nichols found that the "Farewell to Dean Bourn" was ſtill traditionally remembered, though imperfectly, as it had never been committed to writing, but conveyed from father to ſon by oral inſtruction.

On the publication of Dr. Nott's Selections from Herrick's Heſperides in 1810, an article appeared in the Quarterly Review for Auguſt of that year, which, upon internal evidence, we may with ſome degree of certainty attribute to the pen of Southey, and as the account of a viſit he made to Dean Prior in queſt of traditional information

about our poet is brief and intereſting, it may with propriety find a place here.

" Being in Devonſhire during the laſt ſummer, we took an opportunity of viſiting Dean Prior, for the purpoſe of making ſome inquiries concerning Herrick, who, from the circumſtance of having been vicar of that pariſh (where he is ſtill talked of as a poet, a wit, and a hater of the country,) for twenty years, might be ſuppoſed to have left ſome unrecorded memorials of his exiſtence behind him.

" We found many perſons in the village who could repeat ſome of his lines, and none who were not acquainted with his ' Farewell to Dean Bourn,' which they ſaid he uttered as he croſſed the brook, upon being ejected by Cromwell from the vicarage to which he had been preſented by Charles the Firſt. But they added, with an air of innocent triumph, ' he did ſee it again ;' as was the fact after the Reſtoration. And, indeed, though he calls Devonſhire ' dull,' yet as he admits at the ſame time, that he never invented ſuch ennobled numbers for the preſs, as in that ' loathed ſpot,' the good people of Dean Prior have not much reaſon to be diſſatisfied.

" The perſon, however, who knows more of Herrick than all the reſt of the neighbourhood, we found to be a poor woman in the 99th year of her age, named Dorothy King. She repeated to

us, with great exactneſs, five of his "Noble Numbers," among which was the beautiful Litany. Theſe ſhe had learned from her mother, who was apprenticed to Herrick's ſucceſſor in the vicarage. She called them her prayers, which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe was in the habit of putting up in bed, whenever ſhe could not ſleep; and ſhe therefore began the Litany at the ſecond ſtanza:

When I lie within my bed, &c.

Another of her midnight oriſons was the poem beginning

Every night thou doſt me fright,
And keep mine eyes from ſleeping, &c.

She had no idea that theſe poems had been printed, and could not have read them if ſhe had ſeen them. She is in poſſeſſion of few traditions as to the perſon, manners, and habits of life of the poet; but in return, ſhe has a whole budget of anecdotes reſpecting his ghoſt; and theſe ſhe details with a careleſs but ſerene gravity, which one would not willingly diſcompoſe by any hints at a remote poſſibility of their not being exactly true. Herrick, ſhe ſays, was a bachelor, and kept a maidſervant,* as his poems indeed diſcover, but ſhe adds, which

* Prudence Baldwin, whoſe memory is enſhrined in his verſes, and who we may preſume from her faithful ſervices was deſerving of the poet's eſteem.

they do not diſcover, that he alſo kept a pet-pig, which he taught to drink out of a tankard. And this important circumſtance, together with a tradition that he one day threw his ſermon at the congregation, with a curſe for their inattention, forms almoſt the ſum total of what we could collect of the poet's life. After his death, indeed, he furniſhed more ample materials for biography, and we could fill a volume with the fearful achievements of his wandering ſpirit;

But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood.

Theſe traditionary tales of two centuries old, ſerve to ſhew the reſpect in which a literary man is held even by the vulgar and uneducated."

Herrick was ſucceeded in the Vicarage of Dean Prior by John Sym, who held the incumbency from 1648 to 1660, ſoon after which it was reſtored to the author of the Heſperides, who died there, but we have no record of theſe his later years. It has been conjectured that his death took place in 1674, that being the year in which his ſucceſſor was inducted into the living of Dean Prior.

As a loyaliſt and ſufferer in the cauſe, there can be no doubt that Herrick was popular with the Cavalier party, and that his poems were received with the favour they deſerved by his contempora-

ries, for that they were popular muſt be inferred from the number of them which were ſet to muſic by Henry Lawes, Laniere, Wilſon, and Ramſay; it is ſomewhat difficult to account for the ſeeming neglect which they experienced in after times. He is very briefly noticed by the earlier writers on Engliſh poetry; the ſhort notices of Phillips, Winſtanley and Anthony a Wood, manifeſt that they were very ſlightly acquainted with his works, and the firſt of theſe unjuſtly repreſents him as inſpired by no goddeſs but his maid Prue, but he quaintly adds, "A pretty flowry and paſtoral gale of fancy, a vernal proſpect of ſome hill, cave, rock, or fountain, but for the interruption of other trivial paſſages, might have made up none of the worſt poetic landſcapes."

Wood ſpeaks more favourably of his poetry; but Granger, in his Biographical Hiſtory, after re-echoing Phillips, ſays flippantly enough, that "Prue was but indifferently qualified to be a tenth muſe."

About the year 1796, Mr. Nichols, in his diligent reſearches after the worthies of Leiceſterſhire, was naturally led to the examination of Herrick's poetry, and gave ſome notices in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1796 and 1797, which were the firſt attempts to awaken attention to its merits in recent times. The firſt edition of Mr. George Ellis's Specimens of the Early Engliſh

Poets omits any notice of him; but in the ſecond edition, four extracts are given, not all of them the beſt that might have been adduced.

At length, in 1798, Dr. Drake, in his Literary Hours, publiſhed three papers on the Life, Writings, and Genius of Robert Herrick, in which numerous ſpecimens of his poetry were given, with ſuch particulars of his life as he could collect, and an accurate and diſpaſſionate critique upon his merits.

In the year 1810, Dr. Nott, a phyſician of Briſtol, publiſhed a ſmall volume containing Selections from the Heſperides, but as he had been anticipated by Dr. Drake in his notices of the poet, his preface is very brief; he however added a few notes to the poems, which are principally illuſtrative, with an occaſional critical remark, briefly calling the attention of the reader to their merits, and pointing out the claſſical imitations.

This publication was noticed in the article in the Quarterly Review for Auguſt 1810, which has been attributed to Southey, and which muſt no doubt have tended to make the poet's merits and defects more generally known.

It was not until 1823, that an entire reprint of the Heſperides was given, to which was prefixed a judicious preface, wherein the editor juſtly obſerves, that "*Selections* from the writings of an author are not popular. Readers, and above all,

readers of poetry, are fond of exerciſing their own judgment in *ſelecting*, upon which they naturally place greater reliance than upon that of any editor whatever. In this view, it has been thought adviſable to republiſh the whole of the *Heſperides*, although the work certainly contains much that might have been omitted without injury to the fame of the author, and probably without diminiſhing the pleaſure of the generality of his readers. At the ſame time, it has never been conſidered neceſſary with a view to publication to exclude the *Miller*, the *Reve*, or the *Wife of Bath*, with her facetious prologue, from the *Canterbury Pilgrimage*; or to prune the exuberance of Shakeſpeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, or Dryden,—in all of whoſe writings as much of impurity is to be found as in the Heſperides. There is no good reaſon why Herrick ſhould be differently dealt with, more eſpecially as his poetry is generally illuſtrative of the taſte and manners of the times. Theſe muſt ever be ſubjects of intereſt, and the Heſperides is therefore now given preciſely as it was preſented by the author to the public in 1648."

"It appears to us," ſays a writer already cited, "that Herrick trifled in this way ſolely in compliment to the taſte of the age; and that whenever he wrote to pleaſe himſelf he wrote from the heart to the heart."

His "*Night-piece*," his *Corinna going a Maying*, his *Gather ye roſe buds while ye may*, and his *Mad Maid's Song*, are not greater proofs of his taſte and feeling than of his genius. Such real poetry as is to be found in his *When he would have his Verſes read*, *No baſhfulneſs in Begging*, *Upon his departure hence*, *His wiſh to Privacy*, *His Alms*, *His Winding Sheet*, and the *Epitaph on a Child*,

But born and like a ſhort delight,

His Thankſgiving to God for his Houſe, and *His Litany*, are "Noble Numbers" indeed.

Herrick poſſeſſed a vigour of fancy, a warmth of feeling, a ſoundneſs of ſenſe, and an eaſe of verſification, ſufficient to rank him very high in the ſcale of Engliſh minor poets; and we are quite convinced that when the liſt of theſe is made out in future his name will not be forgotten."

"Herrick," ſays Mr. Campbell, "were we to fix our eyes on a ſmall portion of his works, might be pronounced a writer of delightful Anacreontic ſpirit. He has paſſages where the thought ſeems to dance into numbers from his very heart, and where he frolics like a being made up of melody and pleaſure, as where he ſings,

Gather ye roſe buds while ye may, &c.

In the ſame ſpirit are his verſes 'To Anthea,' concluding,

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And haſt command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

But his beauties are deeply involved in ſurrounding coarſeneſs and extravagance. What is divine has much of poetry, that which is human has the frailty of fleſh."

But his moſt enthuſiaſtic admirer and warmeſt panegyriſt, is a writer in the Retroſpective Review, publiſhed in Auguſt 1823,* and who gave, in that miſcellany, ſelections from the Heſperides which abundantly juſtify the following eulogium:

"While the phlegmatic grace and pedantry of Waller, and the grace without pedantry of Carew, have been the ſubjects of general obſervation, the varied modulation and exquiſite harmony of Herrick's muſe have been totally neglected. He who excels both, not only in ſtructure of his verſe, but in the more eſſential requiſites of poetry, is leſs known than either. But forgetting the impurities of our author, and eſtimating the chaſter effuſions of his felicitous genius, we do not heſitate to pronounce him THE VERY BEST OF ENGLISH LYRIC POETS. He is the moſt joyous and gladſome of bards, ſinging like the graſshopper, as if he would never grow old. He is as freſh as the ſpring, as

* Vol. v. p. 156.

blithe as the ſummer, and as ripe as the autumn. We know of no Engliſh poet who is ſo *abandonné*, as the French term it, who ſo wholly gives himſelf up to his preſent feelings, who is ſo much heart and ſoul in what he writes, and this not on one ſubject only, but on all ſubjects alike. The ſpirit of ſong dances in his veins, and flutters around his lips—now burſting into the joyful and hearty voice of the epicurean; ſometimes breathing forth ſtrains ſoft as the ſigh of 'buried love,' and ſometimes uttering feelings of the moſt delicate penſiveneſs. It is that delicate pathos, which is at the ſame time natural and almoſt playful, which moſt charms us in the writings of Herrick. As for his verſification, it preſents one of the moſt varied ſpecimens of rhythmical harmony in the language, flowing with an almoſt wonderful grace and flexibility."

The ſame writer obſerves, that "Herrick had ſo very high a notion of the value of his compoſitions, that he conceived it neceſſary only to mention his friends in this volume, in order to confer immortality upon them. He conſtituted himſelf high prieſt of the temple of fame, and aſſumed the power of apotheoſizing ſuch writers as he conceived deſerving of that honour, never once dreaming of the poſſibility of both himſelf and his works being neglected or forgotten. Many addreſſes to his friends and relations, avowing his potency in this high vocation, are ſcattered through his works.

Some of them, however, have juſter titles to immortality than the lay of the poet can confer—ſuch as Selden and Ben Jonſon, &c."

Having indicated to the reader, and in ſome caſes adduced the teſtimony to the claim our poet has to his attention, he can well diſpenſe with any further obſervations on our part, and we cannot do better than to take our leave of him and the poet in the words of his moſt ardent admirer.

" And now farewell, young Herrick! for young is the ſpirit of thy poetry, as thy wiſdom is old: mayeſt thou flouriſh in immortal youth, thou boon companion and moſt jocund ſongſter! May thy pureſt poems be piped from hill to hill, throughout England; and thy ſpirit, tinged with ſuperſtitious lore, be gladdened by the muſic! May the flowers breathe incenſe to thy fame, for thou haſt not left one of them unſung! May the ſilvery ſprings and circumambient air murmur thy praiſes, as thou haſt warbled theirs! And may thoſe, who live well, ſing, and thoſe, who love well, ſigh ſweet panegyrics to thy memory! Ours ſhall not be wanting, for we have read thee much, and like thee much."

Thou ſhalt not all die; for, while Love's fire ſhines
Upon his altar, men ſhall read thy lines.

S. W. S.

Mickleham, Feb. 1846.

*** *The following* LETTERS *of the Poet to Sir William Herrick, were ſelected by Mr. Nichols, and publiſhed in his Hiſtory of Leiceſterſhire, from a great number, moſt of them requeſting a remittance of caſh.*

1. "Sir, my dutie remembred to yourſelf and Lady; the cauſe eſſentiall is this: That I would entreat you to paye to this bringer to Mr. Adrian Marius, bookſeller, in the Black Friers, the ſome of *XI.* the which my tutor hath receaved, to be payde at London. I have buſineſs that drawes me from prolixitie; and I crave pardon for this rudeneſs, ſtill expecting the ſun-ſhine of youre favoure and the daye of happineſs. I end with my prayers for your preſervation and health, the beſt terreſtriall good. Long lyf and the aſpections of Heaven fall upon you. Your ever obſequious, R. Hearick. Cambridge, 11th of October."

2. "Sir, I preſume againe to preſent another embaſſador, who, in the beſt eloquence that was taught him, aboundly thanks you for the larg extent of your favor and kindneſs; which, though preſent time denies to mak any oſtentation of deſert, yet future . . . crownes the expectation of the hopefull; and becauſe the urgent extreamite and unexpected occaſion of chamber-roome inſtigate me to ſuch importunate demands, I am bold to entreat you that the mony might this week be ſent me, for neceſſitie fervently requires it; and I am ſorrie to be the ſubject of ſo great a moleſtation to your Worſhip; but, truſting on your patience, I am bold to ſaye that generous minds ſtill have the beſt contentment, and willingly healp where there is an evidencie of want. Thus hoping to triumph in the victorie of my wiſhes, by being not fruſtrated in my expectation, I take my leave, and eternally thank you; living to be commanded by you and yours to the end of mortalitie, ever moſt obſequious, R. Hearick.

"Be it known to all, that I Robert Hearick, fellow-commoner of St. John's Colledg in Cambridg, acknowledg myſelf to ſtand indebted unto my uncle, Sir William Hearick, Knight in the ſome of tenn pounds, for ſo much receaved of him; to be repayed unto him at all times, I ſaye, receaved tenn pounds. Robert Hearick."

3. From *St. John's* in *Cambridge*.—"*Qui timidè rogat, negare docet.*—Are the minds of men immutable? and will they reſt in one opinion without the leaſt perſpicuous ſhewe of chaing? O, no, they cannot; for, *tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis*: it is an old, but yet yoong, ſaying in our age, 'as times chaing, ſo men's minds are altered.' Oh! would . . . . . weere ſeene, for then ſome pittying planet would with a *drop of deaw* refreaſh my withered hopes, and give a lyfe to that which is about to die. The bodie is preſerved by foode, and lyfe by hope; which, but wanting either of theſe conſervers, faint, feare, fall, freaſe, and die. 'Tis in your power to cure all, to infuſe by a profuſion a duble lyf into a ſingle body. *Homo homini Deus*; man ſhould be ſoe, and he is commanded ſo; but fraile and glaſſlik man proves brittle in many things. How kind Arceſilaus the philoſopher was unto Apelles the painter, Plutarch in his Morals will tell you; which ſhould I here depaint, the length of my letter would hide the light of my labour; which that it may not, I bridle-in my quill, and mildly, and yet I fear too raſhely and too boldly, make knowne and diſcover, which modeſtie would conceale, and this is all: my ſtudie craves but your aſſiſtance to furniſh hir with books, wherein ſhe is moſt deſirous to laboure. Blame not her modeſt boldnes; but ſuffer the aſpertions of your love to diſtill upon hir; and, next to Heaven, ſhe will conſecrate hir laboures unto you; and becauſe that Time hath devoured ſome yeers, I am the more importunate in the craving. Suffer not the diſtance to hinder that which I know your diſpoſition will not denie; and now is the time (that *florida aetas*), which promiſes fruitfulneſs for hir former barrenneſs, and wiſheth all to hope. As every thing will have in time an end; ſo this, which though it would extend itſelf and overflow its bounds, I forceſibly withſtand it; wiſhing this world's happines to follow and attend you in this lyf; and that

with a triumphant crown of glorie you maye bee crowned in the beſt world to come. Robert Hearick."

4. "After my abundant thanks for your laſt great love (worthie Sir), proud of your favoure and kindneſs ſhewne by my Ladie to my unworthie ſelfe, thus I laye open myſelf; that, for as much as my continuance will not long conſiſt in the ſpheare where I now move, I make known my thoughts, and modeſtly crave your counſell, whether it were better for me to direct my ſtudy towards the Lawe or not; which if I ſhould (as it will not be impertinent), I can with facilitie laboure myſelf into another Colledg appointed for the like end and ſtudye, where I aſſure myſelf the charge will not be ſo great as where I now exiſt; I make bold freely to acquaint you with my thoughts; and I entreat you anſweare me: this being moſt which checks me, that my time (I truſt) beeing ſhort, it may be to a leſſer end and ſmaller purpoſe; but that ſhall be as you ſhall lend direction. Nothing now remaines but my perfect thankfullneſs and remembrance of your hopeful promiſes; which when Heaven, working with you, ſhall bring them to performance, I ſhall triumph in the victorie of my wiſhes; till when, my prayers ſhall invocate Heaven to powre upon you and your poſteritie the utmoſt of all eſſentiall happineſs. Yours, ever-ſerviceable, R. Hearick."

5. "Sir, the confidence I have of your both virtuous and generous diſpoſition makes me (though with ſome honeſt reluctation) the ſeldomer to ſolicite you; for, I have ſo incorporated beleef into me, that I cannot chuſe but perſwade myſelf that (though abſent) I ſtand imprinted in your memorie; and the remembrance of my laſt beeing at London ſerv'd for an earneſt motive (which I truſt lives yet unperiſht) to the effectuating of my deſire, which is not but in modeſty ambitious, and conſequently virtuous; but, where freeneſs is evident, there needs no feere for forwardneſs; and I doubt not (becauſe fayth gives boldneſs) but that Heaven, together with yourſelf, will bring my ebbing eſtate to an indifferent tyde; meanewhile I hope I have (as I preſume you know) changed my Colledg for one where the quantitie of expence will be ſhortned, by reaſon of the privacie of the houſe, where I propoſe to live

recluſe till time contract me to ſome other calling, ſtriving now with myſelf (retayning upright thoughts) both ſparingly to live, thereby to ſhun the current of expence. This is my deſire (which I entreat may be performd), that Mr. Adrian Marius, bookſeller, of the Blackfryers, maye be payd ten pounds as heretofore, and to take his acquittance. Truſting whereto, Ile terminate your ſight, and end; hoping to ſee your dayes many and good; and proſperitie to crown yourſelf and iſſue. Ever ſerviceable to your virtues, R. Hearick. Trinitie Hall, Cam."

" Sir, that which makes my letter to be abortive and borne before maturitie, is and hath been my Commencment, which I have now overgrown, though I confeſs with many a throe and pinches of the purſe; but it was neceſſarie, and the prize was worthie the hazarde; which makes me leſs ſenſible of the expence, by reaſon of a titular prerogative—*& bonum eſt prodire in bono.* The eſſence of my writing is (as heretofore) to entreat you to paye for my uſe to Mr. Arthour Johnſon, bookſeller, in Paule's Churchyard, the ordinarie ſume of tenn pounds, and that with as much ſceleritie you maye, though I could wiſh chardges had leaden wings and tortice feet to come upon me; *ſed votis pueriliibus opto.* Sir, I fix my hopes on Time and you; ſtill gazing for an happie flight of biroles, and the refreſhing blaſt of a ſecond winde, doubtfull as yet of either fortunes: I live, hoarding up proviſion againſt the aſſault of either. Thus I ſalute your vertues.

" Hopefull R. Hearick, Cambr. April 1617."

Prefixed to the original edition of the Heſperides is an engraved portrait of Herrick by Marſhall, ſurrounded by emblematic devices; under which is inſcribed the following complimentary lines:—

Tempora cinxiſſet foliorum denſior umbra:
Debetur genio laurea ſylva tuo.
Tempora et illa tibi mollis redimiſſet oliva;
Scilicet excludis verſibus arma tuis.
Admiſces antiqua novis, jucunda ſeveris:
Hinc juvenis diſcat, fœmina, virgo, ſenex.
Ut ſolo minores Phœbo, ſic majores unus
Omnibus, ingenio, mente, lepore, ſtylo.

J. H. C.

Heſperides:

Or, the Works both Humane and Divine of *Robert Herrick*, Eſq.

OVID.

Effugient avidos Carmina noſtra Rogos.

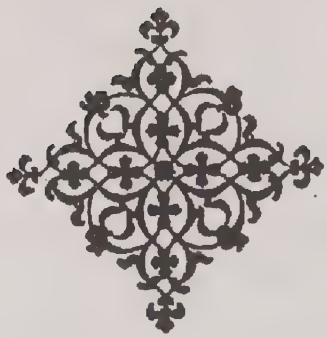
To the

Moſt Illuſtrious and Moſt Hopefull

PRINCE, CHARLES, PRINCE

of WALES.

WEll may my Book come forth like Publique Day,
When ſuch a *Light* as *You* are leads the way:
Who are my Works, *Creator*, and alone
The *Flame* of it, and the *Expanſion*.
And look how all thoſe heavenly Lamps acquire
Light from the Sun, that *inexhauſted Fire*:
So all my *Morne*, and *Evening Stars* from You
Have their *Exiſtence*, and their *Influence* too.
Full is my Book of Glories; but all Theſe
By You become *Immortall Subſtances*.



Heſperides.

The Argument of his Book.

I Sing of *Brooks*, of *Bloſſomes*, *Birds*, and *Bowers:*
Of *April*, *May*, of *June*, and *July*-Flowers.
I ſing of *May-poles*, *Hock-carts*, *Waſſails*, *Wakes*,
Of *Bride-grooms*, *Brides*, and of their *Bridall-cakes*.
I write of *Youth*, of *Love*, and have Acceſſe
By theſe, to ſing of cleanly-*Wantonneſſe*.
I ſing of *Dewes*, of *Raines*, and piece by piece
Of *Balme*, of *Oyle*, of *Spice*, and *Amber-Greece*.
I ſing of *Times tranſ-ſhifting*; and I write
How *Roſes* firſt came *Red*, and *Lillies White*.
I write of *Groves*, of *Twilights*, and I ſing
The Court of *Mab*, and of the *Fairie-King*.
I write of *Hell*; I ſing, and ever ſhall,
Of *Heaven*, and hope to have it after all.

To his Muſe.

WHither, *mad Maiden*, wilt thou roame ?
Farre ſafer 'twere to ſtay at home ;
Where thou mayſt ſit, and piping pleaſe
The poore and private *Cottages*.
Since *Coats* and *Hamlets* beſt agree
With this thy meaner Minſtralſie.
There with the Reed, thou mayſt expreſſe
The Shepherds Fleecie happineſſe :
And with thy *Eclogues* intermixe
Some ſmooth and harmleſſe *Beucolicks*.
There on a Hillock thou mayſt ſing
Unto a handſome Shephardling ;
Or to a Girle (that keeps the Neat)
With breath more ſweet then Violet.
There, there, perhaps, ſuch Lines as Theſe
May take the ſimple *Villages*.
But for the Court, the Country wit
Is deſpicable unto it.
Stay then at home, and doe not goe
Or flie abroad to ſeeke for woe.
Contempts in Courts and Cities dwell ;
No *Critick* haunts the Poore mans Cell :
Where thou mayſt hear thine own Lines read
By no one tongue, there, cenſured.
That man's unwiſe will ſearch for Ill,
And may prevent it, ſitting ſtill.

To his Booke.

WHile thou didſt keep thy *Candor* undefil'd,
Deerely I lov'd thee, as my firſt-borne child:
But when I ſaw thee wantonly to roame
From houſe to houſe, and never ſtay at home;
I brake my bonds of Love, and bad thee goe,
Regardleſſe whether well thou ſped'ſt, or no.
On with thy fortunes then, what e're they be;
If good I'le ſmile, if bad I'le ſigh for Thee.

Another.

TO read my Booke the Virgin ſhie
May bluſh, while *Brutus* ſtandeth by:
But when He's gone, read through what's writ,
And never ſtaine a cheeke for it.

Another.

WHo with thy leaves ſhall wipe, at need,
The place, where ſwelling *Piles* do breed:
May every Ill, that bites, or ſmarts,
Perplexe him in his hinder-parts.

To the Soure Reader.

IF thou diſlik'ſt the Piece thou light'ſt on firſt;
Thinke that of All, that I have writ, the worſt:

But if thou read'ſt my Booke unto the end,
And ſtill do'ſt this, and that verſe, reprehend:
O Perverſe man! If All diſguſtfull be,
The Extreame Scabbe take thee, and thine, for *me.*

To his Booke.

COme thou not neere thoſe men, who are like *Bread*
O're-leven'd; or like *Cheeſe* o're-renetted.

When he would have his Verſes read.

IN ſober mornings, doe not thou reherſe
The holy incantation of a verſe;
But when that men have both well drunke, and fed,
Let my Enchantments then be ſung, or read.
When Laurell ſpirts i'th' fire, and when the Hearth
Smiles to it ſelfe, and guilds the roofe with mirth;
When up the *Thyrſe** is raiſ'd, and when the ſound
Of ſacred *Orgies*† flyes, A round, A round.
When the *Roſe* raignes, and locks with ointments ſhine,
Let rigid *Cato* read theſe Lines of mine.

Upon Julia's *Recovery.*

DRoop, droop no more, or hang the head,
Ye *Roſes* almoſt withered;

---

* A *Javelin* twind with *Ivy.* † Songs to *Bacchus.*

Now ſtrength, and newer Purple get,
Each here declining *Violet.*
O *Primroſes!* let this day be
A Reſurrection unto ye;
And to all flowers ally'd in blood,
Or ſworn to that ſweet Siſter-hood:
For Health on *Julia's* cheek hath ſhed
Clarret, and Creame commingled.
And thoſe her lips doe now appeare
As beames of *Corrall*, but more cleare.

To Silvia *to wed.*

LEt us (though late) at laſt (my *Silvia*) wed;
And loving lie in one devoted bed.
Thy Watch may ſtand, my minutes fly poſte haſte;
No ſound calls back the yeere that once is paſt.
Then, ſweeteſt *Silvia*, let's no longer ſtay;
True love, we know, precipitates delay.
Away with doubts, all ſcruples hence remove;
No man at one time, can be wiſe, and love.

The Parliament of Roſes to Julia.

I Dreamt the Roſes one time went
To meet and ſit in Parliament:
The place for theſe, and for the reſt
Of flowers, was thy ſpotleſſe breaſt:
Over the which a State was drawne
Of Tiffanie, or Cob-web Lawne;

Then in that *Parly*, all thoſe powers
Voted the Roſe, the Queen of flowers.
But ſo, as that her ſelf ſhould be
The maide of Honour unto thee.

No Baſhfulneſſe in Begging.

TO get thine ends, lay Baſhfulneſſe aſide ;
Who feares to aſke, doth teach to be deny'd.

The Frozen Heart.

I Freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwels
In me but Snow, and *yſicles*.
For pitties ſake, give your advice,
To melt this ſnow, and thaw this ice ;
I'le drink down Flames, but if ſo be
Nothing but love can ſupple me ;
I'le rather keepe this froſt, and ſnow,
Then to be thaw'd, or heated ſo.

To Perilla.

AH, my *Perilla !* do'ſt thou grieve to ſee
Me, day by day, to ſteale away from thee ?
Age cals me hence, and my gray haires bid come,
And haſte away to mine eternal home ;
'Twill not be long, *Perilla*, after this,
That I muſt give thee the *ſupremeſt* kiſſe :
Dead when I am, firſt caſt in ſalt, and bring

Part of the creame from that *Religious Spring*;
With which, *Perilla*, waſh my hands and feet;
That done, then wind me in that very ſheet
Which wrapt thy ſmooth limbs (when thou didſt implore
The Gods protection, but the night before);
Follow me weeping to my Turfe, and there
Let fall a *Primroſe*, and with it a teare:
Then laſtly, let ſome weekly-ſtrewings be
Devoted to the memory of me:
Then ſhall my *Ghoſt* not walk about, but keep
Still in the coole and ſilent ſhades of ſleep.

A Song to the Maſkers.

1. COme down, and dance ye in the toyle
Of pleaſures, to a Heate;
But if to moiſture, let the oyle
Of Roſes be your ſweat.

2. Not only to your ſelves aſſume
Theſe ſweets, but let them fly;
From this to that, and ſo Perfume
E'ne all the ſtanders by.

3. As Goddeſſe *Iſis*, when ſhe went,
Or glided through the ſtreet,
Made all that touch't her, with her ſcent,
And whom ſhe touch't, turne ſweet.

To Perenna.

WHen I thy Parts runne o're, I can't eſpie
In any one, the leaſt indecencie:
But every Line and Limb diffuſed thence,
A faire and unfamiliar excellence:
So that the more I look, the more I prove,
Ther's ſtill more cauſe, why I the more ſhould love.

Treaſon.

THe ſeeds of *Treaſon* choake up as they ſpring:
He acts the Crime, that gives it Cheriſhing.

Two Things Odious.

TWo of a thouſand things, are diſallow'd,
A lying *Rich* man, and a *Poore* man proud.

To his Miſtreſſes.

HElpe me! helpe me! now I call
To my pretty *Witchcrafts* all:
Old I am, and cannot do
That, I was accuſtom'd to.
Bring your *Magicks, Spels, and Charmes,*
To enfleſh my thighs, and armes:
Is there no way to beget
In my limbs their former heat?

Æſon had, as *Poets* faine,
Baths that made him young againe:
Find that *Medicine*, if you can,
For your drie-decrepid man:
Who would faine his ſtrength renew,
Were it but to pleaſure you.

The Wounded Heart.

COme bring your *ſampler*, and with Art,
Draw in't a wounded Heart;
And dropping here, and there:
Not that I thinke, that any Dart,
Can make your's bleed a teare:
Or peirce it any where;
Yet doe it to this end: that I;
May by
This ſecret ſee,
Though you can make
That *Heart* to bleed, your's ne'r will ake
For me.

No Loathſomneſſe in Love.

WHat I fancy, I approve,
No Diſlike there is in Love:
Be my Miſtreſſe ſhort or tall,
And diſtorted there-withall:
Be ſhe likewiſe one of thoſe,
That an *Acre* hath of Noſe:

Be her forehead, and her eyes
Full of incongruities:
Be her cheeks ſo ſhallow too,
As to ſhew her *Tongue* wag through:
Be her lips ill hung, or ſet,
And her grinders black as jet;
Ha's ſhe thinne haire, hath ſhe none,
She's to me a *Paragon*.

To Anthea.

IF, deare *Anthea*, my hard fate it be
To live ſome few-ſad-howers after thee:
Thy *ſacred Corſe* with *Odours* I will burne;
And with my *Lawrell* crown thy *Golden Vrne*.
Then holding up, there, ſuch religious Things,
As were, time paſt, thy holy *Filitings:*
Nere to thy *Reverend Pitcher* I will fall
Down dead for grief, and end my woes withall:
So three in one ſmall plat of ground ſhall ly,
Anthea, *Herrick*, and his *Poetry*.

The Weeping Cherry.

I Saw a *Cherry* weep, and why?
Why wept it? but for ſhame,
Becauſe my *Julia's* lip was by,
And did out-red the ſame.
But, pretty Fondling, let not fall
A teare at fall or that:

Which *Rubies*, *Corralls*, *Scarlets*, all
For tincture, wonder at.

Soft Muſick.

THe mellow touch of muſick moſt doth wound
The ſoule, when it doth rather ſigh, then ſound.

The Difference betwixt Kings and Subiects.

TWixt Kings and Subjects ther's this mighty odds,
Subjects are taught by *Men*; Kings by the *Gods*.

His Anſwer to a Queſtion.

SOme would know
Why I ſo
Long ſtill doe tarry,
And aſk why
Here that I
Live, and not marry?
Thus I thoſe
Doe oppoſe;
What man would be here,
Slave to Thrall,
If at all
He could live free here?

Upon Julia's *Fall.*

JULIA was careleſſe, and withall,
She rather took, then got a fall:
The wanton *Ambler* chanc'd to ſee
Part of her leggs ſinceritie:
And raviſh'd thus, it came to paſſe,
The Nagge, like to the *Prophets Aſſe*,
Began to ſpeak, and would have been
A telling what rare ſights h'ad ſeen:
And had told all; but did refraine,
Becauſe his Tongue was ty'd againe.

Expences Exhauſt.

LIve with a thrifty, not a needy Fate;
Small ſhots paid often, waſte a vaſt eſtate.

Love what it is.

LOve is a circle that doth reſtleſſe move
In the ſame ſweet eternity of love.

Preſence and Abſence.

WHen what is lov'd is Preſent, love doth ſpring;
But being Abſent, Love lies languiſhing.

No Spouſe but a Siſter.

A Bachelour I will
Live as I have liv'd ſtill,
And never take a Wife
To crucifie my life:
But this I'le tell ye too,
What now I meane to doe;
A Siſter, in the ſtead
Of Wife, about I'le lead;
Which I will keep embrac'd,
And kiſſe, but yet be chaſte.

The Pomander Bracelet.

TO me my *Julia* lately ſent
A Bracelet richly redolent:
The Beads I kiſt, but moſt lov'd her
That did perfume the Pomander.

The Shooe-tying.

A*Nthea* bade me tye her ſhooe;
I did; and kiſt the Inſtep too:
And would have kiſt unto her knee,
Had not her Bluſh rebuked me.

The Carkanet.

INſtead of Orient Pearls of Jet,
I ſent my Love a Karkanet:

About her ſpotleſſe neck ſhe knit
The lace, to honour me, or it:
Then think how wrapt was I to ſee
My Jet t'enthrall ſuch Ivorie.

His ſailing from Julia.

WHen that day comes, whoſe evening ſayes I'm gone
Unto that watrie Deſolation:
Devoutly to thy *Cloſet-gods* then pray,
That my wing'd Ship may meet no *Remora*.
Thoſe Deities which circum-walk the Seas,
And look upon our dreadfull paſſages,
Will from all dangers re-deliver me,
For one *drink-offering* poured out by thee.
Mercie and *Truth* live with thee! and forbeare
In my ſhort abſence, to unſluce a teare:
But yet for Loves-ſake, let thy lips doe this,
Give my dead picture one engendring kiſſe:
Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
In thy remembrance, *Julia*. So farewell.

How the Wall-flower came firſt, and why ſo called.

WHy this Flower is now call'd ſo,
Liſt, ſweet maids, and you ſhal know.
Underſtand, this Firſt-ling was
Once a briſk and bonny Laſſe,
Kept as cloſe as *Danae* was:

Who a ſprightly *Springall* lov'd,
And to have it fully prov'd,
Up ſhe got upon a wall,
Tempting down to ſlide withall:
But the ſilken twiſt unty'd,
So ſhe fell, and bruiſ'd, ſhe dy'd.
Love, in pitty of the deed,
And her loving-luckleſſe ſpeed,
Turn'd her to this Plant, we call
Now, *The Flower of the Wall.*

Why Flowers change colour.

THeſe freſh beauties, we can prove,
Once were Virgins ſick of love,
Turn'd to Flowers. Still in ſome
Colours goe, and colours come.

To his Miſtreſſe objecting to him neither Toying or Talking.

YOu ſay I love not, 'cauſe I doe not play
Still with your curles, and kiſſe the time away.
You blame me too, becauſe I cann't deviſe
Some ſport, to pleaſe thoſe Babies in your eyes:
By *Loves Religion*, I muſt here confeſſe it,
The moſt I love, when I the leaſt expreſſe it.
Small griefs find tongues: Full Caſques are ever
To give, if any, yet but little ſound. [found
Deep waters noyſe-leſſe are; and this we know,

That chiding ſtreams betray ſmall depth below.
So when Love ſpeechleſſe is ſhe doth expreſſe
A depth in love, and that depth, bottomleſſe.
Now ſince my love is tongue-leſſe, know me ſuch,
Who ſpeak but little, 'cauſe I love ſo much.

Upon the Loſſe of his Miſtreſſes.

I Have loſt, and lately, theſe
Many dainty Miſtreſſes:
Stately *Julia*, prime of all;
Sapho next, a principall:
Smooth *Anthea*, for a ſkin
White, and Heaven-like Chryſtalline:
Sweet *Electra*, and the choice
Myrha, for the Lute, and Voice.
Next, *Corinna*, for her wit,
And the graceful uſe of it:
With *Perilla:* All are gone;
Onely *Herrick's* left alone,
For to number ſorrow by
Their departures hence, and die.

The Dream.

ME thought, laſt night, Love in an anger came,
And brought a rod, ſo whipt me with the ſame:
Mirtle the twigs were, meerly to imply;
Love ſtrikes, but 'tis with gentle crueltie.

Patient I was: Love pitifull grew then,
And ſtroak'd the ſtripes, and I was whole agen.
Thus like a Bee, *Love-gentle* ſtil doth bring
Hony to ſalve, where he before did ſting.

The Vine.

I Dream'd this mortal part of mine
Was Metamorphoz'd to a Vine;
Which crawling one and every way,
Enthrall'd my dainty *Lucia.*
Me thought, her long ſmall legs & thighs
I with my *Tendrils* did ſurprize;
Her Belly, Buttocks, and her Waſte
By my ſoft *Nerv'lits* were embrac'd:
About her head I writhing hung,
And with rich cluſters (hid among
The leaves) her temples I behung:
So that my *Lucia* ſeem'd to me
Young *Bacchus* raviſht by his tree.
My curles about her neck did craule,
And armes and hands they did enthrall:
So that ſhe could not freely ſtir,
(All parts there made one priſoner).
But when I crept with leaves to hide
Thoſe parts, which maids keep uneſpy'd,
Such fleeting pleaſures there I took,
That with the fancie I awook;
And found (Ah me!) this fleſh of mine
More like a *Stock*, then like a *Vine.*

To Love.

I'M free from thee; and thou no more ſhalt heare
My puling Pipe to beat againſt thine eare:
Farewell my ſhackles, (though of pearle they be)
Such precious thraldome ne'r ſhall fetter me.
He loves his bonds, who, when the firſt are broke,
Submits his neck unto a ſecond yoke.

On Himſelfe.

YOung I was, but now am old,
But I am not yet grown cold;
I can play, and I can twine
'Bout a Virgin like a Vine:
In her lap too I can lye
Melting, and in fancie die:
And return to life, if ſhe
Claps my cheek, or kiſſeth me;
Thus, and thus it now appears
That our love out-laſts our yeeres.

Love's play at Puſh-pin.

LOve and my ſelfe (beleeve me) on a day
At childiſh Puſh-pin (for our ſport) did play:
I put, he puſht, and heedleſs of my ſkin,
Love prickt my finger with a golden pin:
Since which, it feſters ſo, that I can prove
'Twas but a trick to poyſon me with love:

Little the wound was; greater was the ſmart;
The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

The Roſarie.

ONe aſk'd me where the Roſes grew?
I bade him not goe ſeek;
But forthwith bade my *Julia* ſhew
A bud in either cheek.

Upon Cupid.

OLd wives have often told, how they
Saw *Cupid* bitten by a flea:
And thereupon, in tears half drown'd,
He cry'd aloud, Help, help the wound:
He wept, he ſobb'd, he call'd to ſome
To bring him *Lint*, and *Balſamum*,
To make a *Tent*, and put it in,
Where the *Steletto* pierc'd the ſkin:
Which being done, the fretfull paine
Aſſwag'd, and he was well again.

The Parcæ, *or, Three dainty Deſtinies.*
The Armilet.

THree lovely Siſters working were
(As they were cloſely ſet)
Of ſoft and dainty Maiden-haire,
A curious *Armelet*.

I ſmiling, aſk'd them what they did?
(Faire *Deſtinies* all three)
Who told me, they had drawn a thred
Of Life, and 'twas for me.
They ſhew'd me then, how fine 'twas ſpun;
And I reply'd thereto,
I care not now how ſoone 'tis done,
Or cut, if cut by you.

Sorrowes ſucceed.

WHen one is paſt, another care we have,
Thus woe ſucceeds a woe; as wave a wave.

Cherry-pit.

JULIA and I did lately ſit
Playing for ſport, at Cherry-pit:
She threw; I caſt; and having thrown,
I got the Pit, and ſhe the Stone.

To Robin Red-breſt.

LAid out for dead, let thy laſt kindneſſe be
With leaves and moſſe-work for to cover me:
And while the Wood-nimphs my cold corps inter,
Sing thou my Dirge, ſweet-warbling Choriſter!
For Epitaph, in Foliage, next write this,
Here, here the Tomb of Robin Herrick is.

Diſcontents in Devon.

MOre diſcontents I never had
Since I was born, then here;
Where I have been, and ſtill am ſad,
In this dull *Devon-ſhire:*
Yet juſtly too I muſt confeſſe;
I ne'r invented ſuch
Ennobled numbers for the Preſſe,
Then where I loath'd ſo much.

To his Paternall Countrey.

O Earth! Earth! Earth! heare thou my voice,
Loving, and gentle for to cover me: [and be
Baniſh'd from thee I live; ne'r to return,
Unleſſe thou giv'ſt my ſmall Remains an Urne.

Cherrie-ripe.

CHerrie-Ripe, Ripe, Ripe, I cry,
Full and faire ones; come, and buy:
If ſo be, you aſk me where
They doe grow? I anſwer, There,
Where my *Julia's* lips doe ſmile;
There's the Land, or Cherry-Ile:
Whoſe Plantations fully ſhow
All the yeere, where Cherries grow.

To his Miſtreſſes.

PUt on your ſilks; and piece by piece
Give them the ſcent of Amber-Greece:
And for your breaths too, let them ſmell
Ambroſia-like, or *Nectarell:*
While other Gums their ſweets perſpire,
By your owne jewels ſet on fire.

To Anthea.

NOw is the time, when all the lights wax dim;
And thou, *Anthea*, muſt withdraw from him
Who was thy ſervant. Deareſt, bury me
Under that *Holy-oke*, or *Goſpel-tree:*
Where, though thou ſee'ſt not, thou may'ſt think
Me, when thou yeerly go'ſt Proceſſion: [upon
Or for mine honour, lay me in that Tombe
In which thy ſacred Reliques ſhall have roome:
For my Embalming, ſweeteſt, there will be
No Spices wanting, when I'm laid by thee.

The Viſion to Electra.

I Dream'd we both were in a bed
Of Roſes, almoſt ſmothered:
The warmth and ſweetnes had me there
Made lovingly familiar;
But that I heard thy ſweet breath ſay,

Faults done by night, will bluſh by day:
I kiſt thee panting, and I call
Night to the Record! that was all.
But ah! if empty dreames ſo pleaſe,
Love, give me more ſuch nights as theſe.

Dreames.

HEre we are all, by day: By night w'are hurl'd
By dreames, each one, into a ſev'rall world.

Ambition.

IN Man, Ambition is the common'ſt thing:
Each one, by nature, loves to be a King.

His requeſt to Julia.

JULIA, if I chance to die
Ere I print my Poetry;
I moſt humbly thee deſire
To commit it to the fire:
Better 'twere my Book were dead,
Then to live not perfected.

Money gets the maſterie.

FIght thou with ſhafts of ſilver, and o'rcome,
When no force elſe can get the maſterdome.

The Scar-fire.

WAter, water I deſire,
Here's a houſe of fleſh on fire:
Ope' the fountains and the ſprings,
And come all to Buckittings:
What ye cannot quench, pull downe;
Spoile a houſe, to ſave a towne:
Better 'tis that one ſhu'd fall,
Then by one, to hazard all.

Upon Silvia, *a Miſtreſſe.*

WHen ſome ſhall ſay, Faire once my *Silvia* was;
Thou wilt complaine, Falſe now's thy Looking-glaſſe:
Which renders that quite tarniſht, which was green;
And Priceleſs now, what Peerleſs once had been:
Upon thy Forme more wrinkles yet will fall,
And comming downe, ſhall make no noiſe at all.

Cheerfulneſſe in Charitie: or, *The ſweet Sacrifice.*

'TIs not a thouſand Bullocks thies
Can pleaſe thoſe Heav'nly Deities,
If the Vower don't expreſs
In his Offering, Cheerfulneſs.

Once poore, ſtill penurious.

GOes the world now, it will with thee goe hard:
The fatteſt Hogs we greaſe the more with
To him that has, there ſhall be added more; [Lard.
Who is penurious, he ſhall ſtill be poore.

Sweetneſſe in Sacrifice.

'TIs not greatneſs they require,
To be offer'd up by fire:
But 'tis ſweetneſs that doth pleaſe
Thoſe Eternall Eſſences.

Steame in Sacrifice.

IF meat the Gods give, I the ſteame
High-towring wil devote to them:
Whoſe eaſie natures like it well,
If we the roſte have, they the ſmell.

Upon Julia's *Voice.*

SO ſmooth, ſo ſweet, ſo ſilv'ry is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the Damn'd would make
no noiſe;
But liſten to thee, walking in thy chamber,
Melting melodious words to Lutes of Amber.

Againe.

WHen I thy ſinging next ſhall heare,
Ile wiſh I might turne all to eare,
To drink in Notes, and Numbers, ſuch
As bleſſed ſoules cann't heare too much:
Then melted down, there let me lye
Entranc'd, and loſt confuſedly:
And by thy Muſique ſtrucken mute,
Die, and be turn'd into a Lute.

All things decay and die.

ALL *things decay with Time:* The Forreſt ſees
The growth, and down-fall of her aged trees;
That Timber tall, which three-ſcore *luſters* ſtood
The proud *Dictator* of the State-like wood:
I meane, the Soveraigne of all Plants, the Oke
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleavers ſtroke.

The Succeſſion of the foure ſweet months.

FIrſt, *April*, ſhe with mellow ſhowrs
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes ſmiling *May*,
In a more rich and ſweet aray;
Next enters *June*, and brings us more
Jems then thoſe two that went before:
Then, laſtly, *July* comes, and ſhe
More wealth brings in then all thoſe three.

No Shipwrack of Vertue. To a friend.

THou ſail'ſt with others in this *Argus* here;
Nor wrack or *Bulging* thou haſt cauſe to feare:
But truſt to this, my noble paſſenger;
Who ſwims with Vertue, he ſhall ſtill be ſure
Ulyſſes-like, all tempeſts to endure;
And 'midſt a thouſand gulfs to be ſecure.

Upon his Siſter-in-Law, Miſtreſſe Elizab: Herrick.

FIrſt, for Effuſions due unto the dead,
My ſolemne Vowes have here accompliſhed:
Next, how I love thee, that my griefe muſt tell,
Wherein thou liv'ſt for ever. Deare, farewell.

Of Love. A Sonet.

HOw Love came in, I do not know,
Whether by th' eye, or eare, or no;
Or whether with the ſoule it came
At firſt, infuſed with the ſame;
Whether in part 'tis here or there,
Or, like the ſoule, whole every where:
This troubles me; but I as well
As any other, this can tell;
That when from hence ſhe does depart,
The out-let then is from the heart.

To Anthea.

AH my *Anthea!* Muſt my heart ſtill break?
Love makes me write, what ſhame forbids to [*ſpeak.*
Give me a kiſſe, and to that kiſſe a ſcore;
Then to that twenty, adde an hundred more:
A thouſand to that hundred: ſo kiſſe on,
To make that thouſand up a million.
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kiſſe afreſh, as when we firſt begun.
But yet, though Love likes well ſuch Scenes as theſe,
There is an Act that will more fully pleaſe:
Kiſſing and glancing, ſoothing, all make way
But to the acting of this private Play:
Name it I would; but being bluſhing red,
The reſt Ile ſpeak, when we meet both in bed.

The Rock of Rubies: and The Quarrie of Pearls.

SOme aſk'd me where the *Rubies* grew?
And nothing I did ſay;
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of *Julia.*
Some aſk'd how *Pearls* did grow, and where?
Then ſpoke I to my Girle,
To part her lips, and ſhew'd them there
The Quarelets of Pearl.

Conformitie.

COnformity was ever knowne
A foe to Diſſolution :
Nor can we that a ruine call,
Whoſe crack gives cruſhing unto all.

To the King, upon his comming with his Army into the Weſt.

WElcome, moſt welcome to our Vowes and us,
Moſt great, and univerſall *Genius !*
The Drooping Weſt, which hitherto has ſtood
As one, in long-lamented-widow-hood,
Looks like a Bride now, or a bed of flowers,
Newly refreſh't, both by the Sun, and ſhowers.
War, which before was horrid, now appears
Lovely in you, brave Prince of Cavaliers !
A deale of courage in each boſome ſprings
By your acceſſe ; *O you the beſt of Kings !*
Ride on with all white *Omens ;* ſo, that where
Your Standard's up, we fix a Conqueſt there.

Upon Roſes.

UNder a Lawne, then ſkyes more cleare,
Some ruffled Roſes neſtling were ;
And ſnugging there, they ſeem'd to lye
As in a flowrie Nunnery :

They bluſh'd, and look'd more freſh then flowers
Quickned of late by Pearly ſhowers;
And all, becauſe they were poſſeſt
But of the heat of *Julia's* breaſt:
Which as a warme, and moiſtned ſpring,
Gave them their ever flouriſhing.

To the King and Queene, upon their unhappy diſtances.

WOe, woe to them, who, by a ball of ſtrife,
Doe, and have parted here a Man and wife:
CHARLS the beſt Huſband, while MARIA ſtrives
To be, and is, the very beſt of Wives:
Like Streams, you are divorc'd; but 't will come,
Theſe eyes of mine ſhall ſee you mix agen. [when
Thus ſpeaks the *Oke*, here; *C.* and *M.* ſhall meet,
Treading on *Amber*, with their ſilver-feet:
Nor wil't be long, ere this accompliſh'd be;
The words found true, *C. M.* remember me.

Dangers wait on Kings.

AS oft as Night is baniſh'd by the Morne,
So oft, we'll think, we ſee a King new born.

The Cheat of Cupid: *Or, The ungentle Gueſt.*

ONe ſilent night of late,
When every creature reſted,

Came one unto my gate,
And knocking, me moleſted.

Who's that, ſaid I, beats there,
And troubles thus the Sleepie?
Caſt off, ſaid he, all feare,
And let not Locks thus keep ye.

For I a Boy am, who
By Moonleſſe nights have ſwerved;
And all with ſhowrs wet through,
And e'en with cold half ſtarved.

I pittifull aroſe,
And ſoon a Taper lighted;
And did my ſelfe diſcloſe
Unto the lad benighted.

I ſaw he had a Bow,
And Wings too, which did ſhiver;
And looking down below,
I ſpy'd he had a Quiver.

I to my Chimney's ſhine
Brought him, as Love profeſſes,
And chaf'd his hands with mine,
And dry'd his dropping Treſſes:

But when he felt him warm'd,
Let's try this bow of ours,
And ſtring, if they be harm'd,
Said he, with theſe late ſhowrs.

Forthwith his bow he bent,
And wedded ſtring and arrow,
And ſtruck me that it went
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew
Away, and thus ſaid flying,
Adieu, mine Hoſt, Adieu,
Ile leave thy heart a dying.

To the reverend Shade of his religious Father.

THat for ſeven *Luſters* I did never come
To doe the *Rites* to thy Religious Tombe;
That neither haire was cut, or true teares ſhed
By me, o'r thee, *as juſtments to the dead:*
Forgive, forgive me; ſince I did not know
Whether thy bones had here their Reſt, or no.
But now 'tis known, behold, behold, I bring
Unto thy Ghoſt th' Effuſed Offering:
And look, what Smallage, Night-ſhade, Cypreſſe,
Unto the ſhades have been, or now are due, [Yew,
Here I devote; and ſomething more then ſo;
I come to pay a Debt of Birth I owe.
Thou gav'ſt me life, but Mortall; for that one
Favour, Ile make full ſatisfaction;
For my life mortall, Riſe from out thy Herſe,
And take a life immortall from my Verſe.

Delight in Diſorder.

A Sweet diſorder in the dreſſe
Kindles in cloathes a wantonneſſe:
A Lawne about the ſhoulders thrown
Into a fine diſtraction:
An erring Lace, which here and there
Enthralls the Crimſon Stomacher:
A Cuffe neglectfull, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confuſedly:
A winning wave (deſerving Note)
In the tempeſtuous petticote:
A careleſſe ſhooe-ſtring, in whoſe tye
I ſee a wilde civility:
Doe more bewitch me, then when Art
Is too preciſe in every part.

To his Muſe.

WEre I to give thee *Baptime*, I wo'd chuſe
To *Chriſten* thee, the *Bride*, the *Baſhfull*
Or *Muſe* of *Roſes:* ſince that name does fit [*Muſe*,
Beſt with thoſe *Virgin-Verſes* thou haſt writ:
Which are ſo cleane, ſo chaſt, as none may feare
Cato the *Cenſor*, ſho'd he ſcan each here.

Upon Love.

LOve ſcorch'd my finger, but did ſpare
The burning of my heart;

To ſignifie, in Love my ſhare
Sho'd be a little part.

Little I love; but if that he
Wo'd but that heat recall:
That joynt to aſhes ſho'd be burnt,
Ere I wo'd love at all.

Dean-bourn, *a rude River in* Devon, *by which ſometimes he lived.*

D*Ean-bourn*, farewell; I never look to ſee
Deane, or thy warty incivility.
Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy ſtreams,
And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames;
To my content, I never ſho'd behold,
Were thy ſtreames ſilver, or thy rocks all gold.
Rockie thou art; and rockie we diſcover
Thy men; and rockie are thy wayes all over.
O men, O manners; now, and ever knowne
To be *A Rockie Generation!*
A people curriſh; churliſh as the ſeas;
And rude, almoſt, as rudeſt Salvages:
With whom I did, and may re-ſojourne when
Rockes turn to Rivers, Rivers turn to Men.

Kiſſing Uſurie.

B*Iancha*, let
Me pay the debt

I owe thee for a kiſſe
Thou lend'ſt to me;
And I to thee
Will render ten for this:

If thou wilt ſay,
Ten will not pay
For that ſo rich a one;
Ile cleare the ſumme,
If it will come
Unto a Million.

By this I gueſſe,
Of happineſſe
Who has a little meaſure:
He muſt of right,
To th'utmoſt mite,
Make payment for his pleaſure.

To Julia.

HOw rich and pleaſing thou, my *Julia*, art,
In each thy dainty, and peculiar part!
Firſt, for thy *Queen-ſhip* on thy head is ſet
Of flowers a ſweet commingled Coronet:
About thy neck a Carkanet is bound,
Made of the *Rubie*, *Pearle*, and *Diamond:*
A golden ring, that ſhines upon thy thumb:
About thy wriſt, the rich * *Dardanium.*

* *A Bracelet, from Dardanus ſo call'd.*

Between thy Breaſt, then Doune of Swans more
white,
There playes the *Saphire* with the *Chryſolite*.
No part beſides muſt of thy ſelfe be known,
But by the *Topaz*, *Opal*, *Calcedon*.

To Laurels.

A Funerall ſtone,
Or Verſe, I covet none;
But onely crave
Of you, that I may have
A ſacred Laurel ſpringing from my grave:
Which being ſeen,
Bleſt with perpetuall greene,
May grow to be
Not ſo much call'd a tree,
As the eternall monument of me.

His Cavalier.

GIve me that man, that dares beſtride
The active Sea-horſe, & with pride,
Through that huge field of waters ride:
Who, with his looks too, can appeaſe
The ruffling winds and raging Seas,
In mid'ſt of all their outrages.
This, this a virtuous man can doe,
Saile againſt Rocks, and ſplit them too;
I! and a world of Pikes paſſe through.

Zeal required in Love.

I'Le doe my beſt to win, when'ere I wooe:
That man loves not, who is not zealous too.

The Bag of the Bee.

ABout the ſweet bag of a Bee,
Two *Cupids* fell at odds;
And whoſe the pretty prize ſhu'd be,
They vow'd to aſk the Gods.

Which *Venus* hearing, thither came,
And for their boldneſs ſtript them:
And taking thence from each his flame;
With rods of *Mirtle* whipt them.

Which done, to ſtill their wanton cries,
When quiet grown ſh'ad ſeen them,
She kiſt, and wip'd thir dove-like eyes;
And gave the Bag between them.

Love kill'd by Lack.

LEt me be warme; let me be fully fed:
Luxurious Love by Wealth is nouriſhed.
Let me be leane, and cold, and once grown poore,
I ſhall diſlike what once I lov'd before.

To his Miſtreſſe.

CHooſe me your Valentine;
Next, let us marry:
Love to the death will pine,
If we long tarry.

Promiſe, and keep your vowes,
Or vow ye never:
Loves doctrine diſallowes
Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promiſe twice
Deare, to undoe me;
If you prove faithleſſe thrice,
None then will wooe you.

To the generous Reader.

SEe, and not ſee; and if thou chance t'eſpie
Some Aberrations in my Poetry;
Wink at ſmall faults, the greater, ne'rtheleſſe
Hide, and with them, their Father's nakedneſs.
Let's doe our beſt, our Watch and Ward to keep:
Homer himſelf, in a long work, may ſleep.

To Criticks.

ILe write, becauſe Ile give
You Criticks means to live:

For ſho'd I not ſupply
The Cauſe, th'effect wo'd die.

Duty to Tyrants.

GOod Princes muſt be pray'd for: for the bad
They muſt be borne with, and in rev'rence had.
Doe they firſt pill thee, next, pluck off thy ſkin?
Good children kiſſe the rods, that puniſh ſin.
Touch not the Tyrant; Let the Gods alone
To ſtrike him dead, that but uſurps a Throne.

Being once blind, his requeſt to Biancha.

WHen Age or Chance has made me blind,
So that the path I cannot find:
And when my falls and ſtumblings are
More then the ſtones i'th'ſtreet by farre:
Goe thou afore; and I ſhall well
Follow thy Perfumes by the ſmell:
Or be my guide; and I ſhall be
Led by ſome light that flows from thee.
Thus held, or led by thee, I ſhall
In wayes confus'd, nor ſlip or fall.

Upon Blanch.

B*Lanch* ſwears her Huſband's lovely; when a ſcald

Has blear'd his eyes: beſides, his head is bald.
Next, his wilde eares, like Lethern Wings full
Flutter to flie, and beare away his head. [ſpread,

No want where there's little.

TO Bread and Water none is poore;
And having theſe, what need of more?
Though much from out the Ceſs be ſpent,
Nature with little is content.

Barly-Break: or, *Laſt in Hell.*

WE two are laſt in Hell: what may we feare
To be tormented, or kept Pris'ners here?
Alas! if kiſſing be of plagues the worſt,
We'll wiſh, in Hell we had been Laſt and Firſt.

The Definition of Beauty.

BEauty no other thing is, then a Beame
Flaſht out between the Middle and Extreame.

To Dianeme.

DEare, though to part it be a Hell,
Yet, *Dianeme*, now farewell:
Thy frown, laſt night, did bid me goe;
But whither, onely Grief do's know.
I doe beſeech thee, ere we part,

(If mercifull, as faire thou art;
Or elſe deſir'ſt that Maids ſho'd tell
Thy pitty by Loves-Chronicle)
O *Dianeme*, rather kill
Me, then to make me languiſh ſtil!
'Tis cruelty in thee to'th'height,
Thus, thus to wound, not kill out-right:
Yet there's a way found, if thou pleaſe,
By ſudden death to give me eaſe:
And thus devis'd, doe thou but this,
Bequeath to me one parting kiſſe:
So ſup'rabundant joy ſhall be
The Executioner of me.

To Anthea *lying in bed.*

SO looks *Anthea*, when in bed ſhe lyes,
Orecome, or halfe betray'd by Tiffanies:
Like to a Twi-light, or that ſimpring Dawn,
That Roſes ſhew, when miſted o're with Lawn.
Twilight is yet, till that her Lawnes give way;
Which done, that Dawne, turnes then to perfect day.

To Electra.

MOre white then whiteſt Lillies far,
Or Snow, or whiteſt Swans you are:
More white then are the whiteſt Creames,
Or Moone-light tinſelling the ſtreames:

More white then *Pearls*, or *Juno's* thigh;
Or *Pelops* Arme of *Yvorie*.
True, I confeſſe; ſuch Whites as theſe
May me delight, not fully pleaſe:
Till, like *Ixion's* Cloud, you be
White, warme, and ſoft to lye with me.

A Country life: To his Brother, M. Tho: Herrick.

THrice, and above bleſt, my ſoules halfe, art
In thy both Laſt, and Better Vow: [thou,
Could'ſt leave the City, for exchange, to ſee
The Countries ſweet ſimplicity:
And it to know, and practice; with intent
To grow the ſooner innocent:
By ſtudying to know vertue; and to aime
More at her nature, then her name:
The laſt is but the leaſt; the firſt doth tell
Wayes leſſe to live, then to live well:
And both are knowne to thee, who now can'ſt live
Led by thy conſcience; to give
Juſtice to ſoone-pleas'd nature; and to ſhow,
Wiſdome and ſhe together goe,
And keep one Centre: This with that conſpires,
To teach Man to confine deſires:
And know, that Riches have their proper ſtint,
In the contented mind, not mint.
And can'ſt inſtruct, that thoſe who have the itch
Of craving more, are never rich.

Theſe things thou know'ſt to'th'height, and doſt prevent
That plague; becauſe thou art content
With that Heav'n gave thee with a warie hand,
(More bleſſed in thy Braſſe, then Land)
To keep cheap Nature even, and upright;
To coole, not cocker Appetite.
Thus thou canſt tearcely live to ſatisfie
The belly chiefly; not the eye:
Keeping the barking ſtomach wiſely quiet,
Leſſe with a neat, then needfull diet.
But that which moſt makes ſweet thy country life,
Is, the fruition of a wife:
Whom, Stars conſenting with thy Fate, thou haſt
Got, not ſo beautifull, as chaſt:
By whoſe warme ſide thou doſt ſecurely ſleep,
While Love the Centinell doth keep,
With thoſe deeds done by day, which n'er affright
Thy ſilken ſlumbers in the night.
Nor has the darkneſſe power to uſher in
Feare to thoſe ſheets, that know no ſin.
But ſtill thy wife, by chaſt intentions led,
Gives thee each night a Maidenhead.
The Damaſkt medowes, and the peebly ſtreames
Sweeten, and make ſoft your dreames:
The Purling ſprings, groves, birds, and well-weav'd Bowrs,
With fields enameled with flowers,
Preſent their ſhapes; while fantaſie diſcloſes
Millions of *Lillies* mixt with *Roſes*.

Then dream, ye heare the Lamb by many a bleat
Woo'd to come ſuck the milkie Teat:
While *Faunus* in the Viſion comes to keep,
From rav'ning wolves, the fleecie ſheep.
With thouſand ſuch enchanting dreams, that meet
To make ſleep not ſo ſound, as ſweet:
Nor can theſe figures ſo thy reſt endeare,
As not to riſe when *Chanticlere*
Warnes the laſt Watch; but with the Dawne doſt
To work, but firſt to ſacrifice; [riſe
Making thy peace with Heav'n, for ſome late fault,
With Holy-meale, and ſpirting-ſalt.
Which done, thy painfull Thumb this ſentence tells
Jove for our labour all things ſells us. [us,
Nor are thy daily and devout affaires
Attended with thoſe deſp'rate cares,
Th'induſtrious Merchant has; who for to find
Gold, runneth to the Weſtern Inde,
And back again; tortur'd with fears, doth fly,
Untaught, to ſuffer Poverty.
But thou at home, bleſt with ſecureſt eaſe,
Sitt'ſt, and beleev'ſt that there be ſeas,
And watrie dangers; while thy whiter hap,
But ſees theſe things within thy Map.
And viewing them with a more ſafe ſurvey,
Mak'ſt eaſie Feare unto thee ſay,
A heart thrice wall'd with Oke, and Braſſe, that
Had, firſt, durſt plow the Ocean. [*man*
But thou at home without or tyde or gale,
Canſt in thy Map ſecurely ſaile:

Seeing thoſe painted Countries; and ſo gueſſe
By thoſe fine Shades, their Subſtances:
And from thy Compaſſe taking ſmall advice,
Buy'ſt Travell at the loweſt price.
Nor are thine eares ſo deafe, but thou canſt heare,
Far more with wonder, then with feare,
Fame tell of States, of Countries, Courts, and Kings;
And beleeve there be ſuch things:
When of theſe truths, thy happyer knowledge lyes,
More in thine eares, then in thine eyes.
And when thou hear'ſt by that too-true-Report,
Vice rules the Moſt, or All at Court:
Thy pious wiſhes are, though thou not there,
Vertue had, and mov'd her Sphere.
But thou liv'ſt fearleſſe; and thy face ne'r ſhewes
Fortune when ſhe comes, or goes.
But with thy equall thoughts, prepar'd doſt ſtand,
To take her by the either hand:
Nor car'ſt which comes the firſt, the foule or faire;
A wiſe man ev'ry way lies ſquare.
And like a ſurly *Oke* with ſtorms perplext;
Growes ſtill the ſtronger, ſtrongly vext.
Be ſo, bold ſpirit; ſtand Center-like, unmov'd;
And be not onely thought, but prov'd
To be what I report thee; and inure
Thy ſelfe, if want comes to endure:
And ſo thou doſt: for thy deſires are
Confin'd to live with private *Larr:*
Not curious whether Appetite be fed,
Or with the firſt, or ſecond bread.

Who keep'ſt no proud mouth for delicious cates:
Hunger makes coorſe meats, delicates.
Can'ſt, and unurg'd, forſake that Larded fare,
Which Art, not Nature, makes ſo rare;
To taſte boyl'd Nettles, Colworts, Beets, and eate
Theſe, and ſowre herbs, as dainty meat?
While ſoft Opinion makes thy *Genius* ſay,
Content makes all Ambroſia.
Nor is it, that thou keep'ſt this ſtricter ſize
So much for want, as exerciſe: [haſte it,
To numb the ſence of Dearth, which ſho'd ſinne
Thou might'ſt but onely ſee't, not taſte it.
Yet can thy humble roofe maintaine a Quire
Of ſinging Crickits by thy fire:
And the briſk Mouſe may feaſt her ſelfe with crums,
Till that the green-ey'd Kitling comes.
Then to her Cabbin, bleſt ſhe can eſcape
The ſudden danger of a Rape.
And thus thy little-well-kept-ſtock doth prove,
Wealth cannot make a life, but Love.
Nor art thou ſo cloſe-handed, but can'ſt ſpend
(Counſell concurring with the end)
As well as ſpare: ſtill conning o'r this Theame,
To ſhun the firſt, and laſt extreame.
Ordaining that thy ſmall ſtock find no breach,
Or to exceed thy Tether's reach:
But to live round, and cloſe, and wiſely true
To thine owne ſelfe; and knowne to few.
Thus let thy Rurall Sanctuary be
Elizium to thy wife and thee;

There to diſport your ſelves with golden meaſure:
For ſeldome uſe commends the pleaſure.
Live, and live bleſt; thrice happy Paire; Let
But loſt to one, be th'others death. [Breath,
And as there is one Love, one Faith, one Troth,
Be ſo one Death, one Grave to both.
Till when, in ſuch aſſurance live, ye may
Nor feare, or wiſh your dying day.

Divination by a Daffadill.

WHen a Daffadill I ſee,
Hanging down his head t'wards me;
Gueſſe I may, what I muſt be:
Firſt, I ſhall decline my head;
Secondly, I ſhall be dead;
Laſtly, ſafely buryed.

To the Painter, to draw him a Pitture.

COme, ſkilfull *Lupo*, now, and take
Thy *Bice*, thy *Vmber*, *Pink*, and *Lake*;
And let it be thy Penſil's ſtrife,
To paint a Bridgeman to the life:
Draw him as like too, as you can,
An old, poore, lying, flatt'ring man:
His cheeks be-pimpled, red and blue;
His noſe and lips of mulbrie hiew.
Then for an eaſie fanſie, place
A Burling iron for his face:

Next, make his cheeks with breath to ſwell,
And for to ſpeak, if poſſible:
But do not ſo; for feare, leſt he
Sho'd by his breathing, poyſon thee.

Upon Cuffe. *Epig.*

Cuffe comes to Church much; but he keeps his bed
Thoſe Sundayes onely, when as Briefs are read.
This makes *Cuffe* dull; and troubles him the moſt,
Becauſe he cannot ſleep i'th'Church, free-coſt.

Upon Fone *a School-maſter.* Epig.

Fone ſayes, thoſe mighty whiſkers he do's weare,
Are twigs of Birch, and willow, growing there:
If ſo, we'll think too, when he do's condemne
Boyes to the laſh, that he do's whip with them.

A Lyrick to Mirth.

While the milder Fates conſent,
Let's enjoy our merryment:
Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play;
Kiſſe our *Dollies* night and day:
Crown'd with cluſters of the Vine;
Let us ſit, and quaffe our wine.
Call on *Bacchus;* chaunt his praiſe;
Shake the *Thyrſe*, and bite the *Bayes:*

Rouze *Anacreon* from the dead;
And return him drunk to bed:
Sing o're *Horace;* for ere long
Death will come and mar the ſong:
Then ſhall *Wilſon* and *Gotiere*
Never ſing, or play more here.

To the Earle of Weſtmerland.

WHen my Date's done, and my gray Age muſt die;
Nurſe up, great Lord, this my Poſterity:
Weak though it be; long may it grow, and ſtand,
Shor'd up by you, *(Brave Earle of Weſtmerland.)*

Againſt Love.

WHen ere my heart, Love's warmth, but entertaines,
O Froſt! O Snow! O Haile! forbid the Banes.
One drop now deads a ſpark; but if the ſame
Once gets a force, Floods cannot quench the flame.
Rather then love, let me be ever loſt;
Or let me 'gender with eternall froſt.

Upon Julia's *Riband.*

AS ſhews the Aire, when with a Rain-bow grac'd;
So ſmiles that Riband 'bout my *Julia's* waſte:
Or like —— Nay 'tis that *Zonulet* of love,
Wherein all pleaſures of the world are wove.

The Frozen Zone: or, Julia *diſdainfull.*

WHither? Say, whither ſhall I fly,
To ſlack theſe flames wherein I frie?
To the Treaſures, ſhall I goe,
Of the Raine, Froſt, Haile, and Snow?
Shall I ſearch the under-ground,
Where all Damps, and Miſts are found?
Shall I ſeek, for ſpeedy eaſe,
All the floods, and frozen ſeas?
Or deſcend into the deep,
Where eternall cold does keep?
Theſe may coole; but there's a Zone
Colder yet then any one:
That's my *Julia's* breaſt; where dwels
Such deſtructive Yſicles;
As that the Congelation will
Me ſooner ſtarve, then thoſe can kill.

An Epitaph upon a ſober Matron.

WIth blameleſſe carriage, I liv'd here,
To' th' almoſt ſev'n and fortieth yeare.
Stout ſons I had, and thoſe twice three;
One onely daughter lent to me:
The which was made a happy Bride,
But thrice three Moones before ſhe dy'd.
My modeſt wedlock, that was known
Contented with the bed of one.

To the Patron of Poets, M. End: Porter.

LEt there be Patrons; Patrons like to thee,
Brave *Porter!* Poets ne'r will wanting be:
Fabius, and *Cotta*, *Lentulus*, all live
In thee, thou Man of Men! who here do'ſt give
Not onely ſubject-matter for our wit,
But likewiſe Oyle of Maintenance to it:
For which, before thy Threſhold, we'll lay downe
Our Thyrſe, for Scepter; and our Baies for Crown.
For to ſay truth, all Garlands are thy due;
The *Laurell*, *Mirtle*, *Oke*, and *Ivie* too.

The ſadneſſe of Things for Sapho's *Sickneſſe.*

LIllies will languiſh; Violets look ill;
Sickly the Prim-roſe; pale the Daffadill:
That gallant Tulip will hang down his head,
Like to a Virgin newly raviſhed.
Panſies will weep; and Marygolds will wither;
And keep a Faſt, and Funerall together,
If *Sapho* droop; Daiſies will open never,
But bid Good-night, and cloſe their lids for ever.

Leanders *Obſequies.*

WHen as *Leander* young was drown'd,
No heart by love receiv'd a wound;
But on a Rock himſelfe ſate by,
There weeping ſup'rabundantly.

Sighs numberleſſe he caſt about,
And all his Tapers thus put out:
His head upon his hand he laid;
And ſobbing deeply, thus he ſaid,
Ah, cruell Sea! and looking on't,
Wept as he'd drowne the Helleſpont.
And ſure his tongue had more expreſt,
But that his teares forbad the reſt.

Hope heartens.

NOne goes to warfare, but with this intent;
The gaines muſt dead the feare of detriment.

Foure Things make us happy here.

HEalth is the firſt good lent to men;
A gentle diſpoſition then:
Next, to be rich by no by-wayes;
Laſtly, with friends t'enjoy our dayes.

His Parting from Mrs Dorothy Keneday.

WHen I did goe from thee, I felt that ſmart,
Which Bodies do, when Souls from them depart.
Thou did'ſt not mind it; though thou then might'ſt [ſee
Me turn'd to tears; yet did'ſt not weep for me.
'Tis true, I kiſt thee; but I co'd not heare
Thee ſpend a ſigh, t'accompany my teare.

Me thought 'twas ſtrange, that thou ſo hard ſho'dſt
prove, [love.
Whoſe heart, whoſe hand, whoſe ev'ry part ſpake
Prethee (leſt Maids ſho'd cenſure thee) but ſay
Thou ſhed'ſt one teare, when as I went away;
And that will pleaſe me ſomewhat: though I know,
And Love will ſwear't, my Deareſt did not ſo.

The Teare ſent to her from Stanes.

1. GLide, gentle ſtreams, and beare
Along with you my teare
To that coy Girle;
Who ſmiles, yet ſlayes
Me with delayes;
And ſtrings my tears as Pearle.

2. See! ſee, ſhe's yonder ſet,
Making a Carkanet
Of Maiden-flowers!
There, there preſent
This Orient,
And Pendant Pearle of ours.

3. Then ſay, I've ſent one more
Jem to enrich her ſtore;
And that is all
Which I can ſend,
Or vainly ſpend,
For tears no more will fall.

4. Nor will I ſeek ſupply
Of them, the ſpring's once drie;
But Ile deviſe,
(Among the reſt)
A way that's beſt
How I may ſave mine eyes.

5. Yet ſay; ſho'd ſhe condemne
Me to ſurrender them;
Then ſay; my part
Muſt be to weep
Out them, to keep
A poore, yet loving heart.

6. Say too, She wo'd have this;
She ſhall: Then my hope is,
That when I'm poore,
And nothing have
To ſend, or ſave;
I'm ſure ſhe'll aſk no more.

Upon one Lillie, *who marryed with a Maid call'd* Roſe.

WHat times of ſweetneſſe this faire day foreſhows,
When as the Lilly marries with the Roſe!
What next is lookt for? but we all ſho'd ſee
To ſpring from theſe a ſweet Poſterity.

An Epitaph upon a Child.

VIrgins promis'd when I dy'd,
That they wo'd each Primroſe-tide,
Duely, morne and ev'ning, come,
And with Flowers dreſſe my Tomb.
Having promis'd, pay your debts,
Maids, and here ſtrew Violets.

Upon Scobble. *Epig.*

S*Cobble* for Whoredome whips his wife; and cryes,
He'll ſlit her noſe; But blubb'ring, ſhe replyes,
Good Sir, make no more cuts i'th'outward ſkin,
One ſlit's enough to let Adultry in.

The Houre-glaſſe.

THat Houre-glaſſe, which there ye ſee
With Water fill'd, Sirs, credit me,
The humour was, as I have read,
But Lovers tears inchriſtalled.
Which, as they drop by drop doe paſſe
From th'upper to the under-glaſſe,
Do in a trickling manner tell,
(By many a watrie ſyllable)
That Lovers tears in life-time ſhed,
Do reſtleſs run when they are dead.

His Fare-well to Sack.

FArewell, thou Thing, time-paſt ſo knowne, ſo deare
To me, as blood to life and ſpirit: Neare,
Nay, thou more neare then kindred, friend, man,
Male to the female, ſoule to body: Life [wife,
To quick action, or the warme ſoft ſide
Of the reſigning, yet reſiſting Bride.
The kiſſe of Virgins; Firſt-fruits of the bed;
Soft ſpeech, ſmooth touch, the lips, the Maiden-head:
Theſe, and a thouſand ſweets, co'd never be
So neare, or deare, as thou waſt once to me.
O thou the drink of Gods, and Angels! Wine
That ſcatter'ſt Spirit and Luſt; whoſe pureſt ſhine,
More radiant then the Summers Sun-beams ſhows;
Each way illuſtrious, brave; and like to thoſe
Comets we ſee by night; whoſe ſhagg'd portents
Fore-tell the comming of ſome dire events:
Or ſome full flame, which with a pride aſpires,
Throwing about his wild, and active fires.
'Tis thou, above Nectar, O Divineſt ſoule!
(Eternall in thy ſelf) that canſt controule
That, which ſubverts whole nature, grief and care;
Vexation of the mind, and damn'd Deſpaire.
'Tis thou, alone, who with thy Miſtick Fan,
Work'ſt more then Wiſdome, Art, or Nature can,
To rouze the ſacred madneſſe; and awake

The froſt-bound-blood, and ſpirits; and to make
Them frantick with thy raptures, flaſhing through
The ſoule, like lightning, and as active too.
'Tis not *Apollo* can, or thoſe thrice three
Caſtalian Siſters, ſing, if wanting thee.
Horace, *Anacreon* both had loſt their fame,
Had'ſt thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame.
Phœbean ſplendour! and thou *Theſpian* ſpring!
Of which, ſweet Swans muſt drink, before they ſing
Their true-pac'd Numbers, and their Holy-Layes,
Which makes them worthy *Cedar*, and the *Bayes*.
But why? why longer doe I gaze upon
Thee with the eye of admiration?
Since I muſt leave thee; and enforc'd, muſt ſay
To all thy witching beauties, Goe, Away.
But if thy whimpring looks doe aſk me why?
Then know, that Nature bids thee goe, not I.
'Tis her erroneous ſelf has made a braine
Uncapable of ſuch a Soveraigne,
As is thy powerfull ſelfe. Prethee not ſmile;
Or ſmile more inly; leſt thy looks beguile
My vowes denounc'd in zeale, which thus much
ſhow thee,
That I have ſworn, but by thy looks to know thee.
Let others drink thee freely; and deſire
Thee and their lips eſpous'd; while I admire,
And love thee; but not taſte thee. Let my Muſe
Faile of thy former helps; and onely uſe
Her inadult'rate ſtrength: what's done by me
Hereafter, ſhall ſmell of the Lamp, not thee.

Upon Glaſco. *Epig.*

GLaſco had none, but now ſome teeth has got;
Which though they furre, will neither ake,
or rot.
Six teeth he has, whereof twice two are known
Made of a Haft, that was a Mutton-bone.
Which not for uſe, but meerly for the ſight,
He weares all day, and drawes thoſe teeth at night.

Upon Mrs. Eliz: Wheeler, *under the name of* Amarillis.

SWeet *Amarillis*, by a Spring's
Soft and ſoule-melting murmurings,
Slept; and thus ſleeping, thither flew
A *Robin-Red breſt*; who at view,
Not ſeeing her at all to ſtir,
Brought leaves and moſſe to cover her:
But while he, perking, there did prie
About the Arch of either eye;
The lid began to let out day;
At which poore *Robin* flew away:
And ſeeing her not dead, but all diſleav'd;
He chirpt for joy, to ſee himſelf diſceav'd.

The Cuſtard.

FOr ſecond courſe, laſt night, a Cuſtard came
To th'board, ſo hot, as none co'd touch the ſame:

Furze, three or foure times with his cheeks did blow
Upon the Cuſtard, and thus cooled ſo;
It ſeem'd by this time to admit the touch:
But none co'd eate it, 'cauſe it ſtunk ſo much.

To Myrrha *hard-hearted.*

FOld now thine armes; and hang the head,
Like to a Lillie withered:
Next, look thou like a ſickly Moone;
Or like *Jocaſta* in a ſwoone.
Then weep, and ſigh, and ſoftly goe,
Like to a widdow drown'd in woe:
Or like a Virgin full of ruth,
For the loſt ſweet-heart of her youth:
And all becauſe, Faire Maid, thou art
Inſenſible of all my ſmart;
And of thoſe evill dayes that be
Now poſting on to puniſh thee.
The Gods are eaſie, and condemne
All ſuch as are not ſoft like them.

The Eye.

MAke me a heaven; and make me there
Many a leſſe and greater ſpheare.
Make me the ſtraight, and oblique lines;
The Motions, Lations, and the Signes.
Make me a Chariot, and a Sun;
And let them through a Zodiac run:

Next, place me Zones, and Tropicks there;
With all the Seaſons of the Yeare.
Make me a Sun-ſet; and a Night:
And then preſent the Mornings-light
Cloath'd in her Chamlets of Delight.
To theſe, make Clouds to poure downe raine;
With weather foule, then faire againe.
And when, wiſe Artiſt, that thou haſt,
With all that can be, this heaven grac't;
Ah! what is then this curious ſkie,
But onely my *Corinna's* eye?

Upon the much lamented, Mr. J. Warr.

WHat Wiſdome, Learning, Wit, or Worth,
Youth, or ſweet Nature, co'd bring forth,
Reſts here with him; who was the Fame,
The Volume of himſelfe, and Name.
If, Reader, then thou wilt draw neere,
And doe an honour to thy teare;
Weep then for him, for whom laments
Not one, but many Monuments.

Upon Gryll.

G*Ryll* eates, but ne're ſayes Grace; To ſpeak
the troth,
Gryll either keeps his breath to coole his broth;
Or elſe becauſe *Grill's* roſte do's burn his Spit,
Gryll will not therefore ſay a Grace for it.

The Suſpition upon his over-much Familiarity with a Gentlewoman.

AND muſt we part, becauſe ſome ſay,
Loud is our love, and looſe our play,
And more then well becomes the day?
Alas, for pitty! and for us
Moſt innocent, and injur'd thus.
Had we kept cloſe, or play'd within,
Suſpition now had been the ſinne,
And ſhame had follow'd long ere this,
T'ave plagu'd, what now unpuniſht is.
But we as fearleſſe of the Sunne,
As faultleſſe; will not wiſh undone,
What now is done: ſince *where no ſin*
Unbolts the doore, no ſhame comes in.
Then, comely and moſt fragrant Maid,
Be you more warie, then afraid
Of theſe Reports; becauſe you ſee
The faireſt moſt ſuſpected be.
The common formes have no one eye,
Or eare of burning jealouſie
To follow them: but chiefly, where
Love makes the cheek, and chin a ſphere
To dance and play in: Truſt me, there
Suſpicion queſtions every haire.
Come, you are faire; and ſho'd be ſeen
While you are in your ſprightfull green:
And what though you had been embrac't

By me, were you for that unchaſt?
No, no, no more then is yond' Moone,
Which ſhining in her perfect Noone;
In all that great and glorious light,
Continues cold, as is the night.
Then, beauteous Maid, you may retire;
And as for me, my chaſt deſire
Shall move t'wards you; although I ſee
Your face no more: So live you free
From Fames black lips, as you from me.

Single Life moſt ſecure.

SUſpicion, Diſcontent, and Strife,
Come in for Dowrie with a Wife.

The Curſe. A Song.

GOe, perjur'd man; and if thou ere return
To ſee the ſmall remainders in mine Urne:
When thou ſhalt laugh at my Religious duſt;
And aſk, Where's now the colour, forme and truſt
Of Woman's beauty? and with hand more rude
Rifle the Flowers which the Virgins ſtrew'd:
Know, I have pray'd to Furie, that ſome wind
May blow my aſhes up, and ſtrike thee blind.

The wounded Cupid. *Song.*

CUpid as he lay among
Roſes, by a Bee was ſtung.
Whereupon in anger flying
To his Mother, ſaid thus crying;
Help! O help! your Boy's a dying.
And why, my pretty Lad, ſaid ſhe?
Then blubbering, replyed he,
A winged Snake has bitten me,
Which Country people call a Bee.
At which ſhe ſmil'd; then with her hairs
And kiſſes drying up his tears:
Alas! ſaid ſhe, my Wag! if this
Such a pernicious torment is:
Come tel me then, how great's the ſmart
Of thoſe, thou woundeſt with thy Dart!

To Dewes. A Song.

I Burn, I burn; and beg of you
To quench, or coole me with your Dew.
I frie in fire, and ſo conſume,
Although the Pile be all perfume.
Alas! the heat and death's the ſame;
Whether by choice, or common flame:
To be in Oyle of *Roſes* drown'd,
Or water; where's the comfort found?
Both bring one death; and I die here,

Unleſſe you coole me with a Teare:
Alas! I call; but ah! I ſee
Ye coole, and comfort all, but me.

Some Comfort in Calamity.

TO conquer'd men, ſome Comfort 'tis to fall
By th'hand of him who is the Generall.

The Viſion.

SItting alone, as one forſook,
Cloſe by a Silver-ſhedding Brook;
With hands held up to Love, I wept;
And after ſorrowes ſpent, I ſlept:
Then in a Viſion I did ſee
A glorious forme appeare to me:
A Virgins face ſhe had; her dreſſe
Was like a ſprightly *Spartaneſſe.*
A ſilver bow with green ſilk ſtrung,
Down from her comely ſhoulders hung:
And as ſhe ſtood, the wanton Aire
Dandled the ringlets of her haire.
Her legs were ſuch *Diana* ſhows,
When tuckt up ſhe a hunting goes;
With Buſkins ſhortned to deſcrie
The happy dawning of her thigh:
Which when I ſaw, I made acceſſe
To kiſſe that tempting nakedneſſe:
But ſhe forbad me, with a wand

Of Mirtle ſhe had in her hand:
And chiding me, ſaid, Hence, remove,
Herrick, thou art too coorſe to love.

Love me little, love me long.

YOu ſay, to me-wards your affection's ſtrong;
Pray love me little, ſo you love me long.
Slowly goes farre: The meane is beſt: Deſire
Grown violent, do's either die, or tire.

Upon a Virgin kiſſing a Roſe.

'TWas but a ſingle *Roſe*,
Till you on it did breathe;
But ſince, me thinks, it ſhows
Not ſo much *Roſe*, as Wreathe.

Upon a Wife that dyed mad with Jealouſie.

IN this little Vault ſhe lyes,
Here, with all her jealouſies:
Quiet yet; but if ye make
Any noiſe, they both will wake,
And ſuch ſpirits raiſe, 'twill then
Trouble Death to lay agen.

Upon the Biſhop of Lincolne's *Impriſonment.*

NEver was Day ſo over-ſick with ſhowres,
But that it had ſome intermitting houres.
Never was Night ſo tedious, but it knew
The Laſt Watch out, and ſaw the Dawning too.
Never was Dungeon ſo obſcurely deep,
Wherein or Light, or Day, did never peep.
Never did Moone ſo ebbe, or ſeas ſo wane,
But they left Hope-ſeed to fill up againe.
So you, my Lord, though you have now your ſtay,
Your Night, your Priſon, and your Ebbe; you may
Spring up afreſh; when all theſe miſts are ſpent,
And Star-like, once more, guild our Firmament.
Let but That Mighty *Ceſar* ſpeak, and then,
All bolts, all barres, all gates ſhall cleave; as when
That Earth-quake ſhook the houſe, and gave the ſtout
Apoſtles, way, unſhackled, to goe out.
This, as I wiſh for, ſo I hope to ſee;
Though you, my Lord, have been unkind to me:
To wound my heart, and never to apply,
When you had power, the meaneſt remedy:
Well; though my griefe by you was gall'd, the more;
Yet I bring Balme and Oile to heal your ſore.

Diſſwaſions from Idleneſſe.

CYNTHIUS pluck ye by the eare,
That ye may good doctrine heare.
Play not with the maiden-haire;
For each Ringlet there's a ſnare.
Cheek, and eye, and lip, and chin;
Theſe are traps to take fooles in.
Armes, and hands, and all parts elſe,
Are but Toiles, or Manicles
Set on purpoſe to enthrall
Men, but Slothfulls moſt of all.
Live employ'd, and ſo live free
From theſe fetters; like to me
Who have found, and ſtill can prove,
The lazie man the moſt doth love.

Upon Strut.

STRUT, once a Fore-man of a Shop we knew;
But turn'd a Ladies Uſher now, 'tis true:
Tell me, has *Strut* got ere a title more?
No; he's but Fore-man, as he was before.

An Epithalamie to Sir Thomas Southwell *and his Ladie.*

1.

NOw, now's the time; ſo oft by truth
Promiſ'd ſho'd come to crown your youth.

Then Faire ones, doe not wrong
Your joyes, by ſtaying long:
Or let Love's fire goe out,
By lingring thus in doubt:
But learn, that Time once loſt,
Is ne'r redeem'd by coſt.
Then away; come, *Hymen*, guide
To the bed, the baſhfull Bride.

II.

Is it, ſweet maid, your fault theſe holy
Bridall-Rites goe on ſo ſlowly?
Deare, is it this you dread,
The loſſe of Maiden-head?
Beleeve me; you will moſt
Eſteeme it when 'tis loſt:
Then it no longer keep,
Leſt Iſſue lye aſleep.
Then away; come, *Hymen*, guide
To the bed, the baſhfull Bride.

III.

Theſe Precious-Pearly-Purling teares,
But ſpring from ceremonious feares.
And 'tis but Native ſhame,
That hides the loving flame:
And may a while controule
The ſoft and am'rous ſoule;
But yet, Loves fire will waſt
Such baſhfulneſſe at laſt.

Then away ; come, *Hymen*, guide
To the bed, the baſhfull Bride.

IV.

Night now hath watch'd her ſelf half blind ;
Yet not a Maiden-head reſign'd !
Tis ſtrange, ye will not flie
To Love's ſweet myſterie.
Might yon Full-Moon the ſweets
Have, promiſ'd to your ſheets ;
She ſoon wo'd leave her ſpheare,
To be admitted there.
Then away ; come, *Hymen*, guide
To the bed, the baſhfull Bride.

V.

On, on devoutly, make no ſtay ;
While *Domiduca* leads the way :
And *Genius* who attends
The bed for luckie ends :
With *Juno* goes the houres,
And Graces ſtrewing flowers.
And the boyes with ſweet tunes ſing,
Hymen ! O *Hymen !* bring
Home the Turtles ; *Hymen*, guide
To the bed, the baſhfull Bride.

VI.

Behold ! how *Hymen's* Taper-light
Shews you how much is ſpent of night.

See, ſee the Bride-groom's Torch
Halfe waſted in the porch.
And now thoſe Tapers five,
That ſhew the womb ſhall thrive:
Their ſilv'rie flames advance,
To tell all proſp'rous chance
Still ſhall crown the happy life
Of the good man and the wife.

VII.

Move forward then your Roſie feet,
And make, what ere they touch, turn ſweet.
May all, like flowrie Meads
Smell, where your ſoft foot treads;
And every thing aſſume
To it, the like perfume:
As *Zephirus* when he 'ſpires
Through *Woodbine*, and *Sweet-bryers*.
Then away; come, *Hymen*, guide
To the bed, the baſhfull Bride.

VIII.

And now the yellow Vaile, at laſt,
Over her fragrant cheek is caſt.
Now ſeems ſhe to expreſſe
A baſhfull willingneſſe:
Shewing a heart conſenting;
As with a will repenting.
Then gently lead her on
With wiſe ſuſpicion:

For that, Matrons ſay, a meaſure
Of that Paſſion ſweetens Pleaſure.

IX.

You, you that be of her neereſt kin,
Now o're the threſhold force her in.
But to avert the worſt;
Let her, her fillets firſt
Knit to the poſts: this point
Remembring, to anoint
The ſides: for 'tis a charme
Strong againſt future harme:
And the evil deads, the which
There was hidden by the Witch.

X.

O *Venus!* thou, to whom is known
The beſt way how to looſe the Zone
Of Virgins! tell the Maid,
She need not be afraid:
And bid the Youth apply
Cloſe kiſſes, if ſhe cry:
And charge, he not forbears
Her, though ſhe wooe with teares.
Tel them, now they muſt adventer,
Since that Love and Night bid enter.

XI.

No Fatal Owle the Bedſted keeps,
With direful notes to fright your ſleeps:

No Furies, here about,
To put the Tapers out,
Watch, or did make the bed:
'Tis *Omen* full of dread:
But all faire ſigns appeare
Within the Chamber here.
Juno here, far off, doth ſtand
Cooling ſleep with charming wand.

XII.

Virgins, weep not; 'twill come, when,
As ſhe, ſo you'l be ripe for men.
Then grieve her not, with ſaying
She muſt no more a Maying:
Or by Roſe-buds devine,
Who'l be her Valentine.
Nor name thoſe wanton reaks
Y'ave had at Barly-breaks.
But now kiſſe her, and thus ſay,
Take time, Lady, while ye may.

XIII.

Now barre the doors, the Bride-groom puts
The eager Boyes to gather Nuts.
And now, both Love and Time
To their full height doe clime:
O! give them active heat
And moiſture, both compleat:
Fit Organs for encreaſe,
To keep, and to releaſe

That, which may the honour'd Stem
Circle with a Diadem.

XIV.

And now, Behold! the Bed or Couch
That ne'r knew Brides, or Bride-grooms touch,
Feels in it ſelfe a fire;
And tickled with Deſire,
Pants with a Downie breſt,
As with a heart poſſeſt:
Shrugging as it did move,
Ev'n with the ſoule of love.
And, oh! had it but a tongue,
Doves, 'two'd ſay, yee bill too long.

XV.

O enter then! but ſee ye ſhun
A ſleep, untill the act be done.
Let kiſſes, in their cloſe,
Breathe as the Damaſk Roſe:
Or ſweet, as is that gumme
Doth from *Panchaia* come.
Teach Nature now to know,
Lips can make Cherries grow
Sooner, then ſhe, ever yet,
In her wiſdome co'd beget.

XVI.

On your minutes, hours, dayes, months, years,
Drop the fat bleſſing of the ſphears.

That good, which Heav'n can give
To make you bravely live;
Fall, like a ſpangling dew,
By day, and night on you.
May Fortunes Lilly-hand
Open at your command;
With all luckie Birds to ſide
With the Bride-groom, and the Bride.

XVII.

Let bounteous Fate your ſpindles full
Fill, and winde up with whiteſt wooll.
Let them not cut the thred
Of life, untill ye bid.
May Death yet come at laſt;
And not with deſp'rate haſt:
But when ye both can ſay,
Come, Let us now away.
Be ye to the Barn then born,
Two, like two ripe ſhocks of corn.

Teares are Tongues.

WHen *Julia* chid, I ſtood as mute the while,
As is the fiſh, or tongueleſſe Crocodile.
Aire coyn'd to words, my *Julia* co'd not heare;
But ſhe co'd ſee each eye to ſtamp a teare:
By which, mine angry Miſtreſſe might deſcry,
Teares are the noble language of the eye.

And when true love of words is deſtitute,
The Eyes by tears ſpeak, while the Tongue is mute.

Upon a young Mother of many Children.

LEt all chaſte Matrons, when they chance to ſee
My num'rous iſſue, praiſe, and pitty me.
Praiſe me, for having ſuch a fruitfull wombe;
Pity me too, who found ſo ſoone a Tomb.

To Electra.

ILe come to thee in all thoſe ſhapes
As *Jove* did, when he made his rapes:
Onely, Ile not appeare to thee,
As he did once to *Semele*.
Thunder and Lightning Ile lay by,
To talk with thee familiarly.
Which done, then quickly we'll undreſſe
To one and th'others nakedneſſe.
And raviſht, plunge into the bed,
Bodies and ſouls commingled,
And kiſſing, ſo as none may heare,
We'll weary all the Fables there.

His Wiſh.

IT is ſufficient if we pray
To *Jove*, who gives, and takes away:
Let him the Land and Living finde;
Let me alone to fit the mind.

His Proteſtation to Perilla.

NO one-day and Midnight ſhall at once be ſeene:
Trees, at one time, ſhall be both ſere and greene:
Fire and water ſhall together lye
In one-ſelf-ſweet-conſpiring ſympathie:
Summer and Winter ſhall at one time ſhow
Ripe eares of corne, and up to th'eares in ſnow:
Seas ſhall be ſandleſſe; Fields devoid of graſſe;
Shapeleſſe the world, as when all *Chaos* was,
Before, my deare *Perilla*, I will be
Falſe to my vow, or fall away from thee.

Love perfumes all parts.

IF I kiſſe *Anthea's* breſt,
There I ſmell the Phenix neſt:
If her lip, the moſt ſincere
Altar of Incenſe, I ſmell there.
Hands, and thighs, and legs, are all
Richly Aromaticall.
Goddeſſe *Iſis* cann't transfer
Muſks and Ambers more from her:
Nor can *Juno* ſweeter be,
When ſhe lyes with *Jove*, then ſhe.

To Julia.

PErmit me, *Julia*, now to goe away;
Or by thy love, decree me here to ſtay.

If thou wilt ſay, that I ſhall live with thee;
Here ſhall my endleſs Tabernacle be:
If not, as baniſht, I will live alone
There, where no language ever yet was known.

On Himſelfe.

LOve-ſick I am, and muſt endure
A deſp'rate grief, that finds no cure.
Ah me! I try; and trying, prove,
No Herbs have power to cure Love.
Onely one Soveraign ſalve I know,
And that is Death, the end of Woe.

Vertue is ſenſible of ſuffering.

THough a wiſe man all preſſures can ſuſtaine;
His vertue ſtill is ſenſible of paine:
Large ſhoulders though he has, and well can beare,
He feeles when Packs do pinch him; and the where.

The cruell Maid.

AND, Cruell Maid, becauſe I ſee
You ſcornfull of my love, and me:
Ile trouble you no more; but goe
My way, where you ſhall never know
What is become of me: there I
Will find me out a path to die;
Or learne ſome way how to forget

You, and your name, for ever: yet
Ere I go hence; know this from me,
What will, in time, your Fortune be:
This to your coyneſſe I will tell;
And having ſpoke it once, Farewell.
The Lillie will not long endure;
Nor the Snow continue pure:
The Roſe, the Violet, one day
See, both theſe Lady-flowers decay:
And you muſt fade, as well as they.
And it may chance that Love may turn,
And, like to mine, make your heart burn
And weep to ſee't; yet this thing doe,
That my laſt Vow commends to you:
When you ſhall ſee that I am dead,
For pitty let a teare be ſhed;
And, with your Mantle o're me caſt,
Give my cold lips a kiſſe at laſt:
If twice you kiſſe, you need not feare,
That I ſhall ſtir, or live more here.
Next, hollow out a Tombe to cover
Me; me, the moſt deſpiſed Lover:
And write thereon, *This*, *Reader*, *know*,
Love kill'd this man. No more but ſo.

To Dianeme.

SWeet, be not proud of thoſe two eyes,
Which Star-like ſparkle in their ſkies:
Nor be you proud, that you can ſee

All hearts your captives ; yours, yet free :
Be you not proud of that rich haire,
Which wantons with the Love-ſick aire :
When as that *Rubie*, which you weare,
Sunk from the tip of your ſoft eare,
Will laſt to be a precious Stone,
When all your world of Beautie's gone.

To the King, To cure the Evill.

TO find that Tree of Life, whoſe Fruits did feed,
And Leaves did heale, all ſick of humane ſeed :
To finde *Bethesda*, and an Angel there,
Stirring the waters, I am come ; and here,
At laſt, I find, after my much to doe,
The Tree, Bethesda, and the Angel too :
And all in Your Bleſt Hand, which has the powers
Of all thoſe ſuppling-healing herbs and flowers.
To that ſoft *Charm*, that *Spell*, that *Magick Bough*,
That high Enchantment I betake me now :
And to that Hand, the Branch of Heavens faire Tree,
I kneele for help ; O ! lay that hand on me,
Adored *Ceſar !* and my Faith is ſuch,
I ſhall be heal'd, if that my *KING* but touch.
The Evill is not Yours : my ſorrow ſings,
Mine is the Evill, but the Cure, the KINGS.

His miſery in a Miſtreſſe.

WAter, Water I eſpie :
Come, and coole ye ; all who frie
In your loves ; but none as I.

Though a thouſand ſhowres be
Still a falling, yet I ſee
Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you, who can have ſeas
For to quench ye, or ſome eaſe
From your kinder Miſtreſſes.

I have one, and ſhe alone,
Of a thouſand thouſand known,
Dead to all compaſſion.

Such an one, as will repeat
Both the cauſe, and make the heat
More by Provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I deſpaire
Of my cure, doe you beware
Of thoſe Girles, which cruell are.

Upon Jollie's *Wife.*

FIrſt, *Jollies* wife is lame ; then next, looſe-hipt :
Squint-ey'd, hook-noſ'd ; and laſtly, Kidney-lipt.

To a Gentlewoman, objecting to him his gray haires.

AM I deſpiſ'd, becauſe you ſay,
And I dare ſweare, that I am gray?
Know, Lady, you have but your day:
And time will come when you ſhall weare
Such froſt and ſnow upon your haire:
And when, though long, it comes to paſſe,
You queſtion with your Looking-glaſſe;
And in that ſincere *Chriſtall* ſeek,
But find no Roſe-bud in your cheek:
Nor any bed to give the ſhew
Where ſuch a rare Carnation grew.
Ah! then too late, cloſe in your chamber keeping,
It will be told
That you are old;
By thoſe true teares y'are weeping.

To Cedars.

IF 'mongſt my many Poems, I can ſee
One onely, worthy to be waſht by thee:
I live for ever; let the reſt all lye
In dennes of Darkneſs, or condemn'd to die.

Upon Cupid.

LOve, like a Gypſie, lately came;
And did me much importune

To ſee my hand; that by the ſame
He might fore-tell my Fortune.

He ſaw my Palme; and then, ſaid he,
I tell thee, by this ſcore here;
That thou, within few months, ſhalt be
The youthfull Prince *D'Amour* here.

I ſmil'd; and bade him once more prove,
And by ſome croſſe-line ſhow it;
That I co'd ne'r be Prince of Love,
Though here the Princely Poet.

How Primroſes came green.

VIrgins, time-paſt, known were theſe,
Troubled with Green-ſickneſſes,
Turn'd to flowers: Stil the hieu,
Sickly Girles, they beare of you.

To Joſ: *Lo: Biſhop of* Exeter.

WHOM ſho'd I feare to write to, if I can
Stand before you, my learn'd *Dioceſan?*
And never ſhew blood-guiltineſſe, or feare
To ſee my Lines *Excathedrated* here.
Since none ſo good are, but you may condemne;
Or here ſo bad, but you may pardon them.
If then, my Lord, to ſanctifie my Muſe
One onely Poem out of all you'l chuſe;

nd mark it for a Rapture nobly writ,
'is Good Confirm'd; for you have Biſhop't it.

Upon a black Twiſt, rounding the Arme of the Counteſſe of Carlile.

I Saw about her ſpotleſſe wriſt,
Of blackeſt ſilk, a curious twiſt;
Which, circumvolving gently, there
Enthrall'd her Arme, as Priſoner.
Dark was the Jayle; but as if light
Had met t'engender with the night;
Or ſo, as Darkneſſe made a ſtay
To ſhew at once, both night and day.
I fancie more! but if there be
Such Freedome in Captivity;
I beg of Love, that ever I
May in like Chains of Darkneſſe lie.

On Himſelfe.

I Feare no Earthly Powers;
But care for crowns of flowers:
And love to have my Beard
With Wine and Oile beſmear'd.
This day Ile drowne all ſorrow;
Who knowes to live to morrow?

Upon Pagget.

PAGGET, a School-boy, got a Sword, and then
He vow'd Deſtruction both to Birch, and Men:
Who wo'd not think this Yonker fierce to fight?
Yet comming home, but ſomewhat late, laſt night;
Untruſſe, his Maſter bade him; and that word
Made him take up his ſhirt, lay down his ſword.

A Ring preſented to Julia.

JULIA, I bring
To thee this Ring,
Made for thy finger fit;
To ſhew by this,
That our love is
Or ſho'd be, like to it.

Cloſe though it be,
The joynt is free:
So when Love's yoke is on,
It muſt not gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppreſſion.

But it muſt play
Still either way;
And be, too, ſuch a yoke,
As not too wide,
To over-ſlide;
Or be ſo ſtrait to choak.

So we, who beare,
This beame, muſt reare
Our ſelves to ſuch a height:
As that the ſtay
Of either may
Create the burden light.

And as this round
Is no where found
To flaw, or elſe to ſever:
So let our love
As endleſs prove;
And pure as Gold for ever.

To the Detracter.

WHere others love, and praiſe my Verſes; ſtill
Thy long-black-Thumb-nail marks 'em out for ill:
A fellon take it, or ſome Whit-flaw come
For to unſlate, or to untile that thumb!
But cry thee Mercy: Exerciſe thy nailes
To ſcratch or claw, ſo that thy tongue not railes:
Some numbers prurient are, and ſome of theſe
Are wanton with their itch; ſcratch, and 'twill pleaſe.

Upon the ſame.

IAſk't thee oft, what Poets thou haſt read,
And lik'ſt the beſt? Still thou reply'ſt, The dead.

I ſhall, ere long, with green turfs cover'd be;
Then ſure thou't like, or thou wilt envie me.

Julia's *Petticoat.*

THy Azure Robe, I did behold,
As ayrie as the leaves of gold;
Which erring here, and wandring there,
Pleaſ'd with tranſgreſſion ev'ry where:
Sometimes 'two'd pant, and ſigh, and heave,
As if to ſtir it ſcarce had leave:
But having got it; thereupon,
'Two'd make a brave expanſion.
And pounc't with Stars, it ſhew'd to me
Like a *Celeſtiall Canopie.*
Sometimes 'two'd blaze, and then abate,
Like to a flame growne moderate:
Sometimes away 'two'd wildly fling;
Then to thy thighs ſo cloſely cling,
That ſome conceit did melt me downe,
As Lovers fall into a ſwoone:
And all confuſ'd, I there did lie
Drown'd in Delights; but co'd not die.
That Leading Cloud, I follow'd ſtill,
Hoping t'ave ſeene of it my fill;
But ah! I co'd not: ſho'd it move
To Life Eternal, I co'd love.

To Muſick.

BEgin to charme, and as thou ſtroak'ſt mine eares
With thy enchantment, melt me into tears.
Then let thy active hand ſcu'd o're thy Lyre:
And make my ſpirits frantick with the fire.
That done, ſink down into a ſilv'rie ſtraine;
And make me ſmooth as Balme, and Oile againe.

Diſtruſt.

TO ſafe-guard Man from wrongs, there nothing muſt
Be truer to him, then a wiſe Diſtruſt.
And to thy ſelfe be beſt this ſentence knowne,
Heare all men ſpeak; but credit few or none.

Corinna's *going a Maying.*

GEt up, get up for ſhame, the Blooming Morne
Upon her wings preſents the god unſhorne.
See how *Aurora* throwes her faire
Freſh-quilted colours through the aire:
Get up, ſweet-Slug-a-bed, and ſee
The Dew-beſpangling Herbe and Tree.
Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the Eaſt,
Above an houre ſince; yet you not dreſt,
Nay! not ſo much as out of bed?

When all the Birds have Mattens ſeyd,
And ſung their thankfull Hymnes: 'tis ſin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When as a thouſand Virgins on this day,
Spring, ſooner then the Lark, to fetch in May.

Riſe; and put on your Foliage, and be ſeene
To come forth, like the Spring-time, freſh and greene;
And ſweet as *Flora*. Take no care
For Jewels for your Gowne, or Haire:
Feare not; the leaves will ſtrew
Gemms in abundance upon you:
Beſides, the childhood of the Day has kept,
Againſt you come, ſome *Orient Pearls* unwept:
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night:
And *Titan* on the Eaſtern hill
Retires himſelfe, or elſe ſtands ſtill
Till you come forth. Waſh, dreſſe, be briefe in praying:
Few Beads are beſt, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my *Corinna*, come; and comming, marke
How each field turns a ſtreet; each ſtreet a Parke
Made green, and trimm'd with trees: ſee how
Devotion gives each Houſe a Bough,
Or Branch: Each Porch, each doore, ere this,
An Arke a Tabernacle is
Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove;
As if here were thoſe cooler ſhades of love.
Can ſuch delights be in the ſtreet,
And open fields, and we not ſee't?

Come, we'll abroad; and let's obay
The Proclamation made for May:
And ſin no more, as we have done, by ſtaying;
But, my *Corinna*, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deale of Youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with *White-thorn* laden home.
Some have diſpatcht their Cakes and Creame,
Before that we have left to dreame:
And ſome have wept, and woo'd, and plighted Troth,
And choſe their Prieſt, ere we can caſt off ſloth:
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kiſſe, both odde and even:
Many a glance too has been ſent
From out the eye, Love's Firmament:
Many a jeſt told of the Keyes betraying
This night, and Locks pickt, yet w'are not a Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime;
And take the harmleſſe follie of the time.
We ſhall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is ſhort; and our dayes run
As faſt away as do's the Sunne:
And as a vapour, or a drop of raine
Once loſt, can ne'r be found againe:
So when or you or I are made

A fable, ſong, or fleeting ſhade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endleſſe night.
Then while time ſerves, and we are but decaying;
Come, my *Corinna*, come, let's goe a Maying.

On Julia's *breath.*

BReathe, *Julia*, breathe, and Ile proteſt,
Nay more, Ile deeply ſweare,
That all the Spices of the Eaſt
Are circumfuſed there.

Upon a Child. An Epitaph.

BUt borne, and like a ſhort Delight,
I glided by my Parents ſight.
That done, the harder Fates deny'd
My longer ſtay, and ſo I dy'd.
If pittying my ſad Parents Teares,
You'l ſpil a tear, or two with theirs:
And with ſome flowrs my grave beſtrew,
Love and they'l thank you for't. Adieu.

A Dialogue betwixt Horace *and* Lydia, *Tranſlated* Anno 1627. *and ſet by Mr.* Ro: Ramſey.

Hor. WHile, *Lydia*, I was lov'd of thee,
Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me

To hug thy whiteſt neck: Then I,
The Perſian King liv'd not more happily.

Lyd. While thou no other didſt affect,
Nor *Cloe* was of more reſpect;
Then *Lydia*, far-fam'd *Lydia*,
I flouriſh't more then Roman *Ilia*.

Hor. Now *Thracian Cloe* governs me,
Skilfull i' th' Harpe, and Melodie:
For whoſe affection, *Lydia*, I,
So Fate ſpares her, am well content to die.

Lyd. My heart now ſet on fire is
By *Ornithes* ſonne, young *Calais*;
For whoſe commutuall flames here I,
To ſave his life, twice am content to die.

Hor. Say our firſt loves we ſho'd revoke,
And ſever'd joyne in brazen yoke:
Admit I *Cloe* put away,
And love againe love-caſt-off *Lydia?*

Lyd. Though mine be brighter then the Star;
Thou lighter then the Cork by far:
Rough as th'*Adratick ſea*, yet I
Will live with thee, or elſe for thee will die.

The captiv'd Bee: or, *The little Filcher.*

AS *Julia* once a ſlumb'ring lay,
It chanc't a Bee did flie that way,

After a dew, or dew-like ſhower,
To tipple freely in a flower.
For ſome rich flower, he took the lip
Of *Julia*, and began to ſip;
But when he felt he ſuckt from thence
Hony, and in the quinteſſence:
He drank ſo much he ſcarce co'd ſtir;
So *Julia* took the Pilferer.
And thus ſurpriz'd, as Filchers uſe,
He thus began himſelfe t'excuſe:
Sweet *Lady-Flower*, I never brought
Hither the leaſt one theeving thought:
But taking thoſe rare lips of yours
For ſome freſh, fragrant, luſcious flowers;
I thought I might there take a taſte,
Where ſo much ſirrop ran at waſte.
Beſides, know this, I never ſting
The flower that gives me nouriſhing:
But with a kiſſe, or thanks, doe pay
For Honie, that I beare away.
This ſaid, he laid his little *ſcrip*
Of hony, 'fore her Ladiſhip:
And told her, as ſome tears did fall,
That, that he took, and that was all.
At which ſhe ſmil'd; and bade him goe
And take his bag; but thus much know,
When next he came a pilfring ſo,
He ſho'd from her full lips derive,
Hony enough to fill his hive.

Upon Prig.

PRIG now drinks Water, who before drank Beere:
What's now the cauſe? we know the caſe is cleere:
Look in *Prig's* purſe, the chev'rell there tells you
Prig mony wants, either to buy, or brew.

Upon Batt.

BATT he gets children, not for love to reare 'em;
But out of hope his wife might die to beare 'em.

An Ode to Maſter Endymion Porter, *upon his Brother's death.*

NOt all thy fluſhing Sunnes are ſet,
Herrick, as yet:
Nor doth this far-drawn Hemiſphere
Frown, and look ſullen ev'ry where.
Daies may conclude in nights; and Suns may reſt,
As dead, within the Weſt;
Yet the next Morne, re-guild the fragrant Eaſt.

Alas for me! that I have loſt
E'en all almoſt:
Sunk is my ſight; ſet is my Sun;
And all the loome of life undone:
The ſtaffe, the Elme, the prop, the ſhelt'ring wall,

Whereon my Vine did crawle,
Now, now, blowne downe; needs muſt the old
ſtock fall.

Yet, *Porter*, while thou keep'ſt alive,
In death I thrive:
And like a *Phenix* re-aſpire
From out my *Narde*, and Fun'rall fire:
And as I prune my feather'd youth, ſo I
Doe mar'l how I co'd die,
When I had Thee, my chiefe Preſerver, by.

I'm up, I'm up, and bleſſe that hand,
Which makes me ſtand
Now as I doe; and but for thee,
I muſt confeſſe, I co'd not be.
The debt is paid: for he who doth reſigne
Thanks to the gen'rous Vine;
Invites freſh Grapes to fill his Preſſe with Wine.

To his dying Brother, Maſter William Herrick.

LIfe of my life, take not ſo ſoone thy flight,
But ſtay the time till we have bade Good night.
Thou haſt both wind and Tide with thee; Thy way
As ſoone diſpatcht is by the Night, as Day.
Let us not then ſo rudely henceforth goe
Till we have wept, kiſt, ſigh't, ſhook hands, or ſo.

There's paine in parting; and a kind of hell,
When once true-lovers take their laſt Fare-well.
What? ſhall we two our endleſſe leaves take here
Without a ſad looke, or a ſolemne teare?
He knowes not Love, that hath not this truth proved,
Love is moſt loth to leave the thing beloved.
Pay we our Vowes, and goe; yet when we part,
Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart
Into thy loving hands: For Ile keep none
To warme my Breaſt, when thou my Pulſe art gone:
No, here Ile laſt, and walk, a harmleſs ſhade,
About this Urne, wherein thy Duſt is laid,
To guard it ſo, as nothing here ſhall be
Heavy, to hurt thoſe ſacred ſeeds of thee.

The Olive Branch.

SAdly I walk't within the field,
To ſee what comfort it wo'd yeeld:
And as I went my private way,
An Olive-branch before me lay:
And ſeeing it, I made a ſtay.
And took it up, and view'd it; then
Kiſſing the *Omen*, ſaid Amen:
Be, be it ſo, and let this be
A Divination unto me:
That in ſhort time my woes ſhall ceaſe;
And Love ſhall crown my End with Peace.

Upon Much-more. *Epig.*

MUCH-MORE provides, and hoords up like
an Ant;
Yet *Much-more* ſtill complains he is in want.
Let *Much-more* juſtly pay his tythes; then try
How both his Meale and Oile will multiply.

To Cherry-bloſſomes.

YE may ſimper, bluſh, and ſmile,
And perfume the aire a while:
But, ſweet things, ye muſt be gone;
Fruit, ye know, is comming on:
Then, ah! then, where is your grace,
When as Cherries come in place?

How Lillies came white.

WHite though ye be; yet, Lillies, know,
From the firſt ye were not ſo:
But Ile tell ye
What befell ye;
Cupid and his Mother lay
In a Cloud; while both did play,
He with his pretty finger preſt
The rubie niplet of her breaſt;
Out of the which, the creame of light,
Like to a Dew,
Fell downe on you.
And made ye white.

To Panſies.

AH, cruell Love! muſt I endure
Thy many ſcorns, and find no cure?
Say, are thy medicines made to be
Helps to all others, but to me?
Ile leave thee, and to *Panſies* come;
Comforts you'l afford me ſome:
You can eaſe my heart, and doe
What Love co'd ne'r be brought unto.

On Gelli-flowers begotten.

WHat was't that fell but now
From that warme kiſſe of ours?
Look, look, by Love I vow
They were two *Gelli-flowers.*

Let's kiſſe, and kiſſe agen;
For if ſo be our cloſes
Make *Gelli-flowers*, then
I'm ſure they'l faſhion *Roſes.*

The Lilly in a Chriſtal.

YOu have beheld a ſmiling *Roſe*
When Virgins hands have drawn
O'r it a Cobweb-Lawne:
And here, you ſee, this Lilly ſhows,
Tomb'd in a *Chriſtal* ſtone,

More faire in this tranſparent caſe,
Then when it grew alone;
And had but ſingle grace.

You ſee how *Creame* but naked is;
Nor daunces in the eye
Without a Strawberrie:
Or ſome fine tincture, like to this,
Which draws the ſight thereto,
More by that wantoning with it;
Then when the paler hieu
No mixture did admit.

You ſee how *Amber* through the ſtreams
More gently ſtroaks the ſight,
With ſome conceal'd delight;
Then when he darts his radiant beams
Into the boundleſſe aire:
Where either too much light his worth
Doth all at once impaire,
Or ſet it little forth.

Put Purple Grapes, or Cherries in-
To Glaſſe, and they will ſend
More beauty to commend
Them, from that cleane and ſubtile ſkin,
Then if they naked ſtood,
And had no other pride at all,
But their own fleſh and blood,
And tinctures naturall.

Thus Lillie, Roſe, Grape, Cherry, Creame,
And Straw-berry do ſtir
More love, when they transfer
A weak, a ſoft, a broken beame;
Then if they ſho'd diſcover
At full their proper excellence;
Without ſome Scean caſt over,
To juggle with the ſenſe.

Thus let this *Chriſtal'd Lillie* be
A Rule, how far to teach,
Your nakedneſſe muſt reach:
And that, no further, then we ſee
Thoſe glaring colours laid
By Arts wiſe hand, but to this end
They ſho'd obey a ſhade;
Leſt they too far extend.

So though y'are white as Swan, or Snow,
And have the power to move
A world of men to love:
Yet, when your Lawns & Silks ſhal flow;
And that white cloud divide
Into a doubtful Twi-light; then,
Then will your hidden Pride
Raiſe greater fires in men.

To his Booke.

Ike to a Bride, come forth, my Book, at laſt,
With all thy richeſt jewels over-caſt:

Say, if there be 'mongſt many jems here; one
Deſerveleſſe of the name of *Paragon:*
Bluſh not at all for that; ſince we have ſet
Some *Pearls* on *Queens*, that have been counterfet.

Upon ſome Women.

THou who wilt not love, doe this;
Learne of me what Woman is.
Something made of thred and thrumme;
A meere Botch of all and ſome.
Pieces, patches, ropes of haire;
In-laid Garbage ev'ry where.
Out-ſide ſilk, and out-ſide Lawne;
Sceanes to cheat us neatly drawne.
Falſe in legs, and falſe in thighes;
Falſe in breaſt, teeth, haire, and eyes:
Falſe in head, and falſe enough;
Onely true in ſhreds and ſtuffe.

Supreme Fortune falls ſooneſt.

WHile leaneſt Beaſts in Paſtures feed,
The fatteſt Oxe the firſt muſt bleed.

The Welcome to Sack.

SO ſoft ſtreams meet, ſo ſprings with gladder ſmiles
Meet after long divorcement by the Iles:

When Love, the child of likeneſſe, urgeth on
Their Chriſtal natures to an union.
So meet ſtolne kiſſes, when the Moonie nights
Call forth fierce Lovers to their wiſht Delights:
So *Kings* & *Queens* meet, when Deſire convinces
All thoughts, but ſuch as aime at getting Princes,
As I meet thee. Soule of my life, and fame!
Eternall Lamp of Love! whoſe radiant flame
Out-glares the Heav'ns *Oſiris*;* and thy gleams
Out-ſhine the ſplendour of his mid-day beams.
Welcome, O welcome my illuſtrious Spouſe;
Welcome as are the ends unto my Vowes:
I! far more welcome then the happy ſoile,
The Sea-ſcourg'd Merchant, after all his toile,
Salutes with tears of joy; when fires betray
The ſmoakie chimneys of his *Ithaca.*
Where haſt thou been ſo long from my embraces,
Poore pittyed Exile? Tell me, did thy Graces
Flie diſcontented hence, and for a time
Did rather chooſe to bleſſe another clime?
Or went'ſt thou to this end, the more to move me,
By thy ſhort abſence, to deſire and love thee?
Why frowns my Sweet? Why won't my Saint
Favours on me, her fierce Idolater? [confer
Why are Thoſe Looks, Thoſe Looks the which
have been
Time-paſt ſo fragrant, ſickly now drawn in
Like a dull Twi-light? Tell me; and the fault

---

* The Sun.

Ile expiate with Sulphur, Haire, and Salt:
And, with the Chriſtal humour of the ſpring,
Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling.
Wo't thou not ſmile, or tell me what's amiſſe?
Have I been cold to hug thee, too remiſſe,
Too temp'rate in embracing? Tell me, ha's deſire
To thee-ward dy'd i'th'embers, and no fire
Left in this rak't-up Aſh-heap, as a mark
To teſtifie the glowing of a ſpark?
Have I divorc't thee onely to combine
In hot Adult'ry with another Wine?
True, I confeſſe I left thee, and appeale
'Twas done by me, more to confirme my zeale,
And double my affection on thee; as doe thoſe,
Whoſe love growes more enflam'd, by being Foes.
But to forſake thee ever, co'd there be
A thought of ſuch like poſſibilitie?
When thou thy ſelfe dar'ſt ſay, thy Iles ſhall lack
Grapes, before *Herrick* leaves Canarie Sack.
Thou mak'ſt me ayrie, active to be born,
Like *Iphyclus*, upon the tops of Corn.
Thou mak'ſt me nimble, as the winged howers,
To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,
And ride the Sun-beams. Can there be a thing
Under the heavenly *Iſis*,* that can bring
More love unto my life, or can preſent
My *Genius* with a fuller blandiſhment?
Illuſtrious Idoll! co'd th' *Ægyptians* ſeek

* The Moon.

Help from the *Garlick*, *Onyon*, and the *Leek*,
And pay no vowes to thee? who waſt their beſt
God, and far more tranſcendent then the reſt?
Had *Caſſius*, that weak Water-drinker, known
Thee in thy Vine, or had but taſted one
Small Chalice of thy frantick liquor; He
As the wiſe *Cato* had approv'd of thee.
Had not *Joves** ſon, that brave *Tyrinthian* Swain,
(Invited to the *Theſbian* banquet) ta'ne
Full goblets of thy gen'rous blood; his ſpright
Ne'r had kept heat for fifty Maids that night.
Come, come and kiſſe me; Love and luſt commends
Thee, and thy beauties; kiſſe, we will be friends
Too ſtrong for Fate to break us: Look upon
Me, with that full pride of complexion,
As *Queenes* meet *Queenes*; or come thou unto me,
As *Cleopatra* came to *Anthonie*;
When her high carriage did at once preſent
To the *Triumvir*, Love and Wonderment.
Swell up my nerves with ſpirit; let my blood
Run through my veines, like to a haſty flood.
Fill each part full of fire, active to doe
What thy commanding ſoule ſhall put it to.
And till I turne Apoſtate to thy love,
Which here I vow to ſerve, doe not remove
Thy Fiers from me; but *Apollo's* curſe
Blaſt theſe-like actions, or a thing that's worſe;

---

* Hercules.

When theſe Circumſtants ſhall but live to ſee
The time that I prevaricate from thee.
Call me *The ſonne of Beere*, and then confine
Me to the Tap, the Toſt, the Turfe; Let Wine
Ne'r ſhine upon me; May my Numbers all
Run to a ſudden Death, and Funerall.
And laſt, when thee, deare Spouſe, I diſavow,
Ne'r may Prophetique *Daphne* crown my Brow.

Impoſſibilities to his Friend.

MY faithful friend, if you can ſee
The Fruit to grow up, or the Tree:
If you can ſee the colour come
Into the bluſhing Peare, or Plum:
If you can ſee the water grow
To cakes of Ice, or flakes of Snow:
If you can ſee, that drop of raine
Loſt in the wild ſea, once againe:
If you can ſee, how Dreams do creep
Into the Brain by eaſie ſleep:
Then there is hope that you may ſee
Her love me once, who now hates me.

Upon Luggs. *Epig.*

LUGGS, by the Condemnation of the Bench,
Was lately whipt for lying with a Wench.
Thus Paines and Pleaſures turne by turne ſucceed:
He ſmarts at laſt, who do's not firſt take heed.

Upon Gubbs. *Epig.*

GUBBS calls his children *Kitlings:* and wo'd bound
(Some ſay) for joy, to ſee thoſe Kitlings drown'd.

To live merrily, and to truſt to Good Verſes.

NOw is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek, or tongue be dumbe:
For with the flowrie earth,
The golden pomp is come.

The golden Pomp is come;
For now each tree do's weare,
Made of her Pap and Gum,
Rich beads of *Amber* here.

Now raignes the *Roſe*, and now
Th'*Arabian* Dew beſmears
My uncontrolled brow,
And my retorted haires.

Homer, this Health to thee,
In Sack of ſuch a kind,
That it wo'd make thee ſee,
Though thou wert ne'r ſo blind.

Next, *Virgil*, Ile call forth,
To pledge this ſecond Health
In Wine, whoſe each cup's worth
An Indian Common-wealth.

A Goblet next Ile drink
To *Ovid*; and ſuppoſe,
Made he the pledge, he'd think
The world had all *one Noſe*.

Then this immenſive cup
Of *Aromatike* wine,
Catullus, I quaffe up
To that Terce Muſe of thine.

Wild I am now with heat;
O *Bacchus!* coole thy Raies!
Or frantick I ſhall eate
Thy *Thyrſe*, and bite the *Bayes*.

Round, round, the roof do's run;
And being raviſht thus,
Come, I will drink a Tun
To my *Propertius*.

Now, to *Tibullus*, next,
This flood I drink to thee:
But ſtay; I ſee a Text,
That this preſents to me.

Behold, *Tibullus* lies
Here burnt, whoſe ſmal return
Of aſhes, ſcarce ſuffice
To fill a little Urne.

Truſt to good Verſes then;
They onely will aſpire,
When Pyramids, as men,
Are loſt, i'th'funerall fire.

And when all Bodies meet
In *Lethe* to be drown'd;
Then onely Numbers ſweet,
With endleſs life are crown'd.

Faire Dayes: or, *Dawnes deceitfull.*

FAire was the Dawne; and but e'ne now the Skies
Shew'd like to Creame, enſpir'd with Strawberries:
But on a ſudden, all was chang'd and gone
That ſmil'd in that firſt-ſweet complexion.
Then Thunder-claps and Lightning did conſpire
To teare the world, or ſet it all on fire.
What truſt to things, below when as we ſee,
As Men, the Heavens have their Hypocriſie?

Lips Tongueleſſe.

FOr my part, I never care
For thoſe lips, that tongue-ty'd are:
Tell-tales I wo'd have them be
Of my Miſtreſſe, and of me.
Let them prattle how that I
Sometimes freeze, and ſometimes frie:
Let them tell how ſhe doth move
Fore or backward in her love:
Let them ſpeak by gentle tones,
One and th'other's paſſions:
How we watch, and ſeldome ſleep;

How by Willowes we doe weep :
How by ſtealth we meet, and then
Kiſſe, and ſigh, ſo part agen.
This the lips we will permit
For to tell, nor publiſh it.

To the Fever, not to trouble Julia.

TH'aſt dar'd too farre; but, Furie, now forbeare
To give the leaſt diſturbance to her haire :
But leſſe preſume to lay a Plait upon
Her ſkins moſt ſmooth, and cleare expanſion.
'Tis like a Lawnie-Firmament as yet
Quite diſpoſſeſt of either fray, or fret.
Come thou not neere that Filmne ſo finely ſpred,
Where no one piece is yet unlevelled.
This if thou doſt, woe to thee Furie, woe,
Ile ſend ſuch Froſt, ſuch Haile, ſuch Sleet, and Snow,
Such Fleſh-quakes, Palſies, and ſuch Feares as ſhall
Dead thee to th' moſt, if not deſtroy thee all.
And thou a thouſand thouſand times ſhalt be
More ſhak't thy ſelfe, then ſhe is ſcorch't by thee.

To Violets.

WElcome, Maids of Honour,
You doe bring
In the Spring;
And wait upon her.

She has Virgins many,
Freſh and faire;
Yet you are
More ſweet then any.

Y'are the Maiden Poſies,
And ſo grac't,
To be plac't,
'Fore Damaſk Roſes.

Yet though thus reſpected,
By and by
Ye doe lie,
Poore Girles, neglected.

Upon Bunce. *Epig.*

MOny thou ow'ſt me; Prethee fix a day
For payment promiſ'd, though thou never pay:
Let it be Doomes-day; nay, take longer ſcope;
Pay when th'art honeſt; let me have ſome hope.

To Carnations. A Song.

STay while ye will, or goe;
And leave no ſcent behind ye:
Yet truſt me, I ſhall know
The place, where I may find ye:

Within my *Lucia's* cheek,
Whoſe Livery ye weare,

Play ye at *Hide* or *Seek*,
I'm ſure to find ye there.

To the Virgins, to make much of Time.

GAther ye Roſe-buds while ye may,
Old Time is ſtill a flying:
And this ſame flower that ſmiles to day,
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting;
The ſooner will his Race be run,
And neerer he's to Setting.

That Age is beſt, which is the firſt,
When Youth and Blood are warmer;
But being ſpent, the worſe, and worſt
Times, ſtill ſucceed the former.

Then be not coy, but uſe your time;
And while ye may, goe marry:
For having loſt but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Safety to look to one's ſelfe.

FOr my neighbour Ile not know,
Whether high he builds or no:
Onely this Ile look upon,
Firm be my foundation.
Sound, or unſound, let it be;

'Tis the lot ordain'd for me.
He who to the ground do's fall,
Has not whence to ſink at all.

To his Friend, on the untuneable Times.

)Lay I co'd once; but, gentle friend, you ſee
. My Harp hung up, here on the Willow tree.
ng I co'd once; and bravely too enſpire,
ith luſcious Numbers, my melodious Lyre.
raw I co'd once, although not ſtocks or ſtones,
mphion-like, men made of fleſh and bones,
hether I wo'd; but, ah! I know not how,
eele in me, this tranſmutation now. [ſtrung;
riefe, my deare Friend, has firſt my Harp un-
ither'd my hand, and palſie-ſtruck my tongue.

His Poetrie his Pillar.

ONely a little more
I have to write,
Then Ile give o're,
And bid the world Good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute,
That I muſt ſtay,
Or linger in it;
And then I muſt away.

O Time that cut'ſt down all!
And ſcarce leav'ſt here
Memoriall
Of any men that were.

How many lye forgot
In Vaults beneath?
And piece-meale rot
Without a fame in death?

Behold this living ſtone,
I reare for me,
Ne'r to be thrown
Downe, envious Time, by thee.

Pillars let ſome ſet up,
If ſo they pleaſe,
Here is my hope,
And my *Pyramides*.

Safety on the Shore.

WHat though the ſea be calme? Truſt to the ſhore:
Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc't [before.

A Paſtorall upon the Birth of Prince Charles, *preſented to the King, and Set by Mr.* Nic: Laniere.

The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas, *and* Amarillis.

Amin. GOod day, *Mirtillo*. *Mirt.* And to you no leſſe:
And all faire Signs lead on our Shepardeſſe.
Amar. With all white luck to you. *Mirt.* But ſay, what news

ſtirs in our Sheep-walk? *Amin.* None, ſave that
my Ewes,
My Weathers, Lambes, and wanton Kids are well,
ſmooth, faire, and fat; none better I can tell:
Or that this day *Menalchas* keeps a feaſt
For his Sheep-ſhearers. *Mir.* True, theſe are the
But, dear *Amintas*, and, ſweet *Amarillis*, [leaſt.
Reſt but a while here, by this bank of Lillies.
And lend a gentle eare to one report
The Country has. *Amint.* From whence? *Amar.*
[From whence? *Mir.* The Court.
Three dayes before the ſhutting in of *May*,
With whiteſt Wool be ever crown'd that day!)
To all our joy, a ſweet-fac't child was borne,
More tender then the childhood of the Morne.
Chor. Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs and
Let Lullaby the pretty Prince aſleep! [ſheep,
Mirt. And that his birth ſho'd be more ſingular,
At Noone of Day, was ſeene a ſilver Star, [them
Bright as the Wiſe-men's Torch, which guided
To God's ſweet Babe, when borne at *Bethlehem*;
While Golden Angels (ſome have told to me)
ſung out his Birth with Heav'nly Minſtralſie.
Amint. O rare! But is't a treſpaſſe if we three
ſho'd wend along his Baby-ſhip to ſee?
Mir. Not ſo, not ſo. *Chor.* But if it chance to
At moſt a fault, 'tis but a fault of love. [prove
Amar. But, deare *Mirtillo*, I have heard it told,
Thoſe learned men brought *Incenſe*, *Myrrhe*, and
Gold,

From Countries ſar, with ſtore of Spices, ſweet,
And laid them downe for Offrings at his feet.
Mirt. 'Tis true indeed; and each of us will bring
Unto our ſmiling, and our blooming King,
A neat, though not ſo great an Offering.
Amar. A Garland for my Gift ſhall be
Of flowers, ne'r ſuckt by th'theeving Bee:
And all moſt ſweet; yet all leſſe ſweet then he.
Amint. And I will beare along with you
Leaves dropping downe the honyed dew,
With oaten pipes, as ſweet, as new.
Mirt. And I a Sheep-hook will beſtow,
To have his little King-ſhip know,
As he is Prince, he's Shepherd too.
Chor. Come let's away, and quickly let's be dreſt,
And quickly give, *The ſwifteſt Grace is beſt.*
And when before him we have laid our treaſures,
We'll bleſſe the Babe, then back to Countrie pleaſures.

To the Lark.

GOod ſpeed, for I this day
Betimes my Mattens ſay:
Becauſe I doe
Begin to wooe:
Sweet ſinging Lark,
Be thou the Clark,
And know thy when
To ſay, *Amen.*

And if I prove
Bleſt in my love;
Then thou ſhalt be
High-Prieſt to me,
At my returne,
To Incenſe burne;
And ſo to ſolemnize
Love's, and my Sacrifice.

The Bubble. A Song.

TO my revenge, and to her deſp'rate feares,
Flie, thou made Bubble of my ſighs and tears.
In the wild aire, when thou haſt rowl'd about,
And, like a blaſting Planet, found her out;
Stoop, mount, paſſe by to take her eye, then glare
Like to a dreadfull Comet in the Aire:
Next, when thou doſt perceive her fixed ſight,
For thy revenge to be moſt oppoſite;
Then like a Globe, or Ball of Wild-fire, flie,
And break thy ſelf in ſhivers on her eye.

A Meditation for his Miſtreſſe.

YOu are a *Tulip* ſeen to day,
But, deareſt, of ſo ſhort a ſtay;
That where you grew, ſcarce man can ſay.

You are a lovely *July-flower*,
Yet one rude wind, or ruffling ſhower,
Will force you hence, and in an houre.

You are a ſparkling *Roſe* i'th'bud,
Yet loſt, ere that chaſt fleſh and blood
Can ſhew where you or grew, or ſtood.

You are a full-ſpread faire-ſet Vine,
And can with Tendrills love intwine,
Yet dry'd, ere you diſtill your Wine.

You are like Balme incloſed, well,
In *Amber*, or ſome *Chryſtall* ſhell,
Yet loſt ere you transfuſe your ſmell.

You are a dainty *Violet*,
Yet wither'd, ere you can be ſet
Within the Virgin's Coronet.

You are the *Queen* all flowers among,
But die you muſt, faire Maid, ere long,
As He, the maker of this Song.

The bleeding Hand: or, *The Sprig of Eglantine given to a Maid.*

FRom this bleeding hand of mine,
Take this ſprig of *Eglantine*.
Which, though ſweet unto your ſmell,
Yet the fretfull bryar will tell,
He who plucks the ſweets ſhall prove
Many thorns to be in Love.

Lyrick for Legacies.

GOld I've none, for uſe or ſhow,
Neither Silver to beſtow
At my death; but thus much know,
That each Lyrick here ſhall be
Of my love a Legacie,
Left to all poſterity.
Gentle friends, then doe but pleaſe,
To accept ſuch coynes as theſe;
As my laſt Remembrances.

A Dirge upon the Death of the Right Valiant Lord, Bernard Stuart.

I.

HEnce, hence, profane; ſoft ſilence let us have;
While we this *Trentall* ſing about thy Grave.

II.

Had Wolves or Tigers ſeen but thee,
They wo'd have ſhew'd civility;
And, in compaſſion of thy yeeres,
Waſht thoſe thy purple wounds with tears.
But ſince th'art ſlaine; and in thy fall,
The drooping Kingdome ſuffers all.

Chor. This we will doe; we'll daily come
And offer Tears upon thy Tomb:
And if that they will not ſuffice,
Thou ſhalt have ſoules for ſacrifice.

Sleepe in thy peace, while we with ſpice perfume thee,
And *Cedar* waſh thee, that no times conſume thee.

Live, live thou doſt, and ſhalt; for why?
Soules doe not with their bodies die:
Ignoble off-ſprings, they may fall
Into the flames of Funerall:
When as the choſen ſeed ſhall ſpring
Freſh, and for ever flouriſhing.

Cho. And times to come ſhall, weeping, read thy glory,
Leſſe in theſe Marble ſtones, then in thy ſtory.

To Perenna, *a Miſtreſſe.*

DEare *Perenna*, prethee come,
And with *Smallage* dreſſe my Tomb:
Adde a *Cypreſſe*-ſprig thereto,
With a teare; and ſo *Adieu.*

Great Boaſt, ſmall Roſt.

OF Flanks and Chines of Beefe doth *Gorrell* boaſt
He has at home; but who taſts boil'd or roſt?
Look in his Brine-tub, and you ſhall find there
Two ſtiffe blew Pigs-feet, and a ſow's cleft eare.

Upon a Bleare-ey'd Woman.

WIther'd with yeeres, and bed-rid *Mamma* lyes;
Dry-roſted all, but raw yet in her eyes.

The Fairie Temple: or, Oberon's *Chappell. Dedicated to Mr.* John Merrifield, *Counſellor at Law.*

RAre Temples thou haſt ſeen, I know,
And rich for in and outward ſhow:
Survey this Chappell, built, alone,
Without or Lime, or Wood, or Stone:
Then ſay, if one th'aſt ſeene more fine
Then this, the Fairies once, now *Thine.*

The Temple.

AWay enchac't with glaſſe & beads
There is, that to the Chappel leads:
Whoſe ſtructure, for his holy reſt,
Is here the *Halcion's* curious neſt:
Into the which who looks ſhall ſee
His *Temple of Idolatry:*
Where he of *God-heads* has ſuch ſtore,
As *Rome's Pantheon* had not more.
His houſe of *Rimmon*, this he calls,
Girt with ſmall bones, inſtead of walls.

Firſt, in a *Neech*, more black then jet,
His Idol-Cricket there is ſet:
Then in a Poliſht Ovall by
There ſtands his *Idol-Beetle-flie:*
Next in an Arch, akin to this,
His *Idol-Canker* ſeated is:
Then in a Round, is plac't by theſe,
His golden god, *Cantharides.*
So that where ere ye look, ye ſee,
No *Capitoll*, no *Corniſh* free,
Or *Freeze*, from this fine Fripperie.
Now this the Fairies wo'd have known,
Theirs is a mixt Religion.
And ſome have heard the Elves it call
Part Pagan, part Papiſticall.
If unto me all Tongues were granted,
I co'd not ſpeak the Saints here painted.
Saint *Tit*, Saint *Nit*, Saint *Is*, Saint *Itis*,
Who 'gainſt *Mabs-ſtate* plac't here right is.
Saint *Will o'th' Wiſpe*, of no great bignes,
But *alias* call'd here *Fatuus ignis.*
Saint *Frip*, Saint *Trip*, Saint *Fill*, S. *Fillie*,
Neither thoſe other-Saint-ſhips will I
Here goe about for to recite
Their number, almoſt, infinite,
Which one by one here ſet downe are
In this moſt curious Calendar.
Firſt, at the entrance of the gate,
A little-Puppet-Prieſt doth wait,
Who ſqueaks to all the commers there,

Favour your tongues, who enter here.
Pure hands bring hither, without ſtaine.
A ſecond pules, *Hence, hence, profane.*
Hard by, i'th'ſhell of halfe a nut,
The Holy-water there is put:
A little bruſh of Squirrils haires,
Compoſ'd of odde, not even paires,
Stands in the Platter, or cloſe by,
To purge the Fairie Family.
Neere to the Altar ſtands the Prieſt,
There off'ring up the Holy-Griſt:
Ducking in Mood, and perfect Tenſe,
With (much-good-do't him) reverence.
The Altar is not here foure-ſquare,
Nor in a forme Triangular;
Nor made of glaſſe, or wood, or ſtone,
But of a little Tranſverce bone;
Which boyes, and Bruckel'd children call
(Playing for Points and Pins) *Cockall.*
Whoſe Linnen-Drapery is a thin
Subtile and ductile Codlin's ſkin;
Which o're the board is ſmoothly ſpred,
With little Seale-work Damaſked.
The Fringe that circumbinds it too,
Is Spangle-work of trembling dew,
Which, gently gleaming, makes a ſhow,
Like Froſt-work glitt'ring on the Snow.
Upon this fetuous board doth ſtand
Something for *Shew-bread*, and at hand
(Juſt in the middle of the Altar)

Upon an end, the *Fairie-Pſalter*,
Grac't with the Trout-flies curious wings,
Which ſerve for watched Ribbanings.
Now, we muſt know, the Elves are led
Right by the Rubrick, which they read.
And if Report of them be true,
They have their Text for what they doe;
I, and their Book of Canons too.
And, as Sir *Thomas Parſon* tells,
They have their Book of Articles:
And if that Fairie Knight not lies,
They have their Book of Homilies:
And other Scriptures, that deſigne
A ſhort, but righteous diſcipline.
The Baſon ſtands the board upon
To take the Free-Oblation:
A little Pin-duſt; which they hold
More precious, then we prize our gold:
Which charity they give to many
Poore of the Pariſh, if there's any.
Upon the ends of theſe neat Railes
Hatcht, with the Silver-light of ſnails,
The Elves, in formall manner, fix
Two pure, and holy *Candleſticks:*
In either which a ſmall tall bent
Burns for the Altar's ornament.
For ſanctity, they have, to theſe,
Their curious *Copes* and *Surplices*
Of cleaneſt *Cobweb*, hanging by
In their *Religious Veſterie.*

They have their *Aſh-pans*, & their *Brooms*
To purge the Chappel and the rooms :
Their many *mumbling Maſſe-prieſts* here,
And many a dapper *Choriſter*.
Their uſh'ring *Vergers*, here likewiſe,
Their *Canons*, and their *Chaunteries :*
Of *Cloyſter-Monks* they have enow,
I, and their *Abby-Lubbers* too :
And if their legend doe not lye,
They much affect the *Papacie :*
And ſince the laſt is dead, there's hope,
Elve Boniface ſhall next be Pope.
They have their *Cups* and *Chalices ;*
Their *Pardons* and *Indulgences :*
Their *Beads* of Nits, *Bels*, *Books*, & *Wax*
Candles, forſooth, and other knacks :
Their *Holy Oyle*, their *Faſting-Spittle ;*
Their *ſacred Salt* here, not a little.
Dry *chips*, old *ſhooes*, *rags*, *greaſe*, & *bones* ;
Beſide their *Fumigations*,
To drive the Devill from the Cod-piece
Of the Fryar, of work an odde-piece.
Many a trifle too, and trinket,
And for what uſe, ſcarce man wo'd think it.
Next, then, upon the *Chanters* ſide
An *Apples-core* is hung up dry'd,
With ratling Kirnils, which is rung
To call to Morn, and Even-Song.
The Saint, to which the moſt he prayes
And offers *Incenſe* Nights and dayes,

The *Lady* of the *Lobſter* is,
Whoſe foot-pace he doth ſtroak and kiſſe;
And, humbly, chives of Saffron brings,
For his moſt cheerfull offerings.
When, after theſe, h'as paid his vows,
He lowly to the Altar bows:
And then he dons the Silk-worms ſhed,
Like a *Turks Turbant* on his head,
And reverently departeth thence,
Hid in a cloud of *Frankincenſe:*
And by the glow-worms light wel guided,
Goes to the Feaſt that's now provided.

To Miſtreſſe Katherine Bradſhaw, *the lovely, that crowned him with Laurel.*

MY Muſe in Meads has ſpent her many houres,
Sitting, and ſorting ſeverall ſorts of flowers,
To make for others garlands; and to ſet
On many a head here, many a Coronet:
But, amongſt All encircled here, not one
Gave her a day of Coronation;
Till you, ſweet Miſtreſſe, came and enterwove
A *Laurel* for her, ever young as love,
You firſt of all crown'd her; ſhe muſt of due,
Render for that, a crowne of life to you.

The Plaudite, or End of Life.

IF after rude and boyſtrous ſeas,
My wearyed Pinnace here finds eaſe:

If ſo it be I've gain'd the ſhore
With ſafety of a faithful Ore:
If having run my Barque on ground,
Ye ſee the aged Veſſell crown'd:
What's to be done? but on the Sands
Ye dance, and ſing, and now clap hands.
The firſt Act's doubtfull, but we ſay,
It is the laſt commends the Play.

To the moſt vertuous Miſtreſſe Pot, *who many times entertained him.*

WHen I through all my many Poems look,
And ſee your ſelfe to beautifie my Book;
:e thinks that onely luſtre doth appeare
Light ful-filling all the Region here.
uild ſtill with flames this Firmament, and be
Lamp Eternall to my Poetrie.
'hich if it now, or ſhall hereafter ſhine,
'was by your ſplendour, Lady, not by mine.
he Oile was yours; and that I owe for yet:
'e payes the halfe, *who do's confeſſe the Debt.*

To Muſique, to becalme his Fever.

CHarm me aſleep, and melt me ſo
With thy Delicious Numbers;
That being raviſht, hence I goe
Away in eaſie ſlumbers.
Eaſe my ſick head,

And make my bed,
Thou Power that canſt ſever
From me this ill:
And quickly ſtill:
Though thou not kill
My Fever.

Thou ſweetly canſt convert the ſame
From a conſuming fire,
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My paines aſleep;
And give me ſuch repoſes,
That I, poore I,
May think, thereby,
I live and die
'Mongſt Roſes.

Fall on me like a ſilent dew,
Or like thoſe Maiden ſhowrs,
Which, by the peepe of day, doe ſtrew
A Baptime o're the flowers.
Melt, melt my paines,
With thy ſoft ſtraines;
That having eaſe me given,
With full delight,
I leave this light;
And take my flight
For Heaven.

Upon a Gentlewoman with a ſweet Voice.

SO long you did not ſing, or touch your Lute,
We knew 'twas Fleſh and Blood, that there ſate mute.
But when your Playing, and your Voice came in,
'Twas no more you then, but a *Cherubin.*

Upon Cupid.

AS lately I a Garland bound,
'Mongſt Roſes, I there *Cupid* found:
I took him, put him in my cup,
And drunk with Wine, I drank him up.
Hence then it is, that my poore breſt
Co'd never ſince find any reſt.

Upon Julia's *Breaſts.*

DIſplay thy breaſts, my *Julia*, there let me
Behold that circummortall purity:
Betweene whoſe glories, there my lips Ile lay,
Raviſht, in that faire *Via Lactea.*

Beſt to be merry.

FOoles are they, who never know
How the times away doe goe:
But for us, who wiſely ſee

Where the bounds of black Death be :
Let's live merrily, and thus
Gratifie the *Genius*.

The Changes. To Corinna.

BE not proud, but now encline
Your ſoft eare to Diſcipline.
You have changes in your life,
Sometimes peace, and ſometimes ſtrife :
You have ebbes of face and flowes,
As your health or comes, or goes ;
You have hopes, and doubts, and feares
Numberleſſe, as are your haires.
You have Pulſes that doe beat
High, and paſſions leſſe of heat.
You are young, but muſt be old,
And, to theſe, ye muſt be told,
Time, ere long, will come and plow
Loathed Furrowes in your brow :
And the dimneſſe of your eye
Will no other thing imply,
But you muſt die
As well as I.

No Lock againſt Letcherie.

BArre cloſe as you can, and bolt faſt too your doore,
To keep out the Letcher, and keep in the whore :

Yet, quickly you'l ſee by the turne of a pin,
The Whore to come out, or the Letcher come in.

Neglect.

ART quickens Nature; Care will make a face:
Neglected beauty periſheth apace.

Upon himſelfe.

MOp-ey'd I am, as ſome have ſaid,
Becauſe I've liv'd ſo long a maid:
But grant that I ſho'd wedded be,
Sho'd I a jot the better ſee?
No, I ſho'd think, that Marriage might,
Rather then mend, put out the light.

Upon a Phyſitian.

THou cam'ſt to cure me, Doctor, of my cold,
And caught'ſt thy ſelfe the more by twenty fold:
Prethee goe home; and for thy credit be
Firſt cur'd thy ſelfe; then come and cure me.

Upon Sudds, *a Laundreſſe.*

SUdds Launders Bands in piſſe; and ſtarches them
Both with her Huſband's, and her own tough fleame.

To the Roſe. Song.

GOe, happy Roſe, and enterwove
With other Flowers, bind my Love.
Tell her too, ſhe muſt not be,
Longer flowing, longer free,
That ſo oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if ſhe's fretfull, I have bands
Of Pearle, and Gold, to bind her hands:
Tell her, if ſhe ſtruggle ſtill,
I have Mirtle rods, at will,
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my bleſſing, thus, and goe,
And tell her this, but doe not ſo,
Leſt a handſome anger flye,
Like a Lightning, from her eye,
And burn thee up, as well as I.

Upon Gueſſe. *Epig.*

G*Ueſſe* cuts his ſhooes, and limping, goes about
To have men think he's troubled with the Gout:
But 'tis no Gout, beleeve it, but hard Beere,
Whoſe acrimonious humour bites him here.

To his Booke.

THou art a plant ſprung up to wither never,
But like a Laurell, to grow green for ever.

Upon a painted Gentlewoman.

MEn ſay y'are faire; and faire ye are, 'tis true;
But, Hark! we praiſe the Painter now, not you.

Upon a crooked Maid.

CRooked you are, but that diſlikes not me;
So you be ſtraight, where Virgins ſtraight ſho'd be.

Draw Gloves.

AT Draw-Gloves we'l play,
And prethee, let's lay
A wager, and let it be this;
Who firſt to the Summe
Of twenty ſhall come,
Shall have for his winning a kiſſe.

To Muſick, to becalme a ſweet-ſick-youth.

CHarms, that call down the moon from out her ſphere,
On this ſick youth work your enchantments here:
Bind up his ſenſes with your numbers, ſo,
As to entrance his paine, or cure his woe.
Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep
Loſt in the civill Wilderneſſe of ſleep:

That done, then let him, diſpoſſeſt of paine,
Like to a ſlumbring Bride, awake againe.

To the High and Noble Prince, GEORGE, *Duke, Marqueſſe, and Earle of* Buckingham.

NEver my Book's perfection did appeare,
Til I had got the name of VILLARS here.
Now 'tis ſo full, that when therein I look,
I ſee a Cloud of Glory fills my Book.
Here ſtand it ſtil to dignifie our Muſe,
Your ſober Hand-maid; who doth wiſely chuſe,
Your Name to be a *Laureat Wreathe* to Hir,
Who doth both love and feare you *Honour'd Sir.*

His Recantation.

LOve, I recant,
And pardon crave,
That lately I offended,
But 'twas,
Alas,
To make a brave,
But no diſdaine intended.

No more Ile vaunt,
For now I ſee,
Thou onely haſt the power,
To find,

And bind
A heart that's free,
And ſlave it in an houre.

The Comming of good luck.

SO Good-luck came, and on my roofe did light,
Like noyſe-leſſe ſnow; or as the dew of night:
Not all at once, but gently, as the trees
Are, by the Sun-beams, tickel'd by degrees.

The Preſent: or, *The Bag of the Bee.*

FLy to my Miſtreſſe, pretty pilfring Bee,
And ſay, thou bring'ſt this Hony-bag from me:
When on her lip, thou haſt thy ſweet dew plac't,
Mark, if her tongue, but ſlily, ſteale a taſte.
If ſo, we live; if not, with mournfull humme,
Tole forth my death; next, to my buryall come.

On Love.

LOve bade me aſke a gift,
And I no more did move,
But this, that I might ſhift
Still with my clothes, my Love:
That favour granted was;
Since which, though I love many,
Yet ſo it comes to paſſe,
That long I love not any.

The Hock-cart, or *Harveſt home:*

To the Right Honourable, Mildmay, *Earle of* Weſtmorland.

COme, Sons of Summer, by whoſe toile,
We are the Lords of Wine and Oile:
By whoſe tough labours, and rough hands,
We rip up firſt, then reap our lands.
Crown'd with the eares of corne, now come,
And, to the Pipe, ſing Harveſt home.
Come forth, my Lord, and ſee the Cart
Dreſt up with all the Country Art.
See, here a *Maukin*, there a ſheet,
As ſpotleſſe pure, as it is ſweet:
The Horſes, Mares, and friſking Fillies,
Clad, all, in Linnen, white as Lillies.
The Harveſt Swaines, and Wenches bound
For joy, to ſee the *Hock-cart* crown'd.
About the Cart, heare, how the Rout
Of Rurall Younglings raiſe the ſhout;
Preſſing before, ſome coming after,
Thoſe with a ſhout, and theſe with laughter.
Some bleſſe the Cart; ſome kiſſe the ſheaves;
Some prank them up with Oaken leaves:
Some croſſe the Fill-horſe; ſome with great
Devotion, ſtroak the home-borne wheat:
While other Ruſticks, leſſe attent
To Prayers, then to Merryment,
Run after with their breeches rent.

Well, on, brave boyes, to your Lord's Hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire; where, for your mirth,
Ye ſhall ſee firſt the large and cheefe
Foundation of your Feaſt, Fat Beefe:
With Upper Stories, Mutton, Veale
And Bacon, which makes full the meale,
With ſev'rall diſhes ſtanding by,
As here a Cuſtard, there a Pie,
And here all tempting Frumentie.
And for to make the merry cheere,
If ſmirking Wine be wanting here,
There's that, which drowns all care, ſtout Beere;
Which freely drink to your Lord's health,
Then to the Plough, the Common-wealth;
Next to your Flailes, your Fanes, your Fatts;
Then to the Maids with Wheaten Hats:
To the rough Sickle, and crookt Sythe,
Drink, frollick, boyes, till all be blythe.
Feed, and grow fat; and as ye eat,
Be mindfull, that the lab'ring Neat,
As you, may have their fill of meat.
And know, beſides, ye muſt revoke
The patient Oxe unto the Yoke,
And all goe back unto the Plough
And Harrow, though they'r hang'd up now.
And, you muſt know, your Lord's word's true,
Feed him ye muſt, whoſe food fils you.
And that this pleaſure is like raine,
Not ſent ye for to drowne your paine,
But for to make it ſpring againe.

The Perfume.

TO-morrow, *Julia*, I betimes muſt riſe,
For ſome ſmall fault, to offer ſacrifice:
The Altar's ready; Fire to conſume
The fat; breathe thou, and there's the rich perfume.

Upon her Voice.

LEt but thy voice engender with the ſtring,
And Angels will be borne, while thou doſt ſing.

Not to love.

HE that will not love, muſt be
My Scholar, and learn this of me:
There be in Love as many feares,
As the Summer's Corne has eares:
Sighs, and ſobs, and ſorrowes more
Then the ſand, that makes the ſhore:
Freezing cold, and firie heats,
Fainting ſwoones, and deadly ſweats;
Now an Ague, then a Fever,
Both tormenting Lovers ever.
Wod'ſt thou know, beſides all theſe,
How hard a woman 'tis to pleaſe?
How croſſe, how ſullen, and how ſoone
She ſhifts and changes like the Moone.
How falſe, how hollow ſhe's in heart;

And how ſhe is her owne leaſt part:
How high ſhe's priz'd, and worth but ſmall;
Little thou't love, or not at all.

To Muſick. A Song.

MUſick, thou *Queen of Heaven*, Care-charming
That ſtrik'ſt a ſtilneſſe into hell: [ſpel,
Thou that tam'ſt *Tygers*, and fierce ſtorms, that
With thy ſoule-melting Lullabies: [riſe,
Fall down, down, down, from thoſe thy chiming
ſpheres,
To charme our ſoules, as thou enchant'ſt our eares.

To the Weſtern Wind.

SWeet Weſtern Wind, whoſe luck it is,
Made rivall with the aire,
To give *Perenna's* lip a kiſſe,
And fan her wanton haire.

Bring me but one, Ile promiſe thee,
Inſtead of common ſhowers,
Thy wings ſhall be embalm'd by me,
And all beſet with flowers.

Upon the Death of his Sparrow. An Elegie.

WHy doe not all freſh maids appeare
To work Love's Sampler onely here,
Where ſpring-time ſmiles throughout the yeare?

Are not here *Roſe-buds*, *Pinks*, all flowers,
Nature begets by th' Sun and ſhowers,
Met in one Hearce-cloth, to ore-ſpred
The body of the under-dead?
Phill, the late dead, the late dead Deare,
O! may no eye diſtill a Teare
For you once loſt, who weep not here!
Had *Leſbia*, too-too-kind, but known
This Sparrow, ſhe had ſcorn'd her own:
And for this dead which under-lies,
Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.
But endleſſe Peace, ſit here, and keep
My *Phill*, the time he has to ſleep,
And thouſand Virgins come and weep,
To make theſe flowrie Carpets ſhow
Freſh, as their blood; and ever grow,
Till paſſengers ſhall ſpend their doome,
Not *Virgil's* Gnat had ſuch a Tomb.

To Primroſes fill'd with morning-dew.

WHy doe ye weep, ſweet Babes? can Tears
Speak griefe in you,
Who were but borne
Juſt as the modeſt Morne
Teem'd her refreſhing dew?
Alas, you have not known that ſhower,
That marres a flower;
Nor felt th'unkind
Breath of a blaſting wind;

Nor are ye worne with yeares;
Or warpt, as we,
Who think it ſtrange to ſee,
Such pretty flowers, like to Orphans young,
To ſpeak by Teares, before ye have a Tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring Younglings, and make known
The reaſon, why
Ye droop, and weep;
Is it for want of ſleep?
Or childiſh Lullabie?
Or that ye have not ſeen as yet
The *Violet?*
Or brought a kiſſe
From that Sweet-heart, to this?
No, no, this ſorrow ſhown
By your teares ſhed,
Wo'd have this Lecture read,
That things of greateſt, ſo of meaneſt worth,
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought forth.

How Roſes came red.

ROſes at firſt were white,
Till they co'd not agree,
Whether my *Sapho's* breaſt,
Or they more white ſho'd be.

But being vanquiſht quite,
A bluſh their cheeks beſpred;

Since which, beleeve the reſt,
The *Roſes* firſt came red.

Comfort to a Lady upon the Death of her Huſband.

DRy your ſweet cheek, long drown'd with ſorrows raine;
Since Clouds diſperſt, Suns guild the Aire again.
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-boile;
But turne ſoone after calme, as Balme, or Oile.
Winds have their time to rage; but when they ceaſe,
The leavie-trees nod in a ſtill-born peace.
Your ſtorme is over; Lady, now appeare
Like to the peeping ſpring-time of the yeare.
Off then with grave clothes; put freſh colours on;
And flow, and flame, in your *Vermillion*.
Upon your cheek ſate *Yſicles* awhile;
Now let the Roſe raigne like a Queene, and ſmile.

How Violets came blew.

LOve on a day, wiſe Poets tell,
Some time in wrangling ſpent,
Whether the Violets ſho'd excell,
Or ſhe, in ſweeteſt ſcent.

But *Venus* having loſt the day,
Poore Girles, ſhe fell on you;

And beat ye ſo, as ſome dare ſay,
Her blowes did make ye blew.

Upon Groynes. *Epig.*

GRoynes, for his fleſhly *Burglary* of late,
Stood in the *Holy-Forum Candidate:*
The word is *Roman;* but in Engliſh knowne:
Penance, and ſtanding ſo, are both but one.

To the Willow-tree.

THou art to all loſt love the beſt,
The onely true plant found,
Wherewith young men and maids diſtreſt,
And left of love, are crown'd.

When once the Lover's Roſe is dead,
Or laid aſide forlorne;
Then Willow-garlands, 'bout the head,
Bedew'd with teares, are worne.

When with Neglect, the Lover's bane,
Poore Maids rewarded be,
For their love loſt: their onely gaine
Is but a Wreathe from thee.

And underneath thy cooling ſhade,
When weary of the light,
The love-ſpent Youth, and love-ſick Maid,
Come to weep out the night.

Mrs. Eliz. Wheeler, *under the name of Loſt Shepardeſſe.*

AMong the *Mirtles*, as I walkt,
Love and my ſighs thus intertalkt:
Tell me, ſaid I, in deep diſtreſſe,
Where I may find my Shepardeſſe.
Thou foole, ſaid Love, know'ſt thou not th
In every thing that's ſweet, ſhe is.
In yond' *Carnation* goe and ſeek,
There thou ſhalt find her lip and cheek:
In that ennamel'd *Panſie* by,
There thou ſhalt have her curious eye:
In bloome of *Peach*, and *Roſes* bud,
There waves the Streamer of her blood.
'Tis true, ſaid I, and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts an union;
But on a ſudden all were gone.
At which I ſtopt; Said Love, theſe be
The true reſemblances of thee;
For as theſe flowers, thy joyes muſt die,
And in the turning of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her muſt wither,
Like thoſe ſhort ſweets ere knit together.

To the King.

IF when theſe Lyricks, CESAR, You ſhall hea
And that *Apollo* ſhall ſo touch Your eare,

As for to make this, that, or any one
Number, Your owne, by free Adoption;
That Verſe, of all the Verſes here, ſhall be
The Heire to This *great Realme of Poetry.*

To the Queene.

G*Oddeſſe of Youth, and Lady of the Spring,*
Moſt fit to be the Conſort to a King.
Be pleaſ'd to reſt you in *This Sacred Grove,*
Beſet with *Mirtles;* whoſe each leafe drops Love.
Many a ſweet-fac't *Wood-Nymph* here is ſeene,
Of which chaſt *Order You* are now the *Queene:*
Witneſſe their *Homage,* when they come and ſtrew
Your Walks with Flowers, and give their Crowns
to you.
Your Leavie-Throne, with *Lilly*-work, poſſeſſe;
And be both *Princeſſe* here, and *Poetreſſe.*

The Poet's good Wiſhes for the moſt hope-full and handſome Prince, the Duke of Yorke.

MAy his pretty Duke-ſhip grow
Like t'a Roſe of *Jericho:*
Sweeter far, then ever yet
Showrs or Sun-ſhines co'd beget.
May the Graces, and the Howers
Strew his hopes, and Him with flowers:
And ſo dreſſe him up with Love,

As to be the Chick of *Jove.*
May the thrice-three-Siſters ſing
Him the Soveraigne of their Spring:
And entitle none to be
Prince of *Hellicon*, but He.
May his ſoft foot, where it treads,
Gardens thence produce and Meads:
And thoſe Meddowes full be ſet
With the Roſe, and Violet.
May his ample Name be knowne
To the laſt ſucceſſion:
And his actions high be told
Through the world, but writ in gold.

To Anthea, *who may command him any thing.*

BId me to live, and I will live
Thy Proteſtant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as ſoft, a heart as kind,
A heart as ſound and free,
As in the whole world thou canſt find,
That heart Ile give to thee.

Bid that heart ſtay, and it will ſtay,
To honour thy Decree:
Or bid it languiſh quite away,
And't ſhall doe ſo for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to ſee:
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me deſpaire, and Ile deſpaire,
Under that *Cypreſſe* tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And haſt command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

Previſion, or Proviſion.

THat Prince takes ſoone enough the Victor's roome,
Who firſt provides, not to be overcome.

Obedience in Subjects.

THe Gods to Kings the Judgement give to ſway:
The Subjects onely glory to obay.

More potent, leſſe peccant.

HE that may ſin, ſins leaſt; Leave to tranſgreſſe
Enfeebles much the ſeeds of wickedneſſe.

Upon a Maid that dyed the day ſhe was marryed.

THat Morne which ſaw me made a Bride,
The Ev'ning witneſt that I dy'd.
Thoſe holy lights, wherewith they guide
Unto the bed the baſhfull Bride,
Serv'd, but as Tapers, for to burne,
And light my Reliques to their Urne.
This *Epitaph*, which here you ſee,
Supply'd the *Epithalamie.*

Upon Pink *an ill-fac'd Painter. Epig.*

TO paint the Fiend, *Pink* would the Devill ſee;
And ſo he may, if he'll be rul'd by me:
Let but *Pink's* face i' th' Looking-glaſſe be ſhowne,
And *Pink* may paint the Devill's by his owne.

Upon Brock. *Epig.*

TO clenſe his eyes, *Tom Brock* makes much adoe,
But not his mouth, the fouler of the two.
A clammie Reume makes loathſome both his eyes:
His mouth worſe furr'd with oathes and blaſphemies.

To Meddowes.

YE have been freſh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers:

And ye the Walks have been
Where Maids have ſpent their houres.

You have beheld, how they
With *Wicker Arks* did come
To kiſſe, and beare away
The richer Couſlips home.

Y'ave heard them ſweetly ſing,
And ſeen them in a Round:
Each Virgin, like a Spring,
With Hony-ſuccles crown'd.

But now, we ſee, none here,
Whoſe ſilv'rie feet did tread,
And with diſhevell'd Haire,
Adorn'd this ſmoother Mead.

Like Unthrifts, having ſpent
Your ſtock, and needy grown,
Y'are left here to lament
Your poore eſtates, alone.

Croſſes.

THough good things anſwer many good intents;
Croſſes doe ſtill bring forth the beſt events.

Miſeries.

THough hourely comforts from the Gods we ſee,
No life is yet life-proofe from miſerie.

Laugh and lie downe.

Y'Ave laught enough, ſweet, vary now your
Text;
And laugh no more; or laugh, and lie down next.

To his Houſhold-gods.

RIſe, Houſhold-gods, and let us goe;
But whither, I my ſelfe not know.
Firſt, let us dwell on rudeſt ſeas;
Next, with ſevereſt Salvages;
Laſt, let us make our beſt abode,
Where humane foot, as yet, ne'r trod:
Search worlds of Ice; and rather there
Dwell, then in lothed *Devonſhire*.

To the Nightingale, and Robin Red-breſt.

WHen I departed am, ring thou my knell,
Thou pittifull, and pretty *Philomel:*
And when I'm laid out for a Corſe; then be
Thou *Sexton*, *Red-breſt*, for to cover me.

To the Yew and Cypreſſe to grace his Funerall.

BOth you two have
Relation to the grave:
And where
The *Fun'rall-Trump* ſounds, you are there.

I ſhall be made
Ere long a fleeting ſhade:
Pray come,
And doe ſome honour to my Tomb.

Do not deny
My laſt requeſt; for I
Will be
Thankfull to you, or friends, for me.

I call and I call.

I Call, I call: who doe ye call?
The Maids to catch this Cowſlip-ball:
But ſince theſe Cowſlips fading be,
Troth, leave the flowers, and Maids, take me.
Yet, if that neither you will doe,
Speak but the word, and Ile take you.

On a perfum'd Lady.

YOu ſay y'are ſweet; how ſho'd we know
Whether that you be ſweet or no?
From *Powders* and *Perfumes* keep free;
Then we ſhall ſmell how ſweet you be.

A Nuptiall Song, or Epithalamie, on Sir Clipſeby Crew *and his Lady.*

WHat's that we ſee from far? the ſpring of Day
Bloom'd from the Eaſt, or faire Injewel'd May

Blowne out of April; or ſome New-
Star fill'd with glory to our view,
Reaching at heaven,
To adde a nobler Planet to the ſeven?
Say, or doe we not deſcrie
Some Goddeſſe, in a cloud of Tiffanie
To move, or rather the
Emergent *Venus* from the Sea?

'Tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe! or elſe ſome more Divine
Enlightned ſubſtance; mark how from the Shrine
Of holy Saints ſhe paces on,
Treading upon *Vermilion*
And *Amber;* Spice-
ing the Chaſte Aire with fumes of Paradiſe.
Then come on, come on, and yeeld
A ſavour like unto a bleſſed field,
When the bedabled Morne
Waſhes the golden eares of corne.

See where ſhe comes; and ſmell how all the ſtreet
Breathes Vine-yards and Pomgranats: O how ſweet!
As a fir'd Altar, is each ſtone,
Perſpiring pounded Cynamon.
The Phenix neſt,
Built up of odours, burneth in her breaſt.
Who therein wo'd not conſume
His ſoule to Aſh-heaps in that rich perfume?
Beſtroaking Fate the while
He burnes to Embers on the Pile.

Himen, O Himen! tread the ſacred ground;
Shew thy white feet, and head with Marjoram crown'd:
Mount up thy flames, and let thy Torch
Diſplay the Bridegroom in the porch,
In his deſires
More towring, more diſparkling then thy fires:
Shew her how his eyes do turne
And roule about, and in their motions burne
Their balls to Cindars: haſte,
Or elſe to aſhes he will waſte.

Glide by the banks of Virgins then, and paſſe
The Shewers of Roſes, lucky foure-leav'd graſſe:
The while the cloud of younglings ſing,
And drown yee with a flowrie Spring:
While ſome repeat
Your praiſe, and bleſs you, ſprinkling you with
While that others doe divine; [Wheat:
Bleſt is the Bride, on whom the Sun doth ſhine;
And thouſands gladly wiſh
You multiply, as doth a Fiſh.

And beautious Bride we do confeſs y'are wiſe,
In dealing forth theſe baſhfull jealouſies:
In Love's name do ſo; and a price
Set on your ſelfe, by being nice:
But yet take heed;
What now you ſeem, be not the ſame indeed,
And turne *Apoſtate:* Love will
Part of the way be met; or ſit ſtone-ſtill.

On then, and though you ſlow-
ly go, yet, howſoever, go.

And now y'are enter'd; ſee the Codled Cook
Runs from his *Torrid Zone*, to prie, and look,
And bleſſe his dainty Miſtreſſe: ſee,
The Aged point out, This is ſhe,
Who now muſt ſway
The Houſe (Love ſhield her) with her Yea and Nay:
And the ſmirk Butler thinks it
Sin, in's Nap'rie, not to expreſs his wit;
Each ſtriving to deviſe
Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.

To bed, to bed, kind Turtles, now, and write
This the ſhort'ſt day, and this the longeſt night;
But yet too ſhort for you: 'tis we,
Who count this night as long as three,
Lying alone,
Telling the Clock ſtrike Ten, Eleven, Twelve,
Quickly, quickly then prepare; [One.
And let the Young-men and the Bride-maids ſhare
Your Garters; and their joynts
Encircle with the Bride-grooms Points.

By the Bride's eyes, and by the teeming life
Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that no ſtrife,
Farther then Gentlenes tends, gets place
Among ye, ſtriving for her lace:
O doe not fall
Foule in theſe noble paſtimes, leſt ye call

Diſcord in, and ſo divide
The youthfull Bride-groom, and the fragrant Bride:
Which Love fore-fend; but ſpoken,
Be't to your praiſe, no peace was broken.

Strip her of Spring-time, tender whimpring maids,
Now *Autumne's* come, when all thoſe flowrie aids
Of her Delayes muſt end; Diſpoſe
That *Lady-ſmock*, that *Panſie*, and that *Roſe*
Neatly apart;
But for *Prick-madam*, and for *Gentle-heart*;
And ſoft *Maidens-bluſh*, the Bride
Makes holy theſe, all others lay aſide:
Then ſtrip her, or unto her
Let him come, who dares undo her.

And to enchant yee more, ſee every where
About the Roofe a *Syren* in a Sphere,
As we think, ſinging to the dinne
Of many a warbling *Cherubim:*
O marke yee how
The ſoule of Nature melts in numbers: now
See, a thouſand *Cupids* flye,
To light their Tapers at the Bride's bright eye.
To Bed; or her they'l tire,
Were ſhe an Element of fire.

And to your more bewitching, ſee, the proud
Plumpe Bed beare up, and ſwelling like a cloud,
Tempting the two too modeſt; can
Yee ſee it bruſle like a Swan,

And you be cold
To meet it, when it woo's and ſeemes to fold
The Armes to hugge it? throw, throw
Your ſelves into the mighty over-flow
Of that white Pride, and Drowne
The night, with you, in floods of Downe.

The bed is ready, and the maze of Love
Lookes for the treaders; every where is wove
Wit and new miſterie; read, and
Put in practiſe, to underſtand
And know each wile,
Each hieroglyphick of a kiſſe or ſmile;
And do it to the full; reach
High in your own conceipt, and ſome way teach
Nature and Art, one more
Play, then they ever knew before.

If needs we muſt for Ceremonies-ſake,
Bleſſe a *Sack-poſſet*; Luck go with it; take
The Night-Charme quickly; you have ſpells,
And magicks for to end, and hells,
To paſſe; but ſuch
And of ſuch Torture as no one would grutch
To live therein for ever: Frie
And conſume, and grow again to die,
And live, and in that caſe,
Love the confuſion of the place.

But ſince It muſt be done, diſpatch, and ſowe
Up in a ſheet your Bride, and what if ſo

It be with Rock, or walles of Braſſe,
Ye Towre her up, as *Danae* was;
Thinke you that this,
Or hell it ſelfe a powerfull Bulwarke is?
I tell yee no; but like a
Bold bolt of thunder he will make his way,
And rend the cloud, and throw
The ſheet about, like flakes of ſnow.

All now is huſht in ſilence; *Midwife-moone*,
With all her *Owle-ey'd* iſſue, begs a boon
Which you muſt grant; that's entrance;
Which extract, all we can call pith [with
And quintiſcence
Of Planetary bodies; ſo commence
All faire *Conſtellations*
Looking upon yee, that, That Nations
Springing from two ſuch Fires,
May blaze the vertue of their Sires.

The ſilken Snake.

FOr ſport my *Julia* threw a Lace
Of ſilke and ſilver at my face:
Watchet the ſilke was; and did make
A ſhew, as if 't 'ad been a ſnake:
The ſuddenneſs did me affright;
But though it ſcar'd, it did not bite.

Upon himſelfe.

I Am Sive-like, and can hold
Nothing hot, or nothing cold.
Put in Love, and put in too
Jealouſie, and both will through:
Put in Feare, and Hope, and Doubt;
What comes in, runnes quickly out:
Put in Secrecies withall,
What ere enters, out it ſhall:
But if you can ſtop the Sive,
For mine own part I'de as lieve
Maides ſho'd ſay, or Virgins ſing,
Herrick keeps, as holds nothing.

Upon Love.

LOve's a thing, as I do heare,
Ever full of penſive feare;
Rather then to which I'le fall,
Truſt me, I'le not like at all:
If to love I ſhould entend,
Let my haire then ſtand an end:
And that terrour likewiſe prove,
Fatall to me in my love.
But if horrour cannot ſlake
Flames, which wo'd an entrance make;
Then the next thing I deſire,
Is to love, and live i'th fire.

Reverence to Riches.

LIke to the Income muſt be our expence;
Man's Fortune muſt be had in reverence.

Devotion makes the Deity.

WHo formes a Godhead out of Gold or Stone,
Makes not a God; but he that prayes to one.

To all young Men that love.

I Could wiſh you all, who love,
That ye could your thoughts remove
From your Miſtreſſes, and be,
Wiſely wanton, like to me.
I could wiſh you diſpoſſeſt
Of that *Fiend that marres your reſt;*
And with Tapers comes to fright
Your weake ſenſes in the night.
I co'd wiſh, ye all, who frie
Cold as Ice, or coole as I.
But if flames beſt like ye, then
Much good do't ye, Gentlemen.
I a merry heart will keep,
While you wring your hands and weep.

The Eyes.

'TIs a known principle in War,
The eies be firſt, that conquer'd are.

No Fault in Women.

NO fault in women to refuſe
The offer, which they moſt wo'd chuſe.
No fault in women, to confeſſe
How tedious they are in their dreſſe.
No fault in women, to lay on
The tincture of *Vermillion:*
And there to give the cheek a die
Of white, where nature doth deny.
No fault in women, to make ſhow
Of largeneſs, when th'are nothing ſo:
When, true it is, the out-ſide ſwels
With inward Buckram, little elſe.
No fault in women, though they be
But ſeldome from ſuſpition free:
No fault in womankind, at all,
If they but ſlip, and never fall.

Upon Shark. *Epig.*

SHark when he goes to any publick feaſt,
Eates to ones thinking, of all there, the leaſt.
What ſaves the maſter of the Houſe thereby?
When if the ſervants ſearch, they may deſcry
In his wide Codpeece, dinner being done,
Two Napkins cram'd up, and a ſilver Spoone.

Oberon's *Feaſt.*

SHapcot! to thee the Fairy State
I, with diſcretion, dedicate.
Becauſe thou prizeſt things that are
Curious, and un-familiar.
Take firſt the feaſt; theſe diſhes gone;
Wee'l ſee the Fairy-Court *anon.*

A Little muſhroome table ſpred,
After ſhort prayers, they ſet on bread;
A Moon-parcht grain of pureſt wheat,
With ſome ſmall glit'ring gritt, to eate
His choyce bitts with; then in a trice
They make a feaſt leſſe great then nice.
But all this while his eye is ſerv'd,
We muſt not thinke his eare was ſterv'd:
But that there was in place to ſtir
His Spleen, the chirring Graſhopper;
The merry Cricket, puling Flie,
The piping Gnat for minſtralcy.
And now, we muſt imagine firſt,
The Elves preſent to quench his thirſt
A pure ſeed-Pearle of Infant dew,
Brought and beſweetned in a blew
And pregnant violet; which done,
His kitling eyes begin to runne
Quite through the table, where he ſpies
The hornes of paperie Butterflies,

Of which he eates, and taſtes a little
Of that we call the Cuckoes ſpittle.
A little Fuz-ball pudding ſtands
By, yet not bleſſed by his hands,
That was too coorſe; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of ſugred Ruſh, and eates the ſagge
And well beſtrutted Bees ſweet bagge:
Gladding his pallat with ſome ſtore
Of Emits eggs; what wo'd he more?
But Beards of Mice, a Newt's ſtew'd thigh,
A bloated Earewig, and a Flie;
With the Red-capt worme, that's ſhut
Within the concave of a Nut,
Browne as his Tooth. A little Moth,
Late fatned in a piece of cloth:
With withered cherries; Mandrakes eares;
Moles eyes; to theſe, the ſlain-Stags teares:
The unctuous dewlaps of a Snaile;
The broke-heart of a Nightingale
Ore-come in muſicke; with a wine,
Ne're raviſht from the flattering Vine,
But gently preſt from the ſoft ſide
Of the moſt ſweet and dainty Bride,
Brought in a dainty daizie, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height; this done, commended
Grace by his Prieſt; *The feaſt is ended.*

Event of Things not in our Power.

BY Time, and Counſell, doe the beſt we can,
Th'event is never in the power of man.

Upon her Bluſh.

WHen *Julia* bluſhes, ſhe do's ſhow
Cheeks like to Roſes, when they blow.

Merits make the Man.

OUr Honours, and our Commendations be
Due to the Merits, not Authoritie.

To Virgins.

HEare, ye Virgins, and Ile teach,
What the times of old did preach.
Roſamond was in a Bower
Kept, as *Danae* in a Tower:
But yet Love, who ſubtile is,
Crept to that, and came to this.
Be ye lockt up like to theſe,
Or the rich *Heſperides;*
Or thoſe Babies in your eyes,
In their Chriſtall Nunneries;
Notwithſtanding Love will win,
Or elſe force a paſſage in:
And as coy be, as you can,
Gifts will get ye, or the man.

Vertue.

EAch muſt, in vertue, ſtrive for to excell;
That man lives twice, that lives the firſt life well.

The Bell-man.

FRom noiſe of Scare-fires reſt 'ye free,
From Murders *Benedicitie.*
From all miſchances, that may fright
Your pleaſing ſlumbers in the night:
Mercie ſecure ye all, and keep
The Goblin from ye, while ye ſleep.
Paſt one aclock, and almoſt two,
My Maſters all, *Good day to you.*

Baſhfulneſſe.

OF all our parts, the eyes expreſſe
The ſweeteſt kind of baſhfulneſſe.

To the moſt accompliſht Gentleman, Maſter Edward Norgate, *Clark of the Signet to His Majeſty. Epig.*

FOr one ſo rarely tun'd to fit all parts;
For one to whom eſpous'd are all the Arts;
Long have I ſought for: but co'd never ſee
Them all concenter'd in one man, but Thee.

Thus, thou that man art, whom the Fates conſpir'd
To make but One, and that's thy ſelfe, admir'd.

Upon Prudence Baldwin *her Sickneſſe.*

PRue, my deareſt Maid, is ſick,
Almoſt to be Lunatick:
Æſculapius! come and bring
Means for her recovering;
And a gallant Cock ſhall be
Offer'd up by Her, to Thee.

To Apollo. *A ſhort Hymne.*

PHœbus! when that I a Verſe,
Of ſome numbers more rehearſe;
Tune my words, that they may fall,
Each way ſmoothly Muſicall:
For which favour, there ſhall be
Swans devoted unto thee.

A Hymne to Bacchus.

BAcchus, let me drink no more;
Wild are Seas, that want a ſhore.
When our drinking has no ſtint,
There is no one pleaſure in't.
I have drank up for to pleaſe
Thee, that great cup *Hercules:*
Urge no more; and there ſhall be
Daffadills g'en up to Thee.

Upon Bungie.

Bungie do's faſt; looks pale; puts Sack-cloth on;
Not out of Conſcience, or Religion:
Or that this Yonker keeps ſo ſtrict a Lent,
Fearing to break the King's Commandement:
But being poore, and knowing Fleſh is deare,
He keeps not one, but many Lents i'th'yeare.

On Himſelfe.

HEre down my wearyed limbs Ile lay;
My Pilgrims ſtaffe; my weed of gray:
My Palmers hat; my Scallops ſhell;
My Croſſe; my Cord; and all farewell.
For having now my journey done,
Juſt at the ſetting of the Sun,
Here I have found a Chamber fit,
God and good friends be thankt for it,
Where if I can a lodger be
A little while from Tramplers free;
At my up-riſing next, I ſhall,
If not requite, yet thank ye all.
Meane while, the *Holy-Rood* hence fright
The fouler Fiend, and evill Spright,
From ſcaring you or yours this night.

Caſualties.

GOod things, that come of courſe, far leſſe doe pleaſe,
Then thoſe, which come by ſweet contingences.

Bribes and Gifts get all.

DEad falls the Cauſe, if once the Hand be mute;
But let that ſpeak, the Client gets the ſuit.

The End.

IF well thou haſt begun, goe on fore-right;
It is the End that crownes us, not the Fight.

Upon a Child that dyed.

HEre ſhe lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of fleſh and blood:
Who, as ſoone, fell faſt aſleep,
As her lirtle eyes did peep.
Give her ſtrewings; but not ſtir
The earth, that lightly covers her.

Upon Sneape. *Epig.*

S*Neape* has a face ſo brittle, that it breaks
Forth into bluſhes, whenſoere he ſpeaks.

Content, not Cates.

'TIs not the food, but the content
That makes the Table's merriment.
Where Trouble ſerves the board, we eate
The Platters there, as ſoone as meat.
A little Pipkin with a bit
Of Mutton, or of Veale in it,

Set on my Table, Trouble-free,
More then a Feaſt contenteth me.

The Entertainment: or, *Porch-verſe, at the Marriage of Mr.* Hen. Northly, *and the moſt witty Mrs.* Lettice Yard.

WEelcome! but yet no entrance, till we bleſſe
Firſt you, then you, and both for white ſucceſſe.
Profane no Porch, young man and maid, for fear
Ye wrong the *Threſhold-god*, that keeps peace here:
Pleaſe him, and then all good-luck will betide
You, the briſk Bridegroome, you, the dainty Bride.
Do all things ſweetly, and in comely wiſe;
Put on your Garlands firſt, then Sacrifice:
That done; when both of you have ſeemly fed,
We'll call on Night, to bring ye both to Bed:
Where being laid, all Faire ſignes looking on,
Fiſh-like, encreaſe then to a million:
And millions of ſpring-times may ye have,
Which ſpent, on death, bring to ye both one Grave.

The Good-night or Bleſſing.

BLeſſings, in abundance come,
To the Bride, and to her Groome;
May the Bed, and this ſhort night,
Know the fulneſs of delight!
Pleaſures many here attend ye,
And ere long, a Boy Love ſend ye

Curld and comely, and ſo trimme,
Maides, in time, may raviſh him.
Thus a dew of Graces fall
On ye both; Goodnight to all.

Upon Leech.

Leech boaſts, he has a Pill, that can alone,
With ſpeed give ſick men their ſalvation:
'Tis ſtrange, his Father long time has been ill,
And credits Phyſick, yet not truſts his Pill:
And why? he knowes he muſt of Cure deſpaire,
Who makes the ſlie Phyſitian his Heire.

To Daffadills.

FAire Daffadills, we weep to ſee
You haſte away ſo ſoone:
As yet the early-riſing Sun
Has not attain'd his Noone.
Stay, ſtay,
Untill the haſting day
Has run
But to the Even-ſong;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will goe with you along.

We have ſhort time to ſtay, as you,
We have as ſhort a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet Decay,
As you, or any thing.

We die,
As your hours doe, and drie
Away,
Like to the Summers raine;
Or as the pearles of Morning's dew
Ne'r to be found againe.

To a Maid.

YOu ſay, you love me; that I thus muſt prove;
If that you lye, then I will ſweare you love.

Upon a Lady that dyed in child-bed, and left a Daughter behind her.

AS Gilly flowers do but ſtay
To blow, and ſeed, and ſo away;
So you ſweet Lady, ſweet as May,
The gardens-glory liv'd a while,
To lend the world your ſcent and ſmile.
But when your own faire print was ſet
Once in a Virgin *Floſculet*,
Sweet as your ſelfe, and newly blown,
To give that life, reſign'd your own:
But ſo, as ſtill the mother's power
Lives in the pretty Lady-flower.

A New-yeares Gift ſent to Sir Simeon Steward.

NO newes of Navies burnt at Seas;
No noiſe of late ſpawn'd *Tittyries:*

No cloſſet plot, or open vent,
That frights men with a Parliament:
No new deviſe, or late found trick,
To read by th' Starres, the Kingdoms ſick:
No ginne to catch the State, or wring
The free-born Noſthrills of the King,
We ſend to you; but here a jolly
Verſe crown'd with *Yvie*, and with *Holly:*
That tels of Winters Tales and Mirth,
That Milk-maids make about the hearth,
Of Chriſtmas ſports, the *Waſſell-boule*,
That toſt up, after *Fox-i'th'hole:*
Of *Blind-man-buffe*, and of the care
That young men have to ſhooe the *Mare:*
Of Twelf-tide Cakes, of Peaſe, and Beanes
Wherewith ye make thoſe merry Sceanes,
When as ye chuſe your King and Queen,
And cry out, *Hey, for our town green.*
Of Aſh-heapes, in the which ye uſe
Huſbands and Wives by ſtreakes to chuſe:
Of crackling Laurell, which fore-ſounds,
A Plentious harveſt to your grounds:
Of theſe, and ſuch like things, for ſhift,
We ſend in ſtead of New-yeares gift.
Read then, and when your faces ſhine
With buckſome meat and capring Wine:
Remember us in Cups full crown'd,
And let our Citie-health go round,
Quite through the young maids and the men,
To the ninth number, if not tenne;

Untill the fired Cheſnuts leape
For joy, to ſee the fruits ye reape,
From the plumpe Challice, and the Cup,
That tempts till it be toſſed up:
Then as ye ſit about your embers,
Call not to mind thoſe fled Decembers;
But think on theſe, that are t'appeare,
As Daughters to the inſtant yeare:
Sit crown'd with Roſe-buds, and carouſe,
Till *Liber Pater* twirles the houſe
About your eares; and lay upon
The yeare, your cares, that's fled and gon.
And let the ruſſet Swaines the Plough
And Harrow hang up reſting now;
And to the Bag-pipe all addreſſe;
Till ſleep takes place of wearineſſe.
And thus, throughout, with Chriſtmas playes
Frolick the full twelve Holy-dayes.

Mattens, or Morning Prayer.

WHen with the Virgin morning thou do'ſt riſe,
Croſſing thy ſelfe; come thus to ſacrifice:
Firſt waſh thy heart in innocence, then bring
Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every thing.
Next to the Altar humbly kneele, and thence,
Give up thy ſoule in clouds of frankinſence.
Thy golden Cenſors fill'd with odours ſweet,
Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

Evenſong.

BEginne with *Jove*; then is the worke halfe done;
And runnes moſt ſmoothly, when tis well begunne.
Jove's is the firſt and laſt: the Morn's his due,
The midſt is thine; but *Joves* the Evening too;
As ſure a *Mattins* do's to him belong,
So ſure he layes claime to the *Evenſong*.

The Braclet to Julia.

WHy I tye about thy wriſt,
Julia, this my ſilken twiſt;
For what other reaſon is't,
But to ſhew thee how in part,
Thou my pretty Captive art?
But thy Bondſlave is my heart:
'Tis but ſilke that bindeth thee,
Knap the thread, and thou art free:
But 'tis otherwiſe with me;
I am bound, and faſt bound ſo,
That from thee I cannot go,
If I co'd, I wo'd not ſo.

The Chriſtian Militant.

A Man prepar'd againſt all ills to come,
That dares to dead the fire of martirdome:
That ſleeps at home; and ſayling there at eaſe,

Feares not the fierce ſedition of the Seas:
That's counter-proofe againſt the Farms miſ-haps,
Undreadfull too of courtly thunderclaps:
That weares one face, like heaven, and never ſhowes
A change, when Fortune either comes, or goes:
That keepes his own ſtrong guard, in the deſpight
Of what can hurt by day, or harme by night:
That takes and re-delivers every ſtroake
Of Chance, as made up all of rock, and oake:
That ſighs at other's death; ſmiles at his own
Moſt dire and horrid crucifixion.
Who for true glory ſuffers thus; we grant
Him to be here our *Chriſtian militant.*

A ſhort Hymne to Larr.

THough I cannot give thee fires
Glit'ring to my free deſires:
Theſe accept, and Ile be free,
Offering *Poppy* unto thee.

Another to Neptune.

MIghty *Neptune*, may it pleaſe
Thee, the *Rector* of the Seas,
That my Barque may ſafely runne
Through thy watrie-region;
And a *Tunnie-fiſh* ſhall be
Offer'd up, with thanks to thee.

Upon Greedy. *Epig.*

AN old, old widow *Greedy* needs wo'd wed,
Not for affection to her, or her Bed;
But in regard, 'twas often ſaid, this old
Woman wo'd bring him more then co'd be told,
He tooke her; now the jeſt in this appeares,
So old ſhe was, that none co'd tell her yeares.

His Embalming to Julia.

FOr my embalming, *Julia*, do but this,
Give thou my lips but their ſupreameſt kiſs:
Or elſe trans-fuſe thy breath into the cheſt,
Where my ſmall reliques muſt for ever reſt:
That breath the *Balm*, the *myrrh*, the *Nard* ſhal
To give an *incorruption* unto me. [be,

Gold, before Goodneſſe.

HOw rich a man is, all deſire to know;
But none enquires if good he be, or no.

The Kiſſe. *A Dialogue.*

1. AMong thy Fancies, tell me this,
What is the thing we call a kiſſe?
2. I ſhall reſolve ye, what it is.

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherrie-red,

By love and warme deſires fed,
Chor. And makes more ſoft the Bridall Bed.

2. It is an active flame, that flies,
First, to the Babies of the eyes;
And charmes them there with lullabies;
Chor. And ſtils the Bride too, when ſhe cries.

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the eare,
It friſks, and flyes, now here, now there,
'Tis now farre off, and then tis nere;
Chor. And here, and there, and every where.

1. Has it a ſpeaking virtue? 2. Yes.
1. How ſpeaks it, ſay? 2. Do you but this,
Part your joyn'd lips, then ſpeaks your kiſſe;
Chor. And this love's ſweeteſt language is.

1. Has it a body? 2. I, and wings,
With thouſand rare encolourings:
And as it flyes, it gently ſings,
Chor. Love, honie yeelds; but never ſtings.

The Admonition.

SEeſt thou thoſe *Diamonds* which ſhe weares
In that rich Carkanet;
Or thoſe on her diſhevel'd haires,
Faire *Pearles* in order ſet?
Beleeve, young man, all thoſe were teares
By wretched Wooers ſent,
In mournfull *Hyacinths* and *Rue*,
That figure diſcontent;

Which when not warmed by her view,
By cold neglect, each one,
Congeal'd to Pearle and ſtone;
Which precious ſpoiles upon her,
She weares as trophees of her honour.
Ah, then conſider what all this implies; [eyes.
She that will weare thy teares, wo'd weare thine

To his honoured Kinſman Sir William Soame. *Epig.*

I Can but name thee, and methinks I call
All that have been, or are canonicall
For love and bountie, to come neare, and ſee,
Their many vertues volum'd up in thee;
In thee, Brave Man! whoſe incorrupted fame,
Caſts forth a light like to a Virgin flame:
And as it ſhines, it throwes a ſcent about,
As when a Rain-bow in perfumes goes out.
So vaniſh hence, but leave a name, as ſweet,
As *Benjamin*, and *Storax*, when they meet.

On Himſelfe.

ASke me, why I do not ſing
To the tenſion of the ſtring,
As I did, not long ago,
When my numbers full did flow?
Griefe, ay me! hath ſtruck my Lute,
And my tongue at one time mute.

To Larr.

NO more ſhall I, ſince I am driven hence,
Devote to thee my graines of Frankinſence:
No more ſhall I from mantle-trees hang downe,
To honour thee, my little Parſly crown:
No more ſhall I, I feare me, to thee bring
My chives of Garlick for an offering:
No more ſhall I, from henceforth, heare a quire
Of merry Crickets by my Country fire.
Go where I will, thou luckie *Larr*, ſtay here,
Warme by a glit'ring chimnie all the yeare.

The Departure of the good Dæmon.

WHat can I do in Poetry,
Now the good Spirit's gone from me?
Why nothing now, but lonely ſit,
And over-read what I have writ.

Clemency.

FOr puniſhment in warre, it will ſuffice,
If the chiefe Author of the faction dyes;
Let but few ſmart, but ſtrike a feare through all:
Where the fault ſprings, there let the judgement fall.

His Age, dedicated to his peculiar friend, M. John Wickes, *under the Name of* Poſthumus.

AH *Poſthumus!* our yeares hence flye,
And leave no ſound; nor piety,

Or prayers, or vow
Can keepe the wrinkle from the brow:
But we muſt on,
As Fate do's lead or draw us; none,
None, *Poſthumus*, co'd ere decline
The doome of cruell *Proſerpine.*

The pleaſing wife, the houſe, the ground
Muſt all be left, no one plant found
To follow thee,
Save only the *Curſt-Cipreſſe* tree:
A merry mind
Looks forward, ſcornes what's left behind:
Let's live, my *Wickes*, then, while we may,
And here enjoy our Holiday.

W'ave ſeen the paſt-beſt Times, and theſe
Will nere return, we ſee the Seas,
And Moons to wain;
But they fill up their Ebbs again:
But vaniſht man,
Like to a Lilly-loſt, nere can,
Nere can repullulate, or bring
His dayes to ſee a ſecond Spring.

But on we muſt, and thither tend,
Where *Anchus* and rich *Tullus* blend
Their ſacred ſeed:
Thus has *Infernall Jove* decreed;
We muſt be made,
Ere long, a ſong, ere long, a ſhade.

Why then, ſince life to us is ſhort,
Lets make it full up, by our ſport.

Crown we our Heads with Roſes then,
And 'noint with *Tirian Balme*; for when
We two are dead,
The world with us is buried.
Then live we free,
As is the Air, and let us be
Our own fair wind, and mark each one
Day with the white and Luckie ſtone.

We are not poore; although we have
No roofs of Cedar, nor our brave
Baiæ, nor keep
Account of ſuch a flock of ſheep;
Nor Bullocks fed
To lard the ſhambles: Barbels bred
To kiſſe our hands, nor do we wiſh
For *Pollio's* Lampries in our diſh.

If we can meet, and ſo conferre,
Both by a ſhining Salt-ſeller;
And have our Roofe,
Although not archt, yet weather proofe,
And ſeeling free,
From that cheape *Candle baudery*:
We'le eate our Beane with that full mirth,
As we were Lords of all the earth.

Well then, on what Seas we are toſt,
Our comfort is, we can't be loſt.

Let the winds drive
Our Barke; yet ſhe will keepe alive
Amidſt the deepes;
'Tis conſtancy, my *Wickes*, which keepes
The Pinnace up; which though ſhe erres
I'th' Seas, ſhe ſaves her paſſengers.

Say, we muſt part, ſweet mercy bleſſe,
Us both i'th' Sea, Camp, Wilderneſſe,
Can we ſo farre
Stray, to become leſſe circular,
Then we are now?
No, no, that ſelfe ſame heart, that vow,
Which made us one, ſhall ne'r undoe;
Or ravell ſo, to make us two.

Live in thy peace; as for my ſelfe,
When I am bruiſed on the Shelfe
Of Time, and ſhow
My locks behung with froſt and ſnow:
When with the reume,
The cough, the ptiſick, I conſume
Unto an almoſt nothing; then,
The Ages fled, Ile call agen:

And with a teare compare theſe laſt
Lame, and bad times, with thoſe are paſt,
While *Baucis* by,
My old leane wife, ſhall kiſſe it dry:
And ſo we'l ſit
By 'th 'fire, foretelling ſnow and ſlit,

And weather by our aches, grown
Now old enough to be our own

True Calenders, as Puſſes eare
Waſht or's, to tell what change is neare:
Then to aſſwage
The gripings of the chine by age;
I'le call my young
Iülus to ſing ſuch a ſong
I made upon my *Julia's* breſt;
And of her bluſh at ſuch a feaſt.

Then ſhall he read that flowre of mine
Encloſ'd within a chriſtall ſhrine:
A Primroſe next;
A piece, then of a higher text:
For to beget
In me a more tranſcendant heate,
Then that inſinuating fire,
Which crept into each aged Sire.

When the faire *Hellen*, from her eyes,
Shot forth her loving Sorceries:
At which I'le reare
Mine aged limbs above my chaire:
And hearing it,
Flutter and crow, as in a fit
Of freſh concupiſcence, and cry,
No luſt theres like to Poetry.

Thus frantick crazie man, Got wot,
Ile call to mind things half forgot:
And oft between,

Repeat the Times that I have ſeen!
Thus ripe with tears,
And twiſting my *Iülus* hairs;
Doting, Ile weep and ſay, In Truth,
Baucis, theſe were my ſins of youth.

Then next Ile cauſe my hopefull Lad,
If a wild Apple can be had,
To crown the Hearth,
Larr thus conſpiring with our mirth,
Then to infuſe
Our browner Ale into the cruſe:
Which ſweetly ſpic't, we'l firſt carouſe
Unto the *Genius* of the houſe.

Then the next health to friends of mine,
Loving the brave *Burgundian wine*,
High ſons of Pith,
Whoſe fortunes I have frolickt with:
Such as co'd well
Bear up the Magick bough, and ſpel:
And dancing 'bout the Myſtick *Thyrſe*,
Give up the juſt applauſe to verſe:

To thoſe, and then agen to thee
We'l drink, my *Wickes*, untill we be
Plump as the cherry,
Though not ſo freſh, yet full as merry
As the crickit;
The untam'd Heifer, or the Pricket,
Untill our tongues ſhall tell our ears,
W'are younger by a ſcore of years.

Thus, till we ſee the fire leſſe ſhine
From th' embers, then the kitlings eyne,
We'l ſtill ſit up,
Sphering about the waſſail cup,
To all thoſe times,
Which gave me honour for my Rhimes,
The cole once ſpent, we'l then to bed,
Farre more then night bewearied.

A ſhort Hymne to Venus.

GOddeſſe, I do love a Girle
Rubie-lipt, and tooth'd with *Pearl:*
If ſo be, I may but prove
Luckie in this Maide I love:
I will promiſe there ſhall be
Mirtles offer'd up to Thee.

To a Gentlewoman on juſt dealing.

TRue to your ſelf, and ſheets, you'l have m
ſwear,
You ſhall; if righteous dealing I find there.
Do not you fall through frailty; Ile be ſure
To keep my Bond ſtill free from forfeiture.

The Hand and Tongue.

TWo parts of us ſucceſſively command;
The tongue in peace; but then in warre t
hand.

Upon a delaying Lady.

COme, come away,
Or let me go;
Muſt I here ſtay,
Becauſe y'are ſlow;
And will continue ſo?
Troth, Lady, no.

I ſcorne to be
A ſlave to ſtate:
And ſince I'm free,
I will not wait,
Henceforth at ſuch a rate,
For needy Fate.

If you deſire
My ſpark ſho'd glow,
The peeping fire
You muſt blow;
Or I ſhall quickly grow,
To Froſt or Snow.

To the Lady Mary Villars, *Governeſſe to the Princeſſe* Henretta.

WHen I of *Villars* doe but heare the name,
It calls to mind, that mighty *Buckingham*,
Who was your brave exalted Uncle here,
Binding the wheele of Fortune to his Sphere;
Who ſpurn'd at Envie; and co'd bring, with eaſe,

An end to all his ſtately purpoſes.
For his love then, whoſe ſacred Reliques ſhow
Their Reſurrection, and their growth in you:
And for my ſake, whoever did prefer
You, above all Thoſe *Sweets of Weſtminſter:*
Permit my Book to have a free acceſſe
To kiſſe your hand, moſt Dainty Governeſſe.

Upon his Julia.

WIll ye heare, what I can ſay
Briefly of my *Julia?*
Black and rowling is her eye,
Double chinn'd, and forehead high:
Lips ſhe has, all Rubie red,
Cheeks like Creame Enclarited:
And a noſe that is the grace
And *Proſcenium* of her face.
So that we may gueſſe by theſe,
The other parts will richly pleaſe.

To Flowers.

IN time of life, I grac't ye with my Verſe;
Doe now your flowrie honours to my Herſe.
You ſhall not languiſh, truſt me: Virgins here
Weeping, ſhall make ye flouriſh all the yeere.

To my ill Reader.

THou ſay'ſt my lines are hard;
And I the truth will tell;

They are both hard, and marr'd,
If thou not read'ſt them well.

The Power in the People.

Et Kings Command, and doe the beſt they may,
The ſaucie Subjects ſtill will beare the ſway.

A Hymne to Venus, *and* Cupid.

SEa-born Goddeſſe, let me be,
By thy ſonne thus grac't, and thee;
That when ere I wooe, I find
Virgins coy, but not unkind.
Let me when I kiſſe a maid,
Taſte her lips, ſo over-laid
With Loves-ſirrop; that I may,
In your Temple, when I pray,
Kiſſe the Altar, and confeſs
Ther's in love, no bitterneſs.

On Julia's *Picture.*

HOw am I raviſht! when I do but ſee,
The Painter's art in thy *Sciography?*
ſo, how much more ſhall I dote thereon,
'hen once he gives it incarnation?

Her Bed.

SEe'ſt thou that Cloud as ſilver cleare,
Plump, ſoft, & ſwelling everywhere?
'Tis *Julia's* Bed, and ſhe ſleeps there.

Her Legs.

FAin would I kiſs my *Julia's* dainty Leg,
Which is as white and hair-leſs as an egge.

Upon her Almes.

SEe how the poore do waiting ſtand,
For the expanſion of thy hand.
A wafer Dol'd by thee, will ſwell
Thouſands to feed by miracle.

Rewards.

STill to our gains our chief reſpect is had;
Reward it is, that makes us good or bad.

Nothing new.

NOthing is New: we walk where others went.
Ther's no vice now, but has his preſident.

The Rainbow.

LOok, how the *Rainbow* doth appeare
But in one onely *Hemiſphere:*
So likewiſe after our diſſeace,
No more is ſeen the Arch of Peace.
That Cov'nant's here; the under-bow,
That nothing ſhoots, but war and woe.

The meddow Verſe or Aniverſary to Miſtris Bridget Lowman.

COme with the Spring-time forth, Fair Maid,
This year again, the *medow's Deity*. [and be
Yet ere ye enter, give us leave to ſet
Upon your Head this flowry Coronet:
To make this neat diſtinction from the reſt;
You are the Prime, and Princeſſe of the Feaſt:
To which, with ſilver feet lead you the way,
While ſweet-breath Nimphs, attend on you this Day.
This is your houre; and beſt you may command,
Since you are Lady of this Fairie land.
Full mirth wait on you; and ſuch mirth as ſhall
Cherriſh the cheek, but make none bluſh at all.

The parting Verſe, the Feaſt there ended.

LOth to depart, but yet at laſt, each one
Back muſt now go to's habitation:
Not knowing thus much, when we once do ſever,
Whether or no, that we ſhall meet here ever.
As for my ſelf, ſince time a thouſand cares
And griefs hath fil'de upon my ſilver hairs;
'Tis to be doubted whether I next yeer,
Or no, ſhall give ye a re-meeting here.
If die I muſt, then my laſt vow ſhall be,
You'l with a tear or two, remember me,
Your ſometime Poet; but if fates do give

Me longer date, and more freſh ſprings to live:
Oft as your field, ſhall her old age renew,
Herrick ſhall make the meddow-verſe for you.

Upon Judith. *Epig.*

Judith has caſt her old-ſkin, and got new;
And walks freſh varniſht to the publick view.
Foule *Judith* was; and foule ſhe will be known,
For all this fair *Transfiguration.*

Long and lazie.

THat was the Proverb. Let my miſtreſſe be
Laſie to others, but be long to me.

Upon Ralph. *Epig.*

CUrſe not the mice, no griſt of thine they eat:
But curſe thy children, they conſume thy wheat.

To the right honourable, Philip, *Earle of Pembroke, and Montgomerie.*

HOw dull and dead are books, that cannot ſhow
A *Prince* of *Pembroke*, and that *Pembroke*, you
You, who are High born, and a Lord no leſſe
Free by your fate, then Fortune's mightineſſe,
Who hug our Poems, Honour'd Sir, and then
The paper gild, and Laureat the pen.

Nor ſuffer you the Poets to ſit cold,
But warm their wits, and turn their lines to gold.
Others there be, who righteouſly will ſwear
Thoſe ſmooth-pac't Numbers, amble every where;
And theſe brave Meaſures go a ſtately trot;
Love thoſe, like theſe; regard, reward them not.
But you, my Lord, are One, whoſe hand along
Goes with your mouth, or do's outrun your tongue;
Paying before you praiſe; and cockring wit,
Give both the Gold and Garland unto it.

An Hymne to Juno.

STately Goddeſſe, do thou pleaſe,
Who art chief at marriages,
But to dreſſe the Bridall-Bed,
When my Love and I ſhall wed:
And a *Peacock* proud ſhall be
Offerd up by us, to thee.

Upon Meaſe. *Epig.*

M*Eaſe* brags of Pullets which he eats: but *Meaſe*
Ne'r yet ſet tooth in ſtump, or rump of theſe.

Upon Sapho, *ſweetly playing, and ſweetly ſinging.*

WHen thou do'ſt play, and ſweetly ſing,
Whether it be the voice or ſtring,

Or both of them, that do agree
Thus to en-trance and raviſh me:
This, this I know, I'm oft ſtruck mute;
And dye away upon thy Lute.

Upon Paſke *a Draper.*

PAſke, though his debt be due upon the day
Demands no money by a craving way;
For why, ſayes he, all debts and their arreares,
Have reference to the ſhoulders, not the eares.

Chop-Cherry.

THou gav'ſt me leave to kiſſe;
Thou gav'ſt me leave to wooe;
Thou mad'ſt me thinke by this,
And that, thou lov'dſt me too.

But I ſhall ne'r forget,
How for to make thee merry;
Thou mad'ſt me chop, but yet,
Another ſnapt the Cherry.

To the moſt learned, wiſe, and Arch-Antiquary, M. John Selden.

I Who have favour'd many, come to be
Grac't, now at laſt, or glorifi'd by thee.
Loe, I, the Lyrick Prophet, who have ſet
On many a head the Delphick Coronet,
Come unto thee for Laurell, having ſpent,

My wreaths on thoſe, who little gave or lent.
Give me the *Daphne*, that the world may know it,
Whom they neglected, thou haſt crown'd a Poet.
A City here of *Heroes* I have made,
Upon the rock, whoſe firm foundation laid,
Shall never ſhrink, where making thine abode,
Live thou a *Selden*, that's a Demi-god.

Upon himſelf.

THou ſhalt not All die; for while Love's fire ſhines
Upon his Altar, men ſhall read thy lines;
And learn'd Muſicians ſhall to honour *Herrick's*
Fame, and his Name, both ſet, and ſing his Lyricks.

Upon wrinkles.

WRinkles no more are, or no leſſe,
Then beauty turn'd to ſowerneſſe.

Upon Prigg.

PRigg, when he comes to houſes, oft doth uſe,
Rather then fail, to ſteal from thence old ſhoes:
Sound or unſound, be they rent or whole,
Prigg bears away the body and the ſole.

Upon Moon.

MOon is an Uſurer, whoſe gain,
Seldome or never, knows a wain,

Onely Moon's conſcience, we confeſſe,
That ebs from pittie leſſe and leſſe.

Pray and proſper.

FIrſt offer Incenſe, then thy field and meads
Shall ſmile and ſmell the better by thy beads.
The ſpangling Dew dreg'd o're the graſſe ſhall be
Turn'd all to Mell, and Manna there for thee.
Butter of *Amber*, *Cream*, and *Wine*, and *Oile*
Shall run, as rivers, all throughout thy ſoyl.
Wod'ſt thou to ſincere-ſilver turn thy mold?
Pray once, twice pray; and turn thy ground to gold.

His Lacrime or Mirth, turn'd to Mourning.

CAll me no more,
As heretofore,
The muſick of a Feaſt;
Since now, alas,
The mirth, that was
In me, is dead or ceaſt.

Before I went
To baniſhment
Into the loathed Weſt;
I co'd rehearſe
A Lyrick verſe,
And ſpeak it with the beſt.

But Time, Ai me,
Has laid, I ſee,

My Organ faſt aſleep;
And turn'd my voice
Into the noiſe
Of thoſe that ſit and weep.

Upon Shift.

Shift now has caſt his clothes: got all things new;
Save but his hat, and that he cannot mew.

Upon Cuts.

IF wounds in clothes, *Cuts* calls his rags, 'tis cleere,
His linings are the matter running there.

Gain and Gettings.

WHen others gain much by the preſent caſt,
The coblers getting time, is at the Laſt.

To the moſt fair and lovely Miſtris, Anne Soame, *now Lady* Abdie.

SO ſmell thoſe odours that do riſe
From out the wealthy ſpiceries:
So ſmels the flowre of *blooming Clove*;
Or *Roſes* ſmother'd in the ſtove:
So ſmells the Aire of ſpiced wine;
Or *Eſſences* of *Jeſſimine*:
So ſmells the Breath about the hives,

When well the work of hony thrives;
And all the *buſie Factours* come
Laden with wax and hony home:
So ſmell thoſe neat and woven Bowers,
All over-archt with *Oringe flowers*,
And *Almond bloſſoms*, that do mix
To make rich theſe *Aromatikes*:
So ſmell thoſe bracelets, and thoſe bands
Of *Amber* chaf't between the hands,
When thus enkindled they tranſpire
A noble perfume from the fire.
The wine of cherries, and to theſe,
The cooling breath of Reſpaſſes;
The ſmell of mornings milk, and cream;
Butter of *Cowſlips* mixt with them;
Of roſted warden, or bak'd peare,
Theſe are not to be reckon'd here;
When as the meaneſt part of her,
Smells like the maiden-Pomander.
Thus ſweet ſhe ſmells, or what can be
More lik'd by her, or lov'd by mee.

Upon his kinſwoman Miſtris Elizabeth Herrick.

SWeet virgin, that I do not ſet
The pillars up of weeping *Jet*,
Or mournfull *Marble*; let thy ſhade
Not wrathfull ſeem, or fright the Maide,
Who hither at her wonted howers

Shall come to ſtrew thy earth with flowers.
No, know, bleſt Maide, when there's not one
Remainder left of Braſſe or ſtone,
Thy living Epitaph ſhall be,
Though loſt in them, yet found in me.
Dear, in thy *bed of Roſes*, then,
Till this world ſhall diſſolve as men,
Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
Drawing thy curtains round: *Good night.*

A Panegerick to Sir Lewis Pemberton.

TIll I ſhall come again, let this ſuffice,
I ſend my ſalt, my ſacrifice
To Thee, thy Lady, younglings, and as farre
As to thy *Genius* and thy *Larre*; [chin,
To the worn Threſhold, Porch, Hall, Parlour, Kit-
The fat-fed ſmoking Temple, which in
The wholſome ſavour of thy mighty Chines
Invites to ſupper him who dines,
Where laden ſpits, warp't with large Ribbs of Beefe,
Not repreſent, but give reliefe
To the lanke-Stranger, and the ſowre Swain;
Where both may feed, and come againe:
For no black-bearded *Vigil* from thy doore
Beats with a button'd-ſtaffe the poore:
But from thy warm-love-hatching gates each may
Take friendly morſels, and there ſtay
To Sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,
For thou no Porter keep'ſt who ſtrikes.

No commer to thy Roofe his *Gueſt-rite* wants;
Or ſtaying there, is ſcourg'd with taunts
Of ſome rough Groom, who, yirkt with Corns, ſayes, Sir,
Y'ave dipt too long i'th Vinegar;
And with our Broth and bread, and bits; Sir friend,
Y'ave fared well, pray make an end;
Two dayes y'ave larded here; a third, yee know,
Makes gueſts and fiſh ſmell ſtrong; pray go
You to ſome other chimney, and there take
Eſſay of other giblets; make
Merry at another's hearth; y'are here
Welcome as thunder to our beere:
Manners knowes diſtance, and a man unrude
Wo'd ſoon recoile, and not intrude
His Stomach to a ſecond Meale. No, no,
Thy houſe, well fed and taught, can ſhow
No ſuch crab'd vizard: Thou haſt learnt thy Train,
With heart and hand to entertain:
And by the Armes-full, with a Breſt unhid,
As the old Race of mankind did,
When either's heart, and either's hand did ſtrive
To be the nearer Relative:
Thou do'ſt redeeme thoſe times; and what was loſt
Of antient honeſty, may boaſt
It keeps a growth in thee; and ſo will runne
A courſe in thy Fames-pledge, *thy Sonne.*
Thus, like a *Roman Tribune*, thou thy gate
Early ſetts ope to feaſt, and late:
Keeping no *curriſh Waiter* to affright,

With blaſting eye, the appetite,
Which fain would waſte upon thy Cates, but that
The *Trencher-creature* marketh what
Beſt and more ſuppling piece he cuts, and by
Some private pinch tels danger's nie,
A hand too deſp'rate, or a knife that bites
Skin deepe into the Porke, or lights
Upon ſome part of Kid, as if miſtooke,
When checked by the Butler's look.
No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund Beere
Is not reſerv'd for *Trebius* here,
But all, who at thy table ſeated are,
Find equall freedome, equall fare;
And Thou, like to that *Hoſpitable God*,
Jove, joy'ſt when gueſts make their abode
To eate thy Bullocks thighs, thy Veales, thy fat
Weathers, and never grudged at. [*Raile*,
The *Pheſant*, *Partridge*, *Gotwit*, *Reeve*, *Ruffe*,
The *Cock*, the *Curlew*, and the *quaile*;
Theſe, and thy choiceſt viands do extend
Their taſte unto the lower end
Of thy glad table: not a diſh more known
To thee, then unto any one:
But as thy meate, ſo thy *immortall wine*
Makes the ſmirk face of each to ſhine,
And ſpring freſh *Roſe-buds*, while the ſalt, the wit
Flowes from the Wine, and graces it:
While Reverence, waiting at the baſhfull board,
Honours my Lady and my Lord.
No ſcurrile jeſt; no open Sceane is laid

Here, for to make the face affraid;
But temp'rate mirth dealt forth, and ſo diſcreet-
ly that it makes the meate more ſweet;
And adds perfumes unto the Wine, which thou
Do'ſt rather poure forth, then allow
By cruſe and meaſure; thus devoting Wine,
As the *Canary* Iſles were thine:
But with that wiſdome, and that method, as
No One that's there his guilty glaſſe
Drinks of diſtemper, or ha's cauſe to cry
Repentance to his liberty.
No, thou know'ſt order, Ethicks, and ha's read
All Oeconomicks, know'ſt to lead
A Houſe-dance neatly, and can'ſt truly ſhow,
How farre a Figure ought to go,
Forward, or backward, ſide-ward, and what pace
Can give, and what retract a grace;
What Geſture, Courtſhip; Comlineſs agrees,
With thoſe thy primitive decrees,
To give ſubſiſtance to thy houſe, and proofe,
What *Genii* ſupport thy roofe,
Goodnes and *Greatnes*; not the oaken Piles;
For theſe, and marbles have their whiles
To laſt, but not their ever: Vertues Hand
It is, which builds, 'gainſt Fate to ſtand.
Such is thy houſe, whoſe firme foundations truſt
Is more in thee, then in her duſt,
Or depth, theſe laſt may yeeld, and yearly ſhrinke,
When what is ſtrongly built, no chinke
Or yawning rupture can the ſame devoure,

But fixt it ſtands, by her own power,
And well-laid bottome, on the iron and rock,
Which tryes, and counter-ſtands the ſhock,
And *Ramme* of time, and by vexation growes
The ſtronger : *Vertue dies when foes*
Are wanting to her exerciſe, but great
And large ſhe ſpreads by duſt, and ſweat
Safe ſtand thy Walls, and Thee, and ſo both will,
Since neithers height was raiſ'd by th'ill
Of others ; ſince no Stud, no Stone, no Piece,
Was rear'd up by the Poore-mans fleece :
No Widowes Tenement was rackt to guild
Or fret thy Seeling, or to build
A *Sweating-Cloſſet*, to annoint the ſilke-
ſoft-ſkin, or bath in *Aſſes milke :*
No *Orphans* pittance, left him, ſerv'd to ſet
The Pillars up of *laſting Jet*, [eares,
For which their cryes might beate againſt thine
Or in the dampe Jet read their Teares.
No *Planke* from *Hallowed* Altar, do's appeale
To yond' *Star-chamber*, or do's ſeale
A curſe to Thee, or Thine ; but all things even
Make for thy peace, and pace to heaven.
Go on directly ſo, as juſt men may
A thouſand times, more ſweare, then ſay,
This is that *Princely Pemberton*, who can
Teach man to keepe a God in man :
And when wiſe Poets ſhall ſearch out to ſee
Good men, *They find them all in Thee.*

To his Valentine, *on S.* Valentine's *day.*

OFt have I heard both Youths and Virgins ſay,
Birds chuſe their Mates, and couple too, this day:
But by their flight I never can divine,
When I ſhall couple with my Valentine.

Upon Doll. *Epig.*

DOll ſhe ſo ſoone began the wanton trade;
She ne'r remembers that ſhe was a maide.

Upon Skrew. *Epig.*

SKrew lives by ſhifts; yet ſweares by no ſmall oathes;
For all his ſhifts, he cannot ſhift his clothes.

Upon Linnit. Epig.

LInnit playes rarely on the Lute, we know;
And ſweetly ſings, but yet his breath ſayes no.

Upon M. Ben. Johnſon. *Epig.*

AFter the rare Arch-Poet Johnson dy'd,
The Sock grew loathſome, and the Buſkins pride,
Together with the Stages glory ſtood
Each like a poore and pitied widowhood.
The Cirque prophan'd was; and all poſtures rackt:

For men did ſtrut, and ſtride, and ſtare, not act.
Then temper flew from words; and men did
ſqueake,
Looke red, and blow, and bluſter, but *not* ſpeake:
No Holy-Rage, or frantick-fires did ſtirre,
Or flaſh about the ſpacious Theater.
No clap of hands, or ſhout, or praiſes-proofe
Did crack the Play-houſe ſides, or cleave her roofe.
Artleſſe the Sceane was; and that monſtrous ſin
Of deep and *arrant ignorance* came in;
Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hiſt
At thy unequal'd Play, the *Alchymiſt:*
Oh fie upon 'em! Laſtly too, all witt
In utter darkenes did, and ſtill will ſit
Sleeping the luckleſſe Age out, till that ſhe
Her Reſurrection ha's again with Thee.

Another.

THOu had'ſt the wreath before, now take the
Tree;
That henceforth none be *Laurel crown'd but Thee.*

To his Nephew, to be proſperous in his art of Painting.

ON, as thou haſt begunne, brave youth, and get
The Palme from *Urbin*, *Titian*, *Tintarret*,
Brugel and *Coxu*, and the workes out-doe,
Of *Holben*, and That mighty *Ruben* too.

So draw, and paint, as none may do the like,
No, not the glory of the World, *Vandike.*

Upon Glaſſe. *Epig.*

GLaſſe, out of deepe, and out of deſp'rate want,
Turn'd, from a Papiſt here, a Predicant.
A Vicarige at laſt *Tom Glaſſe* got here,
Juſt upon five and thirty pounds a yeare.
Adde to that thirty five, but five pounds more,
He'l turn a Papiſt, rancker then before.

A Vow to Mars.

STore of courage to me grant,
Now I'm turn'd a combatant:
Helpe me ſo, that I my *ſhield*,
Fighting, loſe not in the field.
That's the greateſt ſhame of all,
That in warfare can befall.
Do but this; and there ſhall be
Offer'd up a Wolfe to thee.

To his maid Prew.

THeſe *Summer-Birds* did with thy Maſter ſtay
The times of warmth; but then they flew away;
Leaving their Poet, being now grown old,
Expoſ'd to all the comming Winters cold.
But thou, *kind Prew*, did'ſt with my Fates abide,

As well the Winter's, as the Summer's tide:
For which thy Love, live with thy Maſter here,
Not two, but all the ſeaſons of the yeare.

A Canticle to Apollo.

PLay, *Phœbus*, on thy Lute;
And we will all ſit mute:
By liſtning to thy Lire,
That ſets all eares on fire.

Hark, harke, the God do's play!
And as he leads the way
Through heaven, the very Spheres,
As men, turne all to eares.

A juſt Man.

A Juſt man's like a Rock that turnes the wroth
Of all the raging Waves, into a froth.

Upon a hoarſe Singer.

SIng me to death; for till thy voice be cleare,
'Twill never pleaſe the pallate of mine eare.

How Panſies *or* Hearts-eaſe *came firſt.*

FRollick Virgins once theſe were,
Over-loving, living here:
Being here their ends deny'd

Ranne for Sweet-hearts mad, and dy'd.
Love in pitie of their teares,
And their loſſe in blooming yeares;
For their reſtleſſe here-ſpent houres,
Gave them *Hearts-eaſe* turn'd to Flow'rs.

To his peculiar Friend Sir Edward Fiſh, *Knight Baronet.*

SInce for thy full deſerts, with all the reſt
Of theſe chaſte ſpirits, that are here poſſeſt
Of Life eternall, Time has made Thee one,
For growth in this my rich Plantation:
Live here: But know 'twas vertue, & not chance
That gave Thee this ſo high inheritance.
Keepe it for ever; grounded with the good,
Who hold faſt here an endleſſe lively-hood.

Larr's *Portion, and the* Poet's *Part.*

AT my homely Country-ſeat,
I have there a little wheat;
Which I worke to Meale, and make
Therewithall a *Holy-cake:*
Part of which I give to *Larr*,
Part is my peculiar.

Upon Man.

MAn is compoſ'd here of a two-fold part;
The firſt of Nature, and the next of Art:

t preſuppoſes Nature; Nature ſhee
epares the way to man's docility.

Liberty.

THoſe ills that mortall men endure,
So long are capable of cure,
As they of freedome may be ſure:
But that deni'd; a griefe, though ſmall,
Shakes the whole Roofe, or ruines all.

Lots to be liked.

Earn this of me, where e'r thy Lot doth fall;
Short lot, or not, to be content with all.

Griefes.

Ove may afford us thouſands of reliefs;
Since man expoſ'd is to a world of griefs.

Upon Eeles. *Epig.*

Eles winds and turnes, and cheats and ſtealeſ;
yet *Eeles*
riving theſe ſharking trades, is out at heels.

The Dreame.

BY Dream I ſaw, one of the three
Siſters of Fate appeare to me.

Cloſe to my Beds ſide ſhe did ſtand
Shewing me there a fire brand;
She told me too, as that did ſpend,
So drew my life unto an end.
Three quarters were conſum'd of it;
Onely remaind a little bit,
Which will be burnt up by and by,
Then *Julia* weep, for I muſt dy.

Upon Raſpe. *Epig.*

Raſpe playes at Nine-holes; and 'tis known he
Many a Teaſter by his game, and bets: [gets
But of his gettings there's but little ſign;
When one hole waſts more then he gets by Nine.

Upon Center *a Spectacle-maker with a flat Noſe.*

Center is known weak ſighted, and he ſells
To others ſtore of helpfull ſpectacles.
Why weres he none? Becauſe we may ſuppoſe,
Where *Leaven* wants, there *Levill* lies the noſe.

Clothes do but cheat and couſen us.

AWay with ſilks, away with Lawn,
Ile have no Sceans, or Curtains drawn:
Give me my Miſtreſſe, as ſhe is,
Dreſt in her nak't ſimplicities;

For as my Heart, ene ſo mine Eye
Is wone with fleſh, not *Drapery.*

To Dianeme.

SHew me thy feet; ſhew me thy legs, thy thighes;
Shew me Thoſe *Fleſhie Principalities;*
Shew me that Hill (where ſmiling Love doth ſit)
Having a living Fountain under it.
Shew me thy waſte; Then let me there withall,
By the *Aſſention* of thy Lawn, ſee All.

Upon Electra.

WHen out of bed my Love doth ſpring,
'Tis but as day a kindling:
But when She's up and fully dreſt,
'Tis then *broad Day throughout the Eaſt.*

To his Booke.

HAve I not bleſt Thee? Then go forth; nor fear
Or ſpice, or fiſh, or fire, or cloſe-ſtools here.
But with thy fair Fates leading thee, Go on
With thy moſt white *Predeſtination.*
Nor thinke theſe Ages that do hoarcely ſing
The *farting Tanner*, and *familiar King;*
The *dancing Frier*, tatter'd in the buſh;
Thoſe monſtrous lies of little *Robin Ruſh:*
Tom. Chipperfeild, and pritty-*liſping Ned*,

That doted on a Maide of *Gingerbred:*
The *flying Pilcher*, and the *friſking Dace*,
With all the rabble of *Tim-Trundells* race,
(Bred from the dung-hils, and adulterous rhimes,)
Shall live, and thou not ſuperlaſt all times?
No, no, thy Stars have deſtin'd Thee to ſee
The whole world die, and turn to duſt with thee.
He's greedie of his life, who will not fall,
When as a publick ruine bears down All.

Of Love.

I Do not love, nor can it be
Love will in vain ſpend ſhafts on me:
I did this God-head once defie;
Since which I freeze, but cannot frie.
Yet out, alas! the death's the ſame,
Kil'd by a froſt or by a flame.

Upon himſelf.

I Diſlikt but even now;
Now I love I know not how.
Was I idle, and that while
Was I fier'd with a ſmile?
Ile too work, or pray; and then
I ſhall quite diſlike agen.

Another.

LOve he that will; it beſt likes me,
To have my neck from Love's yoke free.

Upon Skinns. *Epig.*

SKinns he din'd well to day; how do you think?
His Nails they were his meat, his Reume the drink.

Upon Pieviſh. Epig.

PIeviſh doth boaſt, that he's the very firſt
Of Engliſh Poets, and 'tis thought the Worſt.

Upon Jolly *and* Jilly. *Epig.*

JOlly and *Jillie*, bite and ſcratch all day,
But yet get children, as the neighbours ſay.
The reaſon is, though all the day they fight,
They cling and cloſe, ſome minutes of the night.

The mad Maids ſong.

GOod morrow to the Day ſo fair;
Good morning, Sir, to you:
Good morrow to mine own torn hair
Bedabled with the dew.

Good morning to this Prim-roſe too;
Good morrow to each maid;
That will with flowers the *Tomb* beſtrew,
Wherein my Love is laid.

Ah! woe is mee, woe, woe is me,
Alack and welladay!

For pitty, Sir, find out that Bee,
Which bore my Love away.

I'le ſeek him in your *Bonnet* brave;
Ile ſeek him in your eyes;
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave
I'th'bed of ſtrawburies.

Ile ſeek him there; I know, ere this,
The cold, cold Earth doth ſhake him;
But I will go, or ſend a kiſſe
By you, Sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,
He knowes well who do love him,
And who with green-turfes reare his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's ſoft and tender (Pray take heed)
With bands of Cow-ſlips bind him;
And bring him home; but 'tis decreed,
That I ſhall never find him.

To Springs and Fountains.

I Heard ye co'd coole heat; and came
With hope you would allay the ſame:
Thrice I have waſht, but feel no cold,
Nor find that true, which was foretold.
Me thinks like mine, your pulſes beat;
And labour with unequall heat:
Cure, cure your ſelves, for I diſcrie,
Ye boil with Love, as well as I.

Upon Julia's *unlacing her ſelf.*

TEll, if thou canſt, and truly, whence doth come
This *Camphire*, *Storax*, *Spiknard*, *Galbanum:*
Theſe *Muſks*, theſe *Ambers*, and thoſe other ſmells,
Sweet as the *Veſtrie of the Oracles.*
Ile tell thee; while my *Julia* did unlace
Her ſilken bodies, but a breathing ſpace:
The paſſive Aire ſuch odour then aſſum'd,
As when to *Jove* Great *Juno* goes perfum'd.
Whoſe pure-Immortall body doth tranſmit
A ſcent, that fills both Heaven and Earth with it.

To Bacchus, *a Canticle.*

WHither doſt thou whorry me,
Bacchus, being full of thee?
This way, that way, that way, this,
Here, and there a freſh Love is.
That doth like me, this doth pleaſe;
Thus a thouſand Miſtreſſes,
I have now; yet I alone,
Having All, injoy not *One.*

The Lawne.

WO'd I ſee Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and
It ſho'd be onely in my *Julia's* ſkin: [thin?
Which ſo betrayes her blood, as we diſcover
The bluſh of cherries, when a Lawn's caſt over.

The Frankincenſe.

WHen my off'ring next I make,
Be thy hand the hallowed Cake:
And thy breſt the Altar, whence
Love may ſmell the *Frankincenſe.*

Upon Patrick *a footman, Epig.*

NOw *Patrick* with his footmanſhip has done,
His eyes and ears ſtrive which ſho'd faſteſt run.

Upon Bridget. *Epig.*

OF foure teeth onely *Bridget* was poſſeſt;
Two ſhe ſpat out, a cough forc't out the reſt.

To Sycamores.

I'M ſick of Love; O let me lie
Under your ſhades, to ſleep or die!
Either is welcome; ſo I have
Or here my Bed, or here my Grave.
Why do you ſigh, and ſob, and keep
Time with the tears, that I do weep?
Say, have ye ſence, or do you prove
What *Crucifixions* are in Love?
I know ye do; and that's the why,
You ſigh for Love, as well as I.

A Paſtorall ſung to the King:

Montano, Silvio, *and* Mirtillo, *Shepheards.*

Mon. BAd are the times. *Sil.* And wors then they are we. [the tree:
Mon. Troth, bad are both; worſe fruit, and ill
The feaſt of Shepheards fail. *Sil.* None crowns the [cup
Of *Waſſaile* now, or ſets the *quintell* up:
And He, who uſ'd to leade the Country-round,
Youthfull *Mirtillo*, here he comes, Grief drownd.
Ambo. Lets cheer him up. *Sil.* Behold him weeping ripe.
Mirt. Ah! *Amarillis*, farewell mirth and pipe;
Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play,
To theſe ſmooth Lawns, my mirthfull Roundelay.
Dear *Amarillis!* *Mon.* Hark! *Sil.* mark: *Mir.* this earth grew ſweet
Where, *Amarillis*, Thou didſt ſet thy feet.
Ambo. Poor pittied youth! *Mir.* And here the breth of kine [Thine.
And ſheep, grew more ſweet, by that breth of
This flock of wooll, and this rich lock of hair,
This ball of *Cow-ſlips*, theſe ſhe gave me here.
Sil. Words ſweet as Love it ſelf. *Montano*, Hark.
Mirt. This way ſhe came, and this way too ſhe went;
How each thing ſmells divinely redolent! [went;
Like to a field of beans, when newly blown;
Or like a medow being lately mown.
Mon. A ſweet-ſad paſſion.——
Mirt. In dewie-mornings when ſhe came this way,

Sweet Bents wode bow, to give my Love the day:
And when at night, ſhe folded had her ſheep,
Dayſies wo'd ſhut, and cloſing, ſigh and weep.
Beſides, Ai me! ſince ſhe went hence to dwell,
The voices Daughter nea'r ſpake ſyllable.
But ſhe is gone. *Sil. Mirtillo*, tell us whether,
Mirt. Where ſhe and I ſhall never meet together.
Mont. Fore-fend it *Pan*, and *Pales* do thou pleaſe
To give an end: *Mir.* To what? *Scil.* ſuch griefs as theſe.
Mirt. Never, O never! Still I may endure
The wound I ſuffer, never find a cure.
Mont. Love for thy ſake will bring her to theſe hills
And dales again: *Mir.* No I will languiſh ſtill;
And all the while my part ſhall be to weepe;
And with my ſighs, call home my bleating ſheep:
And in the Rind of every comely tree
Ile carve thy name, and in that name kiſſe thee:
Mont. Set with the Sunne, thy woes: *Scil.* The day grows old:
And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

Chor. The ſhades grow great; but greater growes
But lets go ſteepe [our ſorrow,
Our eyes in ſleepe;
And meet to weepe
To morrow.

The Poet loves a Miſtreſſe, but not to marry.

I Do not love to wed,
Though I do like to wooe;

And for a maidenhead
Ile beg, and buy it too.

Ile praiſe, and Ile approve
Thoſe maids that never vary;
And fervently Ile love;
But yet I would not marry.

Ile hug, Ile kiſſe, Ile play,
And Cock-like Hens Ile tread:
And ſport it any way;
But in the Bridall Bed:

For why? that man is poore,
Who hath but one of many;
But crown'd he is with ſtore,
That ſingle may have any.

Why then, ſay, what is he,
To freedome ſo unknown,
Who having two or three,
Will be content with one?

Upon Flimſey. *Epig.*

WHy walkes *Nick Flimſey* like a Male-content?
Is it becauſe his money all is ſpent?
No, but becauſe the Ding-thrift now is poore,
And knowes not where i'th world to borrow more.

Upon Shewbread. *Epig.*

LAſt night thou didſt invite me home to eate;
And ſhew'ſt me there much Plate, but little meate.

Prithee, when next thou do'ſt invite, barre State,
And give me meate, or give me elſe thy Plate.

The Willow Garland.

A Willow Garland thou did'ſt ſend
Perfum'd, laſt day, to me:
Which did but only this portend,
I was forſooke by thee.

Since ſo it is; Ile tell thee what,
To morrow thou ſhalt ſee
Me weare the Willow; after that,
To dye upon the Tree.

As Beaſts unto the Altars go
With Garlands dreſt, ſo I
Will, with my Willow-wreath alſo,
Come forth and ſweetly dye.

A Hymne to Clipſeby Crew.

'TWas not Lov's Dart;
Or any blow
Of want, or foe,
Did wound my heart
With an eternall ſmart:

But only you,
My ſometimes known
Companion,

My deareſt *Crew*,
That me unkindly ſlew.

May your fault dye,
And have no name
In Bookes of fame;
Or let it lye
Forgotten now, as I.

We parted are,
And now no more,
As heretofore,
By jocund Larr,
Shall be familiar.

But though we Sever
My *Crew* ſhall ſee,
That I will be
Here faithleſſe never;
But love my *Clipſeby* ever.

Upon Roots. *Epig.*

Roots had no money; yet he went o'th ſcore
For a wrought Purſe; can any tell wherefore?
Say, What ſho'd *Roots* do with a Purſe in print,
That h'ad nor Gold nor Silver to put in't?

Upon Craw.

Craw cracks in ſirrop; and do's ſtinking ſay,
Who can hold that, my friends, that will away?

Obſervation.

WHo to the North, or South, doth ſet
His Bed, Male children ſhall beget.

Empires.

EMpires of Kings, are now, and ever were,
As *Saluſt* ſaith, co-incident to feare.

Felicity, quick of flight.

EVery time ſeemes ſhort to be,
That's meaſur'd by felicity:
But one halfe houre, that's made up here
With griefe; ſeemes longer then a yeare.

Putrefaction.

PUtrefaction is the end
Of all that Nature doth entend.

Paſſion.

WEre there not a Matter known,
There wo'd be no Paſſion.

Jack *and* Jill.

SInce *Jack* and *Jill* both wicked be;
It ſeems a wonder unto me,
That they no better do agree.

Upon Parſon Beanes.

OLd Parſon *Beanes* hunts ſix dayes of the week,
And on the ſeaventh, he has his Notes to ſeek.
Six dayes he hollows ſo much breath away,
That on the ſeaventh, he can nor preach, or pray.

The Crowd and Company.

IN holy meetings, there a man may be
One of the crowd, not of the companie.

Short and long both likes.

THis Lady's ſhort, that Miſtreſſe ſhe is tall;
But long or ſhort, I'm well content with all.

Pollicie in Princes.

THat Princes may poſſeſſe a ſurer ſeat,
'Tis fit they make no One with them too great.

Upon Rook, Epig.

R*Ook* he ſells feathers, yet he ſtill doth crie
Fie on this pride, this Female vanitie.
Thus, though the Rooke do's raile againſt the ſin,
He loves the gain that vanity brings in.

Upon the Nipples of Julia's *Breaſt.*

HAve ye beheld, with much delight,
A red-Roſe peeping through a white?

Or elſe a Cherrie, double grac't,
Within a Lillie? Center plac't?
Or ever mark't the pretty beam,
A Strawberry ſhewes halfe drown'd in Creame?
Or ſeen rich Rubies bluſhing through
A pure ſmooth Pearle, and Orient too?
So like to this, nay all the reſt,
Is each neate Niplet of her breaſt.

To Daiſies, *not to ſhut ſo ſoone.*

SHut not ſo ſoon; the dull-ey'd night
Ha's not as yet begunne
To make a ſeiſure on the light,
Or to ſeale up the Sun.

No Marigolds yet cloſed are;
No ſhadowes great appeare;
Nor doth the early Shepheards Starre
Shine like a ſpangle here.

Stay but till my *Julia* cloſe
Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then diſpoſe
It ſelfe to live or dye.

To the little Spinners.

YEe pretty Huſwives, wo'd ye know
The worke that I wo'd put ye to?
This, this it ſho'd be, for to ſpin,

A Lawn for me, ſo fine and thin,
As it might ſerve me for my ſkin.
For cruell Love ha's me ſo whipt,
That of my ſkin, I all am ſtript;
And ſhall diſpaire, that any art
Can eaſe the rawneſſe, or the ſmart;
Unleſſe you ſkin again each part.
Which mercy if you will but do,
I call all Maids to witneſſe too
What here I promiſe, that no Broom
Shall now, or ever after come
To wrong a *Spinner* or her Loome.

Oberon's *Palace.*

AFter the Feaſt, my *Shapcot*, ſee,
The Fairie Court I give to thee:
Where we'le preſent our *Oberon* led
Halfe tipſie to the Fairie Bed,
Where *Mab* he finds; who there doth lie
Not without mickle majeſty.
Which, done; and thence remov'd the light,
We'l wiſh both Them and Thee, good night.

Full as a Bee with Thyme, and Red,
As Cherry harveſt, now high fed
For Luſt and action; on he'l go,
To lye with *Mab*, though all ſay no.
Luſt ha's no eares; He's ſharpe as thorn;
And fretfull, carries Hay in's horne,

And lightning in his eyes; and flings
Among the Elves, if mov'd, the ſtings
Of peltiſh waſps; we'l know his Guard
Kings though th'are hated, will be fear'd.
Wine lead him on. Thus to a Grove,
Sometimes devoted unto Love,
Tinſeld with *Twilight*, He, and They
Lead by the ſhine of Snails; a way
Beat with their num'rous feet, which by
Many a neat perplexity,
Many a turn, and man' a croſſe-
Track they redeem a bank of moſſe
Spungie and ſwelling, and farre more
Soft then the fineſt Lemſter Ore.
Mildly diſparkling, like thoſe fiers,
Which break from the Injeweld tyres
Of curious Brides; or like thoſe mites
Of Candi'd dew in Moony nights.
Upon this *Convex*, all the flowers,
Nature begets by th' Sun, and ſhowers,
Are to a wilde digeſtion brought,
As if Love's *Sampler* here was wrought:
Or *Citherea's Ceſton*, which
All with temptation doth bewitch.
Sweet Aires move here; and more divine
Made by the breath of great ey'd-kine,
Who as they lowe empearl with milk
The four-leav'd graſſe, or moſſe-like ſilk.
The breath of *Munkies* met to mix
With *Muſk-flies*, are th' *Aromaticks*.

Which cenſe this Arch ; and here and there,
And farther off, and every where,
Throughout that *Brave Moſaick* yard
Thoſe Picks or Diamonds in the Card :
With peeps of Harts, of Club and Spade,
Are here moſt neatly inter-laid.
Many a Counter, many a Die,
Half rotten, and without an eye,
Lies here abouts ; and for to pave
The excellency of this Cave,
Squirrils' and children's teeth late ſhed,
Are neatly here enchequered.
With browneſt *Toadſtones*, and the Gum
That ſhines upon the blewer Plum.
The nails faln off by Whit-flawes : Art's
Wiſe hand enchaſing here thoſe warts,
Which we to others, from our ſelves,
Sell, and brought hither by the Elves.
The tempting Mole, ſtoln from the neck
Of the ſhie Virgin, ſeems to deck
The holy Entrance ; where within
The roome is hung with the blew ſkin
Of ſhifted Snake : enfreez'd throughout
With eyes of Peacocks Trains, & Trout-
flies curious wings ; and theſe among
Thoſe ſilver-pence, that cut the tongue
Of the red infant, neatly hung.
The glow-wormes eyes ; the ſhining ſcales
Of ſilv'rie fiſh ; wheat-ſtrawes, the ſnailes
Soft Candle-light ; the Kitling's eyne ;

Corrupted wood; ſerve here for ſhine.
No glaring light of bold-fac't Day,
Or other over radiant Ray
Ranſacks this roome; but what weak beams
Can make reflected from theſe jems,
And multiply; Such is the light,
But ever doubtfull Day, or night.
By this quaint Taper-light he winds
His Errours up; and now he finds
His Moon-tann'd *Mab*, as ſomewhat ſick,
And, Love knowes, tender as a chick.
Upon ſix plump *Dandillions*, high-
Rear'd, lyes her Elviſh-majeſtie:
Whoſe woollie-bubbles ſeem'd to drowne
Hir *Mab-ſhip* in obedient Downe.
For either ſheet, was ſpread the Caule
That doth the Infants face enthrall,
When it is born: (by ſome enſtyl'd
The luckie *Omen* of the child)
And next to theſe two blankets ore-
Caſt of the fineſt *Goſſamore*.
And then a Rug of carded wooll,
Which, *Spunge-like* drinking in the dull-
Light of the Moon, ſeem'd to comply,
Cloud-like, the *daintie Deitie*.
Thus ſoft ſhe lies: and over-head
A *Spinners* circle is beſpread,
With Cob-web-curtains: from the roof
So neatly ſunck, as that no proof
Of any tackling can declare

What gives it hanging in the Aire.
The Fringe about this, are thoſe *Threds*
Broke at the Loſſe of *Maiden-heads:*
And all behung with theſe pure Pearls,
Dropt from the eyes of *raviſht Girles*
Or writhing Brides; when, panting, they
Give unto Love the ſtraiter way.
For Muſick now; He has the cries
Of fained-loſt-Virginities;
The which the *Elves* make to excite
A more unconquer'd appetite.
The King's undreſt; and now upon
The Gnats-watch-word the *Elves* are gone.
And now the bed, and *Mab* poſſeſt
Of this great-little-kingly-Gueſt.
We'll nobly think, what's to be done,
He'll do no doubt; *This flax is ſpun.*

To his peculiar Friend Maſter Thomas Shapcott, *Lawyer.*

I'VE paid Thee, what I promis'd; that's not All;
Beſides I give Thee here a Verſe that ſhall
(When hence thy Circum-mortall-part is gon)
Arch-like, hold up, *Thy Name's Inſcription.*
Brave men can't die; whoſe Candid Actions are
Writ in the Poets Endleſſe-Kalendar:
Whoſe *velome*, and whoſe *volumne* is the Skie,
And the pure Starres the praiſing Poetrie.
Farewell.

To Julia *in the Temple.*

BEſides us two, i' th' Temple here's not one
To make up now a Congregation.
Let's to the *Altar of perfumes* then go,
And ſay ſhort Prayers; and when we have done ſo,
Then we ſhall ſee, how in a little ſpace,
Saints will come in to fill each Pew and Place.

To Oenone.

WHat Conſcience, ſay, is it in thee
When I a Heart had one,
To Take away that Heart from me,
And to retain thy own?

For ſhame or pitty now encline
To play a loving part;
Either to ſend me kindly thine,
Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both; but if thou doſt
Reſolve to part with neither;
Why! yet to ſhew that thou art juſt,
Take me and mine together.

His Weakneſſe in Woes.

I Cannot ſuffer; And in this, my part [*Heart.*
Of Patience wants. *Grief breaks the ſtouteſt*

Fame makes us forward.

TO Print our Poems, the propulſive cauſe
Is Fame, the breath of popular applauſe.

To Groves.

YEe ſilent ſhades, whoſe each tree here
Some Relique of a Saint doth weare:
Who for ſome ſweet-hearts ſake, did prove
The fire, and martyrdome of love.
Here is the Legend of thoſe Saints
That di'd for love; and their complaints:
Their wounded hearts; and names we find
Encarv'd upon the Leaves and Rind.
Give way, give way to me, who come
Scorch't with the ſelfe-ſame martyrdome:
And have deſerv'd as much, Love knowes,
As to be canoniz'd 'mongſt thoſe,
Whoſe deeds, and deaths here written are
Within your *Greenie-Kalendar:*
By all thoſe Virgins Fillets hung
Upon your Boughs, and Requiems ſung
For Saints and Soules departed hence,
(Here honour'd ſtill with Frankincenſe)
By all thoſe teares that have been ſhed,
As a *Drink-offering*, to the dead:
By all thoſe True-love-knots, that be
With Motto's carv'd on every tree,

By ſweet S. *Phillis*; pitie me:
By deare S. *Iphis*; and the reſt,
Of all thoſe other Saints now bleſt;
Me, me, forſaken, here admit
Among your Mirtles to be writ:
That my poore name may have the glory
To live remembred in your ſtory.

An Epitaph upon a Virgin.

HEre a ſolemne Faſt we keepe,
While all beauty lyes aſleep,
Huſht be all things; no noyſe here,
But the toning of a teare:
Or a ſigh of ſuch as bring
Cowſlips for her covering.

To the right gratious Prince, Lodwick, *Duke of* Richmond *and* Lenox.

OF all thoſe three-brave-brothers, faln i' th' Warre,
Not without glory, Noble Sir, you are,
Deſpite of all concuſſions left the Stem
To ſhoot forth Generations like to them.
Which may be done, if, Sir, you can beget
Men in their ſubſtance, not in counterfeit.
Such Eſſences as thoſe Three Brothers; known
Eternall by their own production.

Of whom, from Fam's white Trumpet, This Ile
Worthy their everlaſting Chronicle, [Tell,
Never ſince firſt *Bellona* us'd a Shield,
Such Three brave Brothers fell in Mars *his Field.*
Theſe were thoſe Three *Horatii Rome* did boaſt,
Rom's where theſe *Three Horatii* we have loſt.
One *Cordelion* had that Age long ſince;
This, Three; which Three, you make up Foure
Brave Prince.

To Jealouſie.

O *Jealouſie*, that art
The Canker of the heart:
And mak'ſt all hell
Where thou do'ſt dwell;
For pitie be
No *Furie*, or no *Fire-brand* to me.

Farre from me Ile remove
All thoughts of irkſome Love:
And turn to ſnow,
Or Chriſtall grow;
To keep ſtill free
O! Soul-tormenting Jealouſie, from Thee.

To live Freely.

LEt's live in haſt; uſe pleaſures while we may:
Co'd life return, 'twod never loſe a day.

Upon Spunge. *Epig.*

SPunge makes his boaſts that he's the onely man
Can hold of Beere and Ale an Ocean;
Is this his Glory? then his Triumph's Poore;
I know the *Tunne* of *Hidleberge* holds more.

His Almes.

HEre, here I live,
And ſomewhat give,
Of what I have,
To thoſe, who crave.
Little or much,
My Almnes is ſuch:
But if my deal
Of Oyl and Meal
Shall fuller grow,
More Ile beſtow:
Mean time be it
E'en but a bit,
Or elſe a crum,
The ſcrip hath ſome.

Upon Himſelf.

COme, leave this loathed Country-life, and ther
Grow up to be a Roman *Citizen*.
Thoſe mites of Time, which yet remain unſpent,

Waſte thou in that moſt Civill Government.
Get their comportment, and the gliding tongue
Of thoſe mild Men, thou art to live among:
Then being ſeated in that ſmoother *Sphere*,
Decree thy everlaſting *Topick* there.
And to the Farm-houſe nere return at all,
Though Granges do not love thee, Cities ſhall.

To enjoy the Time.

WHile Fates permit us, let's be merry;
Paſſe all we muſt the fatall Ferry:
And this our life too whirles away,
With the Rotation of the Day.

Upon Love.

LOve, I have broke
Thy yoke;
The neck is free:
But when I'm next
Love vext,
Then ſhackell me.

'Tis better yet
To fret
The feet or hands;
Then to enthrall,
Or gall
The neck with bands.

To the right Honourable Mildmay, *Earle of* Weſtmorland.

YOu are a Lord, an Earle, nay more, a Man,
Who writes ſweet Numbers well as any can:
If ſo, why then are not Theſe Verſes hurld,
Like *Sybels* Leaves, throughout the ample world?
What is a Jewell if it be not ſet
Forth by a Ring, or ſome rich Carkanet?
But being ſo; then the beholders cry,
See, ſee a Jemme (as rare as *Bælus* eye.)
Then publick praiſe do's runne upon the Stone,
For a moſt rich, a rare, a precious One.
Expoſe your jewels then unto the view, [You.
That we may praiſe Them, or themſelves prize
Vertue conceal'd, with *Horace* you'l confeſſe,
Differs not much from drowzie ſlothfullneſſe.

The Plunder.

I Am of all bereft;
Save but ſome few Beanes left,
Whereof, at laſt, to make,
For me, and mine a Cake:
Which eaten, they and I
Will ſay our grace, and die.

Littleneſſe no Cauſe of Leanneſſe.

ONe feeds on Lard, and yet is leane;
And I but feaſting with a Beane,

Grow fat and ſmooth : The reaſon is,
Jove proſpers my meat, more then his.

Upon One who ſaid ſhe was alwayes young.

YOu ſay y'are young ; but when your Teeth are told
To be but three, Black-ey'd, wee'l thinke y'are old.

Upon Huncks. *Epig.*

H*Uncks* ha's no money (he do's ſweare, or ſay)
About him, when the Taverns ſhot 's to pay.
If he ha's none in 's pockets, truſt me, *Huncks*
Ha's none at home, in Coffers, Deſks, or Trunks.

The Jimmall Ring, or True-love-knot.

THou ſent'ſt to me a True-love-knot ; but I
Return'd a Ring of Jimmals, to imply
Thy Love had one knot, mine a triple tye.

The parting Verſe, or Charge to his ſuppoſed Wife when he travelled.

GO hence, and with this parting kiſſe,
Which joyns two ſouls, remember this ;
Though thou beeſt young, kind, ſoft, and faire,
And may'ſt draw thouſands with a haire :
Yet let theſe glib temptations be
Furies to others, Friends to me.

Looke upon all; and though on fire
Thou ſet'ſt their hearts, let chaſte deſire
Steere Thee to me; and thinke, me gone,
In having all, that thou haſt none.
Nor ſo immured wo'd I have
Thee live, as dead and in thy grave;
But walke abroad, yet wiſely well
Stand for my comming, Sentinell.
And think, as thou do'ſt walke the ſtreet,
Me, or my ſhadow thou do'ſt meet.
I know a thouſand greedy eyes
Will on thy Feature tirannize,
In my ſhort abſence; yet behold
Them like ſome Picture, or ſome Mould
Faſhion'd like Thee; which though 'tave ea
And eyes, it neither ſees or heares.
Gifts will be ſent, and Letters, which
Are the expreſſions of that itch,
And ſalt, which frets thy Suters; fly
Both, leſt thou loſe thy liberty:
For that once loſt, thou't fall to one,
Then proſtrate to a million.
But if they wooe thee, do thou ſay,
As that chaſte Queen of *Ithaca*
Did to her ſuitors, this web done
(Undone as oft as done) I'm wonne;
I will not urge Thee, for I know,
Though thou art young, thou canſt ſay no,
And no again, and ſo deny,
Thoſe thy Luſt-burning *Incubi*.

Let them enſtile Thee Faireſt faire,
The Pearle of Princes, yet deſpaire
That ſo thou art, becauſe thou muſt
Believe, Love ſpeaks it not, but Luſt;
And this their Flatt'rie do's commend
Thee chiefly for their pleaſures end.
I am not jealous of thy Faith,
Or will be; for the Axiome ſaith,
He that doth ſuſpect, do's haſte
A gentle mind to be unchaſte.
No, live thee to thy ſelfe, and keep
Thy thoughts as cold, as is thy ſleep:
And let thy dreames be only fed
With this, that I am in thy bed.
And thou then turning in that Sphere,
Waking ſhalt find me ſleeping there.
But yet if boundleſſe Luſt muſt ſkaile
Thy Fortreſs, and will needs prevaile;
And wildly force a paſſage in,
Baniſh conſent, and 'tis no ſinne
Of Thine; ſo *Lucrece* fell, and the
Chaſte *Syracuſian Cyane.*
So *Medullina* fell, yet none
Of theſe had imputation
For the leaſt treſpaſſe; 'cauſe the mind
Here was not with the act combin'd.
The body ſins not, 'tis the Will
That makes the Action, good, or ill.
And if thy fall ſho'd this way come,
Triumph in ſuch a Martirdome.

I will not over-long enlarge
To thee, this my religious charge.
Take this compreſſion, ſo by this
Means I ſhall know what other kiſſe
Is mixt with mine; and truly know,
Returning, if 't be mine or no:
Keepe it till then; and now my Spouſe,
For my wiſht ſafety pay thy vowes,
And prayers to *Venus*; if it pleaſe
The *Great-blew-ruler* of the Seas;
Not many full-fac't-moons ſhall waine,
Lean-horn'd, before I come again
As one triumphant; when I find
In thee, all faith of Woman-kind.
Nor wo'd I have thee thinke, that Thou
Had'ſt power thy ſelfe to keep this vow;
But having ſcapt temptations ſhelfe,
Know vertue taught thee, not thy ſelfe.

To his Kinſman, Sir Tho. Soame.

SEeing Thee *Soame*, I ſee a Goodly man,
And in that Good, a great *Patrician*.
Next to which Two; among the City-Powers,
And Thrones, thy ſelfe one of Thoſe Senatours:
Not wearing Purple only for the ſhow;
As many Conſcripts of the Citie do;
But for True Service, worthy of that Gowne,
The *Golden* chain too, and the *Civick* Crown.

To Bloſſoms.

FAire pledges of a fruitfull Tree,
Why do yee fall ſo faſt?
Your date is not ſo paſt;
But you may ſtay yet here a while,
To bluſh and gently ſmile;
And go at laſt.

What, were yee borne to be
An houre or half's delight;
And ſo to bid goodnight?
'Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth
Meerly to ſhew your worth,
And loſe you quite.

But you are lovely Leaves, where we
May read how ſoon things have
Their end, though ne'r ſo brave:
And after they have ſhown their pride,
Like you a while: They glide
Into the Grave.

Man's Dying-place uncertain.

MAn knowes where firſt he ſhips himſelfe; but he
Never can tell, where ſhall his Landing be.

Nothing Free-coſt.

NOthing comes Free-coſt here; *Jove* will not let
His gifts go from him; if not bought with ſweat.

Few fortunate.

MAny we are, and yet but few poſſeſſe
Thoſe Fields of everlaſting happineſſe.

To Perenna.

HOw long, *Perenna*, wilt thou ſee
Me languiſh for the love of Thee?
Conſent and play a friendly part
To ſave; when thou may'ſt kill a heart.

To the Ladyes.

TRuſt me, Ladies, I will do
Nothing to diſtemper you;
If I any fret or vex,
Men they ſhall be, *not your ſex.*

The old Wives Prayer.

H*Oly-Rood* come forth and ſhield
Us i'th' Citie, and the Field:
Safely guard us, now and aye,
From the blaſt that burns by day;

And thoſe ſounds that us affright
In the dead of dampiſh night.
Drive all hurtfull Feinds us fro,
By the Time the Cocks firſt crow.

Upon a cheap Laundreſſe. Epig.

F*Eacie*, ſome ſay, doth waſh her clothes i'th'Lie
That ſharply trickles from her either eye.
The *Laundreſſes*, They envie her good-luck,
Who can with ſo ſmall charges *drive the buck.*
What needs ſhe fire and aſhes to conſume,
Who can ſcoure Linnens with her own ſalt *reeume?*

Upon his departure hence.

THus I
Paſſe by,
And die:
As One,
Unknown,
And gon:
I'm made
A ſhade,
And laid
I'th grave,
There have
My Cave.
Where tell
I dwell,
Farewell.

The Waſſaile.

GIve way, give way, ye Gates, and win
An eaſie bleſſing to your Bin,
And Baſket, by our entring in.

May both with manchet ſtand repleat;
Your Larders too ſo hung with meat,
That though a thouſand, thouſand eat;

Yet, ere twelve *Moones* ſhall whirl about
Their ſilv'rie Spheres, ther's none may doubt,
But more's ſent in, then was ſerv'd out.

Next, may your Dairies proſper ſo,
As that your pans no Ebbe may know;
But if they do, the more to flow.

Like to a ſolemne ſober Stream
Bankt all with Lillies, and the Cream
Of ſweeteſt *Cow-ſlips* filling Them.

Then, may your Plants be preſt with Fruit,
Nor Bee, or Hive you have be mute;
But ſweetly ſounding like a Lute.

Next may your Duck and teeming Hen
Both to the Cocks-tread ſay *Amen*;
And for their two egs render ten.

Laſt, may your Harrows, Shares and Ploughes,
Your Stacks, your Stocks, your ſweeteſt Mowes
All proſper by your Virgin-vowes.

Alas! we bleſſe, but ſee none here,
That brings us either Ale or Beere;
In a drie-houſe all things are neere.

Let's leave a longer time to wait,
Where Ruſt and Cobwebs bind the gate;
And all live here with *needy Fate.*

Where Chimneys do for ever weepe,
For want of warmth, and Stomachs keepe
With noiſe, the ſervants eyes from ſleep.

It is in vain to ſing, or ſtay
Our free-feet here; but we'l away:
Yet to the Lares this we'l ſay,

The time will come, when you'l be ſad,
And reckon this for fortune bad,
T'ave loſt the good ye might have had.

Upon a Lady faire, but fruitleſſe.

TWice has *Pudica* been a Bride, and led
By holy *Himen* to the Nuptiall Bed.
Two Youths ſha's known, thrice two, and twice [3. yeares;
Yet not a Lillie from the Bed appeares;
Nor will; for why, *Pudica*, this may know,
Trees never beare, unleſſe they firſt do blow.

How Springs came firſt.

THeſe Springs were Maidens once that lov'd,
But loſt to that they moſt approv'd:

My Story tells, by Love they were
Turn'd to theſe Springs, which wee ſee here:
The pretty whimpering that they make,
When of the Banks their leave they take;
Tels ye but this, they are the ſame,
In nothing chang'd but in their name.

To Roſemary and Baies.

MY wooing's ended: now my wedding's neere;
When Gloves are giving, *Guilded be you there.*

Upon Skurffe.

SKurffe by his Nine-bones ſweares, and well he may,
All know a Fellon eate the Tenth away.

Upon a Scarre in a Virgin's *Face.*

'TIs Hereſie in others: In your face
That Scarr's no *Schiſme*, but the *ſign of grace.*

Upon his Eye-ſight failing him.

I Beginne to waine in ſight;
Shortly I ſhall bid goodnight:
Then no gazing more about,
When the Tapers once are out.

To his worthy Friend, M. Tho. Falconbirge.

STand with thy Graces forth, brave man, and riſe
High with thine own *Auſpitious Deſtinies:*

Nor leave the ſearch, and proofe, till Thou canſt find
Theſe, or thoſe ends, to which Thou waſt deſign'd.
Thy lucky *Genius*, and thy guiding *Starre*,
Have made Thee proſperous in thy wayes, thus farre:
Nor will they leave Thee, till they both have ſhown
Thee to the World a *Prime* and *Publique One*.
Then, when Thou ſee'ſt thine Age all turn'd to gold,
Remember what thy *Herrick* Thee foretold,
When at the holy Threſhold of thine houſe,
He Boded good-luck to thy Selfe and Spouſe.
Laſtly, be mindfull, when thou art grown great,
That Towrs high rear'd dread moſt the lightnings
When as the humble Cottages not feare [*threat:*
The cleaving Bolt of Jove *the Thunderer.*

Upon Julia's *Haire fill'd with Dew.*

DEw ſate on *Julia's* haire,
And ſpangled too,
Like Leaves that laden are
With trembling Dew:
Or glitter'd to my ſight,
As when the Beames
Have their reflected light,
Daunc't by the Streames.

Another on her.

HOw can I chooſe but love, and follow her,
Whoſe ſhadow ſmels like milder *Pomander!*
How can I chuſe but kiſſe her, whence do's come
The *Storax*, *Spiknard*, *Myrrhe*, and *Ladanum.*

Loſſe from the leaſt.

GReat men by ſmall meanes oft are overthrown:
He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.

Rewards and Puniſhments.

ALL things are open to theſe two events,
Or to Rewards, or elſe to Puniſhments.

Shame, no Statiſt.

SHame is a bad attendant to a State:
He rents his Crown, that feares the Peoples hate.

To Sir Cliſebie Crew.

SInce to th' Country firſt I came,
I have loſt my former flame:
And, methinks, I not inherit,
As I did, my raviſht ſpirit.
If I write a Verſe, or two,
'Tis with very much ado;
In regard I want that Wine,
Which ſho'd conjure up a line.
Yet, though now of Muſe bereft,
I have ſtill the manners left
For to thanke you, Noble Sir,
For thoſe gifts you do conferre
Upon him, who only can
Be in Proſe a *gratefull man.*

Upon Himſelfe.

I Co'd never love indeed;
Never ſee mine own heart bleed:
Never crucifie my life;
Or for Widow, Maid, or Wife.

I co'd never ſeeke to pleaſe
One, or many Miſtreſſes:
Never like their lips, to ſweare
Oyle of Roſes ſtill ſmelt there.

I co'd never breake my ſleepe,
Fold mine Armes, ſob, ſigh, or weep:
Never beg, or humbly wooe
With oathes, and lyes, as others do.

I co'd never walke alone;
Put a ſhirt of ſackcloth on:
Never keep a faſt, or pray
For good luck in love (that day.)

But have hitherto liv'd free,
As the aire that circles me:
And kept credit with my heart,
Neither broke i'th whole, or part.

Freſh Cheeſe and Cream.

WO'd yee have freſh Cheeſe and Cream?
Iulia's Breaſt can give you them:

And if more; Each *Nipple* cries,
To your *Cream*, her's *Strawberries*.

An Eclogue, or Paſtorall between Endimion Porter *and* Lycidas Herrick, *ſet and ſung.*

Endym. AH! *Lycidas*, come tell me why
Thy whilome merry Oate
By thee doth ſo neglected lye;
And never purls a Note?

I prithee ſpeake: *Lyc.* I will. *End.* Say on:
Lyc. 'Tis thou, and only thou,
That art the cauſe, *Endimion*;
End. For Love's-ſake, tell me how.

Lyc. In this regard, that thou do'ſt play
Upon an other Plain:
And for a Rurall Roundelay,
Strik'ſt now a Courtly ſtrain.

Thou leav'ſt our Hills, our Dales, our Bowers,
Our finer fleeced ſheep: [
Unkind to us, to ſpend thine houres,
Where Shepheards ſho'd not keep.

I meane the Court: Let *Latmos* be
My lov'd *Endymions* Court;
End. But I the Courtly State wo'd ſee:
Lyc. Then ſee it in report.

What ha's the Court to do with Swaines,
Where *Phillis* is not known?
Nor do's it mind the Ruſtick ſtraines
Of us, or *Coridon.*

Breake, if thou lov'ſt us, this delay;
End. Dear *Lycidas*, e're long,
I vow by *Pan*, to come away
And Pipe unto thy Song.

Then *Jeſſimine*, with *Florabell*;
And dainty *Amarillis*,
With handſome-handed *Droſomell*
Shall pranke thy Hooke with Lillies.

Lyc. Then *Tityrus*, and *Coridon*,
And *Thyrſis*, they ſhall follow
With all the reſt; while thou alone
Shalt lead, like young *Apollo.*

And till thou com'ſt, thy *Lycidas*,
In every *Geniall* Cup,
Shall write in Spice, *Endimion* 'twas
That kept his Piping up.

And my moſt luckie Swain, when I ſhall live to ſee
Endimion's Moon to fill up full, remember me:
Mean time, let *Lycidas* have leave to Pipe to thee.

To a Bed of Tulips.

BRight Tulips, we do know,
You had your comming hither;

And Fading-time do's ſhow,
That Ye muſt quickly wither.

Your *Siſter-hoods* may ſtay,
And ſmile here for your houre;
But dye ye muſt away:
Even as the meaneſt Flower.

Come, Virgins, then, and ſee
Your frailties; and bemone ye;
For loſt like theſe, 'twill be,
As Time had never known ye.

A Caution.

THat Love laſt long; let it thy firſt care be
To find a Wife, that is moſt fit for Thee.
Be She too wealthy, or too poore; be ſure,
Love in extreames, can never long endure.

To the Water Nymphs, drinking at the Fountain.

REach, with your whiter hands, to me,
Some Chriſtall of the Spring;
And I, about the Cup ſhall ſee
Freſh Lillies flouriſhing.

Or elſe ſweet Nimphs do you but this;
To'th' Glaſſe your lips encline;
And I ſhall ſee by that one kiſſe,
The Water turn'd to Wine.

To his Honoured Kinſman, Sir Richard Stone.

TO this *white Temple* of my *Heroes*, here
Beſet with ſtately Figures, every where,
Of ſuch rare *Saint-ſhips*, who did here conſume
Their lives in ſweets, and left in death perfume.
Come, thou *Brave man!* And bring with Thee a [Stone
Unto thine own *Edification.*
High are Theſe Statues here, beſides no leſſe
Strong then the Heavens for everlaſtingneſſe:
Where build aloft; and being fixt by Theſe,
Set up Thine own *eternall Images.*

Upon a Flie.

A Golden Flie one ſhew'd to me,
Clos'd in a Box of Yvorie:
Where both ſeem'd proud; the Flie to have
His buriall in an yvorie grave:
The yvorie tooke State to hold
A Corps as bright as burniſht gold.
One Fate had both; both equall Grace;
The Buried, and the Burying-place.
Not *Virgils Gnat*, to whom the Spring
All Flowers ſent to'is burying.
Not *Marſhals Bee*, which in a Bead
Of *Amber* quick was buried.
Nor that fine Worme that do's interre
Her ſelfe i'th' *ſilken Sepulchre.*

Nor my rare *Phil*,* that lately was
With Lillies Tomb'd up in a Glaſſe;
More honour had, then this ſame *Flie*;
Dead, and clos'd up in *Yvorie*.

Upon Jack *and* Jill. *Epig.*

WHen *Jill* complaines to *Jack* for want of meate;
Jack kiſſes *Jill*, and bids her freely eate:
Jill ſayes, of what? ſayes *Jack*, on that ſweet kiſſe,
Which full of Nectar and Ambroſia is,
The food of Poets; ſo I thought ſayes *Jill*,
That makes them looke ſo lanke, ſo Ghoſt-like [ſtill.
Let Poets feed on aire, or what they will;
Let me feed full, till that I fart, ſayes *Jill*.

To Julia.

JUlia, when thy *Herrick* dies,
Cloſe thou up thy Poets eyes:
And his laſt breath, let it be
Taken in by none but Thee.

To Miſtreſſe Dorothy Parſons.

IF thou aſke me, Deare, wherefore
I do write of thee no more:
I muſt anſwer, Sweet, thy part
Leſſe is here, then in my heart.

---

* Sparrow.

Upon Parrat.

PArrat proteſts 'tis he, and only he
Can teach a man the *Art of memory:*
Believe him not; for he forgot it quite, [night.
Being drunke, who 'twas that Can'd his Ribs laſt

How he would drinke his Wine.

FIll me my Wine in Chriſtall; thus, and thus
I ſee't in's *puris naturalibus:*
Unmixt. I love to have it ſmirke and ſhine,
'Tis ſin I know, 'tis ſin to throtle Wine.
What Mad-man's he, that when it ſparkles ſo,
Will coole his flames, or quench his fires with ſnow?

How Marigolds *came yellow.*

JEalous *Girles* theſe ſometimes were,
While they liv'd, or laſted here:
Turn'd to *Flowers*, ſtill they be
Yellow, markt for Jealouſie.

The broken Chriſtall.

TO Fetch me Wine my *Lucia* went,
Bearing a Chriſtall *continent:*
But making haſte, it came to paſſe,
She brake in two the purer Glaſſe,
Then ſmil'd, and ſweetly chid her ſpeed;
So with a bluſh, beſhrew'd the deed.

Precepts.

GOod Precepts we muſt firmly hold,
By daily *Learning* we wax old.

To the right Honourable Edward *Earle of* Dorſet.

IF I dare write to You, my Lord, who are,
Of your own ſelfe, a *Publick Theater.*
And ſitting, ſee the wiles, wayes, walks of wit,
And give a righteous judgement upon it.
What need I care, though ſome diſlike me ſho'd,
If *Dorſet* ſay, what *Herrick* writes, is good?
We know y'are learn'd i'th'Muſes, and no leſſe
In our *State-ſanctions*, deep, or bottomleſſe.
Whoſe ſmile can make a Poet; and your glance
Daſh all bad Poems out of countenance.
So, that an Author needs no other Bayes
For Coronation, then Your onely Praiſe.
And no one miſchief greater then your frown,
To null his Numbers, and to blaſt his Crowne.
Few live the life immortall. He enſures
His Fame's long life, who ſtrives to ſet up Yours.

Upon Himſelf.

THH'art hence removing, like a Shepherds Tent,
And walk thou muſt the way that others went:

Fall thou muſt firſt, then riſe to life with Theſe,
Markt in thy Book for faithfull Witneſſes.

Hope well and Have well: or, *Faire after Foule weather.*

WHat though the Heaven be lowring now,
And look with a contracted brow?
We ſhall diſcover, by and by,
A Repurgation of the Skie:
And when thoſe clouds away are driven,
Then will appeare a cheerfull Heaven.

Upon Love.

I Held Love's head while it did ake;
But ſo it chanc't to be;
The cruell paine did his forſake,
And forthwith came to me.

Ai me! How ſhal my griefe be ſtil'd?
Or where elſe ſhall we find
One like to me, who muſt be kill'd
For being too-too-kind?

To his Kinſwoman, Mrs. Penelope Wheeler.

NExt is your lot, Faire, to be number'd one,
Here, in my Book's Canonization:
Late you come in; but you a Saint ſhall be,
In Chiefe, in this Poetick Liturgie.

Another upon her.

FIrſt, for your ſhape, the curious cannot ſhew
Any one part that's diſſonant in you :
And 'gainſt your chaſt behaviour there's no Plea,
Since you are knowne to be *Penelope.*
Thus faire and cleane you are, although there be
A mighty ſtrife 'twixt Forme and Chaſtitie.

Kiſſing and Buſſing.

KIſſing and buſſing differ both in this ; [kiſſe
We buſſe our Wantons, but our Wives w

Croſſe and Pile.

FAire and foule dayes trip Croſſe and Pile:
The faire
Far leſſe in number, then our foule dayes are.

To the Lady Crew, *upon the Death of her Child.*

WHy, Madam, will ye longer weep,
When as your Baby's lull'd aſleep ?
And, pretty Child, feeles now no more
Thoſe paines it lately felt before.
All now is ſilent ; groanes are fled :
Your Child lyes ſtill, yet is not dead :

But rather like a flower hid here
To ſpring againe another yeare.

His Winding-ſheet.

COme thou, who art the Wine, and wit
Of all I've writ:
The Grace, the Glorie, and the beſt
Piece of the reſt.
Thou art of what I did intend
The All, and End.
And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee my ſheet.
Come then, and be to my chaſt ſide
Both Bed, and Bride.
We two, as Reliques left, will have
One Reſt, one Grave.
And, hugging cloſe, we will not feare
Luſt entring here:
Where all Deſires are dead, or cold
As is the mould:
And all Affections are forgot,
Or Trouble not.
Here, here the Slaves and Pris'ners be
From Shackles free:
And weeping Widowes long oppreſt
Doe here find reſt.
The wronged Client ends his Lawes
Here, and his Cauſe.
Here thoſe long ſuits of Chancery lie

Quiet, or die:
And all Star-chamber-Bils doe ceaſe,
Or hold their peace.
Here needs no Court for our Requeſt,
Where all are beſt;
All wiſe; all equall; and all juſt
Alike i'th' duſt.
Nor need we here to feare the frowne
Of Court, or Crown.
Where Fortune bears no ſway o're things,
There all are Kings.
In this ſecurer place we'l keep,
As lull'd aſleep;
Or for a little time we'l lye,
As Robes laid by;
To be another day re-worne,
Turn'd, but not torn:
Or like old Teſtaments ingroſt,
Lockt up, not loſt:
And for a while lye here conceal'd,
To be reveal'd
Next, at that great Platonick yeere,
And then meet here.

To Miſtreſſe Mary Willand.

ONe more by Thee, Love, and Deſert have ſet
T' enſpangle this expanſive Firmament.
O Flame of Beauty! come, appeare, appeare
A Virgin Taper, ever ſhining here.

Change gives Content.

WHat now we like, anon we diſapprove :
The new ſucceſſor drives away old Love.

Upon Magot *a Frequenter of Ordinaries.*

M*Agot* frequents thoſe houſes of good-cheere,
Talkes moſt, eates moſt, of all the Feeders there.
He raves through leane, he rages through the fat;
(What gets the maſter of the Meal by that?)
He who with talking can devoure ſo much,
How wo'd he eate, were not his hindrance ſuch?

On Himſelfe.

BOrne I was to meet with Age,
And to walke Life's pilgrimage.
Much I know of Time is ſpent,
Tell I can't, what's Reſident.
Howſoever, cares, adue ;
Ile have nought to ſay to you :
But Ile ſpend my comming houres,
Drinking wine, & crown'd with flowres.

Fortune favours.

FOrtune did never favour one
Fully, without exception ;

Though free ſhe be, ther's ſomething yet
Still wanting to her Favourite.

To Phillis *to love, and live with him.. .*

LIve, live with me, and thou ſhalt ſee
The pleaſures Ile prepare for thee :
What ſweets the Country can afford
Shall bleſſe thy Bed, and bleſſe thy Board.
The ſoft ſweet Moſſe ſhall be thy bed,
With crawling Woodbine over-ſpread :
By which the ſilver-ſhedding ſtreames
Shall gently melt thee into dreames.
Thy clothing next, ſhall be a Gowne
Made of the Fleeces pureſt Downe.
The tongues of Kids ſhall be thy meate ;
Their Milke thy drinke ; and thou ſhalt eate
The Paſte of Filberts for thy bread
With Cream of Cowſlips buttered :
Thy Feaſting-Tables ſhall be Hills
With *Daiſies* ſpread, and *Daffadils* ;
Where thou ſhalt ſit, and *Red-breſt* by,
For meat, ſhall give thee melody.
Ile give thee Chaines and Carkanets
Of *Primroſes* and *Violets*.
A Bag and Bottle thou ſhalt have ;
That richly wrought, and This as brave ;
So that as either ſhall expreſſe
The Wearer's no meane Shepheardeſſe.
At Sheering-times, and yearely Wakes,
When *Themilis* his paſtime makes,

There thou ſhalt be; and be the wit,
Nay more, the Feaſt, and grace of it.
On Holy-dayes, when Virgins meet
To dance the Heyes with nimble feet;
Thou ſhalt come forth, and then appeare
The *Queen of Roſes* for that yeere.
And having danc't ('bove all the beſt)
Carry the Garland from the reſt.
In Wicker-baſkets Maids ſhal bring
To thee, my deareſt Shepharling,
The bluſhing Apple, baſhfull Peare,
And ſhame-fac't Plum, all ſimp'ring there,
Walk in the Groves, and thou ſhalt find
The name of *Phillis* in the Rind
Of every ſtraight, and ſmooth-ſkin tree;
Where kiſſing that, Ile twice kiſſe thee.
To thee a Sheep-hook I will ſend,
Be-pranckt with Ribbands, to this end,
This, this alluring Hook might be
Leſſe for to catch a ſheep, then me.
Thou ſhalt have Poſſets, Waſſails fine,
Not made of Ale, but ſpiced Wine;
To make thy Maids and ſelfe free mirth,
All ſitting neer the glitt'ring Hearth.
Thou ſha't have Ribbands, Roſes, Rings,
Gloves, Garters, Stockings, Shooes, and Strings
Of winning Colours, that ſhall move
Others to Luſt, but me to Love.
Theſe, nay, and more, thine own ſhal be,
If thou wilt love, and live with me.

To his Kinſwoman, Miſtreſſe Suſanna Herri

WHen I conſider, Deareſt, thou doſt ſtay
But here awhile, to languiſh and decay;
Like to theſe Garden-glories, which here be
The Flowrie-ſweet reſemblances of Thee:
With griefe of heart, methinks, I thus doe cry
Wo'd thou haſt ne'r been born, or might'ſt not

Upon Miſtreſſe Suſanna Southwell
her Cheeks.

RAre are thy cheeks, *Suſanna*, which do ſt
Ripe Cherries ſmiling, while that others bl

Upon her Eyes.

CLeere are her eyes,
Like pureſt Skies.
Diſcovering from thence
A Babie there
That turns each Sphere,
Like an Intelligence.

Upon her Feet.

HEr pretty feet
Like ſnailes did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at Bo-peep,
Did ſoon draw in agen.

To his honoured Friend, Sir John Mince.

FOr civill, cleane, and circumciſed wit,
And for the comely carriage of it;
Thou art The Man, the onely Man beſt known,
Markt for the *True-wit* of a Million:
From whom we'l reckon. Wit came in, but ſince
The *Calculation* of thy Birth, *Brave Mince.*

Upon his gray Haires.

FLy me not, though I be gray,
Lady, this I know you'l ſay;
Better look the Roſes red,
When with white commingled.
Black your haires are; mine are white;
This begets the more delight,
When things meet moſt oppoſite:
As in Pictures we deſcry,
Venus ſtanding *Vulcan* by.

Accuſation.

IF Accuſation onely can draw blood,
None ſhall be guiltleſſe, be he ne'r ſo good.

Pride allowable in Poets.

AS thou deſerv'ſt, be proud; then gladly let
The Muſe give thee the Delphick Coronet.

A Vow to Minerva.

GOddeſſe, I begin an Art;
Come thou in, with thy beſt part,
For to make the Texture lye
Each way ſmooth and civilly:
And a broad-fac't Owle ſhall be
Offer'd up with Vows to Thee.

On Jone.

JOne wo'd go tel her haires; and well ſhe might,
Having but ſeven in all; three black, foure white.

Upon Letcher. *Epig.*

LEtcher was Carted firſt about the ſtreets,
For falſe Poſition in his neighbours ſheets:
Next, hang'd for Theeving: Now the people ſay,
His Carting was the *Prologue* to this Play.

Upon Dundrige.

DUndrige his Iſſue hath; but is not ſtyl'd
For all his Iſſue, Father of one Child.

To Electra.

'TIs Ev'ning, my Sweet,
And dark; let us meet;

Long time w'ave here been a toying:
And never, as yet,
That ſeaſon co'd get,
Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.

For pitty or ſhame,
Then let not Love's flame,
Be ever and ever a ſpending;
Since now to the Port
The path is but ſhort;
And yet our way has no ending.

Time flyes away faſt;
Our houres doe waſte:
The while we never remember,
How ſoone our life, here,
Growes old with the yeere,
That dyes with the next *December*.

Diſcord not diſadvantageous.

FOrtune no higher Project can deviſe,
Then to ſow Diſcord 'mongſt the Enemies.

Ill Government.

PRepoſterous is that Government, and rude,
When Kings obey the wilder Multitude.

To Marygolds.

GIve way, and be ye raviſht by the Sun,
And hang the head when as the Act is done,

Spread as He ſpreads; wax leſſe as He do's wane;
And as He ſhuts, cloſe up to Maids again.

To Dianeme.

GIve me one kiſſe,
And no more;
If ſo be, this
Makes you poore;
To enrich you,
Ile reſtore
For that one, two
Thouſand ſcore.

To Julia, *the* Flaminica Dialis, *or* Queen-Prieſt.

THou know'ſt, my *Julia*, that it is thy turne
This Mornings Incenſe to prepare, and burne.
The Chaplet, and *Inarculum** here be,
With the white Veſtures, all attending Thee.
This day, the *Queen-Prieſt*, thou art made t'ap-
Love for our very-many Treſpaſſes. [peaſe
One chiefe tranſgreſſion is among the reſt,
Becauſe with Flowers her Temple was not dreſt:
The next, becauſe her Altars did not ſhine
With daily Fyers: The laſt, neglect of Wine:

* A twig of a Pomgranat, which the queen-prieſt did uſe to weare on her head at ſacrificing.

For which, her wrath is gone forth to conſume
Us all, unleſſe preſerv'd by thy Perfume.
Take then thy Cenſer; Put in Fire, and thus,
O *Pious-Prieſtreſſe!* make a Peace for us.
For our neglect, Love did our Death decree,
That we eſcape. *Redemption comes by Thee.*

Anacreontike.

BOrn I was to be old,
And for to die here:
After that, in the mould
Long for to lye here.
But before that day comes,
Still I be Bouſing;
For I know, in the Tombs
There's no Carouſing.

Meat without Mirth.

EAten I have; and though I had good cheere,
I did not ſup, becauſe no friends were there.
Where Mirth and Friends are abſent when we Dine
Or Sup, there wants the Incenſe and the Wine.

Large Bounds doe but bury us.

ALL things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance;
The greateſt mans Inheritance.
Where ere the luckie Lot doth fall,
Serves but for place of Buriall.

Upon Urſley.

URſley, ſhe thinks thoſe Velvet Patches grace
The Candid Temples of her comely face:
But he will ſay, who e'r thoſe Circlets ſeeth,
They be but ſigns of *Urſleys* hollow teeth.

An Ode to Sir Clipſebie Crew.

HEre we ſecurely live, and eate
The Creame of meat;
And keep eternal fires,
By which we ſit, and doe Divine
As Wine
And Rage inſpires.

If full we charme; then call upon
Anacreon
To grace the frantick Thyrſe:
And having drunk, we raiſe a ſhout
Throughout
To praiſe his Verſe.

Then cauſe we *Horace* to be read,
Which ſung, or ſeyd,
A Goblet, to the brim,
Of Lyrick Wine, both ſwell'd and crown'd,
A Round
We quaffe to him.

Thus, thus, we live, and ſpend the houres
In Wine and Flowers:
And make the frollick yeere,
The Month, the Week, the inſtant Day
To ſtay
The longer here.

Come then, brave Knight, and ſee the Cell
Wherein I dwell;
And my Enchantments too;
Which Love and noble freedome is;
And this
Shall fetter you.

Take Horſe, and come; or be ſo kind,
To ſend your mind
(Though but in Numbers few)
And I ſhall think I have the heart,
Or part
Of *Clipſeby Crew.*

To his worthy Kinſman, Mr. Stephen Soame.

NOr is my Number full, till I inſcribe
Thee ſprightly *Soame*, one of my righteous Tribe:
A Tribe of one Lip; Leven, and of One [Tribe:
Civil Behaviour, and Religion.
A Stock of Saints; where ev'ry one doth weare
A ſtole of white, and Canonized here,
Among which Holies, be Thou ever known,
Brave Kinſman, markt out with the whiter ſtone:

Which ſeals Thy Glorie; ſince I doe prefer
Thee here in my eternall Calender.

To his Tomb-maker.

GO I muſt; when I am gone,
Write but this upon my Stone;
Chaſte I liv'd, without a wife,
That's the Story of my life.
Strewings need none, every flower
Is in this word, Batchelour.

Great Spirits ſupervive.

OUr mortall parts may wrapt in Seare-cloths lye:
Great Spirits never with their bodies dye.

None free from fault.

OUt of the world he muſt, who once comes in:
No man exempted is from Death, or ſinne.

Upon Himſelfe being buried.

LEt me ſleep this night away,
Till the Dawning of the day:
Then at th' opening of mine eyes,
I, and all the world ſhall riſe.

Pitie to the proſtrate.

TIs worſe then barbarous cruelty to ſhow
No part of pitie on a conquer'd foe.

Way in a Crowd.

ONce on a Lord-Mayors day, in Cheapſide, when
Skulls co'd not well paſſe through that ſcum of men.
For quick diſpatch, *Sculls* made no longer ſtay,
Then but to breath, and every one gave way:
For as he breath'd, the People ſwore from thence
A Fart flew out, or a *Sir-reverence.*

His Content in the Country.

HEre, here I live with what my Board,
Can with the ſmalleſt coſt afford.
Though ne'r ſo mean the Viands be,
They well content my *Prew* and me.
Or Pea, or Bean, or Wort, or Beet,
What ever comes, content makes ſweet:
Here we rejoyce, becauſe no Rent
We pay for our poore Tenement:
Wherein we reſt, and never feare
The Landlord, or the Uſurer.
The Quarter-day do's ne'r affright
Our Peacefull ſlumbers in the night.
We eate our own, and batten more,
Becauſe we feed on no mans ſcore:
But pitie thoſe, whoſe flanks grow great,
Swel'd with the Lard of others meat.
We bleſſe our Fortunes, when we ſee
Our own beloved privacie:

And like our living, where w'are known
To very few, or elſe to none.

The Credit of the Conquerer.

HE who commends the vanquiſht, ſpeaks the Power,
And glorifies the worthy Conquerer.

On Himſelfe.

SOme parts may periſh; dye thou canſt not all:
The moſt of Thee ſhall ſcape the funerall.

Upon one-ey'd Broomſted. *Epig.*

B*Roomſted* a lameneſſe got by cold and Beere;
And to the *Bath* went, to be cured there:
His feet were helpt, and left his Crutch behind:
But home return'd, as he went forth, halfe blind.

The Fairies.

IF ye will with *Mab* find grace,
Set each Platter in his place:
Rake the Fier up, and get
Water in, ere Sun be ſet.
Waſh your Pailes, and clenſe your Dairies;
Sluts are loathſome to the Fairies:
Sweep your houſe: Who doth not ſo,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

To his honoured Friend, M. John Weare, *Councellour.*

DId I or love, or could I others draw
To the indulgence of the rugged Law:
The firſt foundation of that zeale ſho'd be
By Reading all her *Paragraphs* in Thee.
Who doſt ſo fitly with the Lawes unite,
As if You Two, were one *Hermophrodite:*
Nor courts thou Her becauſe ſhe's well attended
With wealth, but for thoſe ends ſhe was entended:
Which were, and ſtill her offices are known,
Law is to give to ev'ry one his owne.
To ſhore the Feeble up, againſt the ſtrong;
To ſhield the Stranger, and the Poore from wrong:
This was the Founders grave and good intent,
To keepe the out-caſt in his Tenement:
To free the Orphan from that Wolfe-like-man,
Who is his *Butcher* more then *Guardian.*
To drye the Widowes teares; and ſtop her Swoones,
By pouring Balme and Oyle into her wounds.
This was the old way; and 'tis yet thy courſe,
To keep thoſe pious Principles in force.
Modeſt I will be; but one word Ile ſay
(Like to a ſound that's vaniſhing away)
Sooner the in-ſide of thy hand ſhall grow
Hiſped, and hairie, ere thy Palm ſhall know
A *Poſtern-bribe* tooke, or a *Forked-Fee*
To fetter Juſtice, when She might be free.

Eggs Ile not ſhave: But yet, brave man, if I
Was deſtin'd forth to golden Soveraignty:
A Prince I'de be, that I might Thee preferre
To be my Counſell both, and Chanceller.

The Watch.

MAn is a Watch, wound up at firſt, but never
Wound up again: Once down, He's down
for ever.
The Watch once downe, all motions then do ceaſe;
And Mans Pulſe ſtopt, *All Paſſions ſleep in Peace.*

Lines have their Linings, and Bookes their Buckram.

AS in our clothes, ſo likewiſe he who lookes,
Shall find much farcing Buckram in our Books.

Art above Nature, to Julia.

WHen I behold a Forreſt ſpread
With ſilken trees upon thy head;
And when I ſee that other Dreſſe
Of flowers ſet in comlineſſe:
When I behold another grace
In the aſcent of curious Lace;
Which like a Pinacle doth ſhew
The top, and the top-gallant too.
Then, when I ſee thy Treſſes bound

Into an Ovall, ſquare, or round;
And knit in knots far more then I
Can tell by tongue; or true-love tie:
Next, when thoſe Lawnie Filmes I ſee
Play with a wild civility:
And all thoſe airie ſilks to flow,
Alluring me, and tempting ſo:
I muſt confeſſe, mine eye and heart
Dotes leſs on Nature, then on Art.

Upon Sibilla.

WIth paſte of Almonds, *Syb* her hands doth ſcoure;
Then gives it to the children to devoure.
In Cream ſhe bathes her thighs, more ſoft then ſilk,
Then to the poore ſhe freely gives the milke.

Upon his Kinſwoman Miſtreſſe Bridget Herrick.

SWeet *Bridget* bluſht, & therewithall,
Freſh bloſſoms from her cheekes did fall.
I thought at firſt 'twas but a dream,
Till after I had handled them;
And ſmelt them, then they ſmelt to me,
As Bloſſomes of the *Almond* Tree.

Upon Love.

I Plaid with Love, as with the fire
The wanton Satyre did;
Nor did I know, or co'd deſcry
What under there was hid.

That Satyre he but burnt his lips;
(But min's the greater ſmart)
For kiſſing Loves diſſembling chips,
The fire ſcorcht my heart.

Upon a comely, and curious Maide.

IF Men can ſay that beauty dyes;
Marbles will ſweare that here it lyes.
If, Reader, then thou canſt forbeare,
In publique loſs to ſhed a Teare:
The Dew of griefe upon this ſtone
Will tell thee *Pitie* thou haſt none.

Upon the Loſſe of his Finger.

ONe of the five ſtraight branches of my han
Is lopt already; and the reſt but ſtand
Expecting when to fall: which ſoon will be;
Firſt dyes the Leafe, the Bough next, next the Tr

Upon Irene.

ANgry if *Irene* be
But a Minutes life with me:
Such a fire I eſpie
Walking in and out her eye,
As at once I freeze, and frie.

Upon Electra's *Teares.*

UPon her cheekes ſhe wept, and from thoſe ſhowers
Sprang up a ſweet *Nativity* of Flowres.

Upon Tooly.

THe Eggs of Pheaſants wrie-nos'd *Tooly* ſells;
But ne'r ſo much as licks the ſpeckled ſhells:
Only, if one prove addled, that he eates
With ſuperſtition, as the Cream of meates.
The Cock and Hen he feeds; but not a bone
He ever pickt, as yet, of any one.

A Hymne to the Graces.

WHen I love, (as ſome have told,
Love I ſhall when I am old)
O ye Graces! Make me fit
For the welcoming of it.

Clean my Roomes, as Temples be,
T' entertain that Deity.
Give me words wherewith to wooe,
Suppling and ſucceſſefull too:
Winning poſtures; and withall,
Manners each way muſicall:
Sweetneſſe to allay my ſowre
And unſmooth behaviour.
For I know you have the ſkill
Vines to prune, though not to kill,
And of any wood ye ſee,
You can make a *Mercury*.

To Silvia.

NO more, my *Silvia*, do I mean to pray
For thoſe good dayes that ne'r will
I want beliefe; O gentle *Silvia*, be [:
The patient Saint, and ſend up vowes for m

Upon Blanch. *Epig.*

I Have ſeen many Maidens to have haire;
Both for their comely need, and ſome to
But *Blanch* has not ſo much upon her head,
As to bind up her chaps when ſhe is dead.

Upon Umber. *Epig.*

UMber was painting of a Lyon fierce,
And working it, by chance from *Umbers* Erſe
Flew out a crack, ſo mighty, that the Fart,
(As *Umber* ſweares) did make his Lyon ſtart.

The Poet hath loſt his Pipe.

I Cannot pipe as I was wont to do,
Broke is my Reed, hoarſe is my ſinging too:
My wearied Oat Ile hang upon the Tree,
And give it to the *Silvan Deitie.*

True Friendſhip.

WIlt thou my true Friend be?
Then love not mine, but me.

The Apparition of his Miſtreſſe calling him to Elizium.

Deſunt nonnulla ——

COme then, and like two Doves with ſilv'rie wings,
Let our ſoules flie to'the'ſhades, where ever ſprings
Sit ſmiling in the Meads; where Balme and Oile,

Roſes and Caſſia crown the untill'd ſoyle.
Where no diſeaſe raignes, or infection comes
To blaſt the Aire, but *Amber-greece* and *Gums*.
This, that, and ov'ry Thicket doth tranſpire
More ſweet, then *Storax* from the hallowed fire:
Where ov'ry tree a wealthy iſſue beares
Of fragrant Apples, bluſhing Plums, or Peares:
And all the ſhrubs, with ſparkling ſpangles, ſhew
Like Morning-Sun-ſhine tinſilling the dew.
Here in green Meddowes ſits eternall May,
Purfling the Margents, while perpetuall Day
So double gilds the Aire, as that no night
Can ever ruſt th'Enamel of the light.
Here, naked Younglings handſome Striplings run
Their Goales for Virgins kiſſes; which when done,
Then unto Dancing forth the learned Round
Commixt they meet, with endleſſe Roſes crown'd.
And here we'l ſit on Primroſe-banks, and ſee
Love's *Chorus* led by *Cupid*; and we'l be
Two loving followers too unto the Grove,
Where Poets ſing the ſtories of our love.
There thou ſhalt hear Divine *Muſæus* ſing
Of *Hero*, and *Leander*; then Ile bring
Thee to the Stand, where honour'd *Homer* reades
His *Odiſees*, and his high *Iliads*.
About whoſe Throne the crowd of Poets throng
To heare the incantation of his tongue:
To *Linus*, then to *Pindar*; and that done,
Ile bring thee *Herrick* to *Anacreon*,
Quaffing his full-crown'd bowles of burning Wine,

And in his Raptures ſpeaking Lines of Thine,
Like to His ſubject; and as his Frantick-
Looks, ſhew him truly *Bacchanalian* like,
Beſmear'd with Grapes; welcome he ſhall thee thither,
Where both may rage, both drink and dance to-gether.
Then ſtately *Virgil*, witty *Ovid*, by
Whom faire *Corinna* ſits, and doth comply
With Yvorie wriſts, his Laureat head, and ſteeps
His eye in dew of kiſſes, while he ſleeps.
Then ſoft *Catullus*, ſharp-fang'd *Martial*,
And towring *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*,
And Snakie *Perſeus*, theſe, and thoſe, whom Rage
(Dropt for the jarres of heaven) fill'd t'engage
All times unto their frenzies; Thou ſhalt there
Behold them in a ſpacious Theater.
Among which glories, crown'd with ſacred Bayes,
And ſtatt'ring Ivie, Two recite their Plaies,
Beumont and *Fletcher*, Swans, to whom all eares
Liſten, while they, like Syrens in their Spheres,
Sing their *Evadne*; and ſtill more for thee
There yet remaines to know, then thou can'ſt ſee
By glim'ring of a fancie: Doe but come,
And there Ile ſhew thee that capacious roome
In which thy Father *Johnſon* now is plac't,
As in a Globe of Radiant fire, and grac't
To be in that Orbe crown'd, that doth include
Thoſe Prophets of the former Magnitude,
And he one chiefe; But harke, I heare the Cock,
The Bell-man of the night, proclaime the clock

Of late ſtruck one; and now I ſee the prime
Of Day break from the pregnant Eaſt, 'tis time
I vaniſh; more I had to ſay;
But Night determines here, Away.

Life is the Bodies Light.

LIfe is the Bodies light; which once declining,
Thoſe crimſon clouds i'th'cheeks & lips leave ſhining.
Thoſe counter-changed *Tabbies* in the ayre,
The Sun once ſet, all of one colour are. [place,
So, when Death comes, *Freſh tinctures* loſe their
And diſmall Darkneſſe then doth ſmutch the face.

Upon Urles. *Epig.*

URles had the Gout ſo, that he co'd not ſtand;
Then from his Feet, it ſhifted to his Hand:
When 'twas in's Feet, his Charity was ſmall;
Now tis in's Hand, he gives no Almes at all.

Upon Franck.

FRanck ne'r wore ſilk ſhe ſweares; but I reply,
She now weares ſilk to hide her blood-ſhot eye.

Love lightly pleaſed.

LEt faire or foule my Miſtreſſe be,
Or low, or tall, ſhe pleaſeth me:
Or let her walk, or ſtand, or ſit,
The poſture hers, I'm pleas'd with it.
Or let her tongue be ſtill, or ſtir,
Gracefull is ev'ry thing from her.
Or let her Grant, or elſe Deny,
My Love will fit each Hiſtorie.

The Primroſe.

ASke me why I ſend you here
This ſweet *Infanta* of the yeere?
Aſke me why I ſend to you
This Primroſe, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whiſper to your eares,
The ſweets of Love are mixt with tears.

Aſk me why this flower do's ſhow
So yellow-green, and ſickly too?
Aſk me why the ſtalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I will anſwer, Theſe diſcover
What fainting hopes are in a Lover.

The Tythe. To the Bride.

IF nine times you your Bride-groome kiſſe;
The tenth you know the Parſons is.
Pay then your Tythe; and doing thus,
Prove in your Bride-bed numerous.
If children you have ten, Sir *John*
Won't for his tenth part aſk you one.

A Frolick.

BRing me my Roſe-buds, Drawer, come;
So, while I thus ſit crown'd;
Ile drink the aged *Cecubum*,
Untill the roofe turne round.

Change common to all.

ALL things ſubjected are to Fate;
Whom this Morne ſees moſt fortunate,
The Ev'ning ſees in poore eſtate.

To Julia.

THe Saints-bell calls; and, *Julia*, I muſt re
The Proper Leſſons for the Saints now dea
To grace which Service, *Julia*, there ſhall be
One *Holy Collect*, ſaid or ſung for Thee.

Dead when thou art, Deare *Julia*, thou ſhalt have
A *Tentrall* ſung by Virgins o're thy Grave:
Meane time we two will ſing the Dirge of theſe;
Who dead, deſerve our beſt remembrances.

No Luck in Love.

I Doe love I know not what;
Sometimes this, & ſometimes that:
All conditions I aime at.

But, as luckleſſe, I have yet
Many ſhrewd diſaſters met,
To gaine her whom I wo'd get.

Therefore now Ile love no more,
As I've doted heretofore:
He who muſt be, ſhall be poore.

In the Darke none dainty.

NIght hides our thefts; all faults then pardon'd be:
All are alike faire, when no ſpots we ſee.
Lais and *Lucrece*, in the night time are
Pleaſing alike; alike both ſingular:
Jone, and my *Lady* have at that time one,
One and the ſelfe-ſame priz'd complexion.
Then pleaſe alike the Pewter and the Plate;
The choſen *Rubie*, and the *Reprobate*.

A Charme, or an Allay for Love.

IF ſo be a Toad be laid
In a Sheeps-ſkin newly flaid,
And that ty'd to man 'twil ſever
Him and his affections ever.

Upon a free Maid, with a foule Breath.

YOu ſay you'l kiſs me, and I thanke you for it:
But ſtinking breath, I do as hell abhorre it.

Upon Coone. *Epig.*

WHat is the reaſon *Coone* ſo dully ſmels?
His Noſe is over-cool'd with Iſicles.

To his Brother in Law Maſter John Wingfield.

FOr being comely, conſonant, and free
To moſt of men, but moſt of all to me:
For ſo decreeing, that thy clothes expence
Keepes ſtill within a juſt circumference:
Then for contriving ſo to loade thy Board,
As that the Meſſes ne'r o'r-laid the Lord:
Next for Ordaining, that thy words not ſwell
To any one unſober *ſyllable*.
Theſe I co'd praiſe thee for beyond another,
Wert thou a *Winckfield* onely, not a Brother.

The Head-ake.

MY head doth ake,
O *Sappho!* take
Thy fillit,
And bind the paine;
Or bring ſome bane
To kill it.

But leſſe that part,
Then my poore heart,
Now is ſick:
One kiſſe from thee
Will counſell be,
And Phyſick.

On Himſelfe.

LIve by thy Muſe thou ſhalt; when others die,
Leaving no Fame to long Poſterity:
When Monarchies tranſ-ſhifted are, and gone;
Here ſhall endure thy vaſt Dominion.

Upon a Maide.

HEnce a bleſſed ſoule is fled,
Leaving here the body dead:
Which, ſince here they can't combine,
For the Saint, we'l keep the Shrine.

Upon Spalt.

OF Puſhes *Spalt* has ſuch a knottie race,
He needs a Tucker for to burle his face.

Of Horne, *a Comb-maker.*

H*Orne* ſells to others teeth; but has not one
To grace his own Gums, or of Box, or bon

Upon the troubleſome Times.

O! Times moſt bad,
Without the ſcope
Of hope
Of better to be had!

Where ſhall I goe,
Or whither run
To ſhun
This publique overthrow?

No places are
(This I am ſure)
Secure
In this our waſting Warre.

Some ſtorms w'ave paſt;
Yet we muſt all
Down fall,
And periſh at the laſt.

Cruelty baſe in Commanders.

NOthing can be more loathſome, then to ſee
Power conjoyn'd with Natures *Crueltie.*

Upon a ſowre-breath Lady. Epig.

FIe, (quoth my Lady) what a ſtink is here?
When 'twas her breath that was the *Carrionere.*

Upon Lucia.

I Aſkt my *Lucia* but a kiſſe;
And ſhe with ſcorne deny'd me this:
Say then, how ill ſho'd I have ſped,
Had I then aſkt her Maidenhead?

Little and loud.

LIttle you are; for Womans ſake be proud;
For my ſake next, (though little) *be not loud.*

Ship-wrack.

HE, who has ſuffer'd Ship-wrack, feares to ſaile
Upon the Seas, though with a gentle gale.

Paines without Profit.

A Long-lifes-day I've taken paines
For very little, or no gaines:
The Ev'ning's come; here now Ile ſtop,
And work no more; but ſhut up Shop.

END OF VOL. I.

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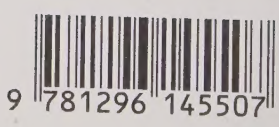

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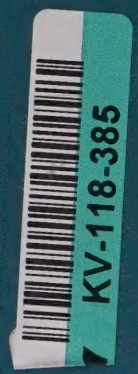
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